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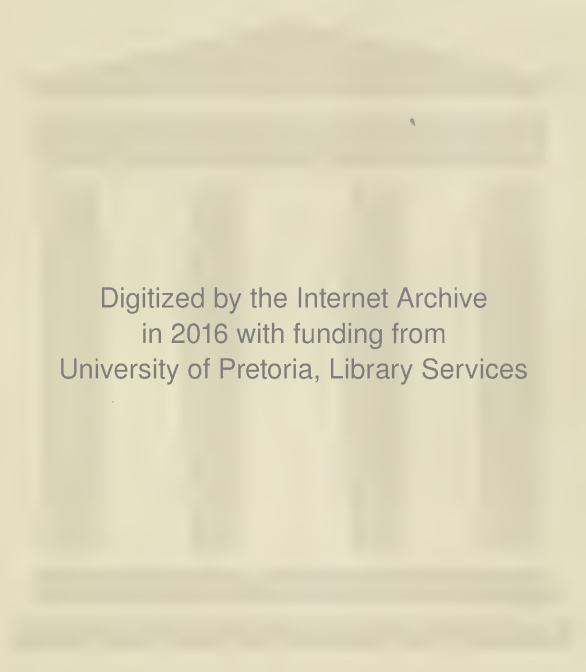
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THE CAPE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR NOBLE.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1870.

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PREFACE.

WHEN the first number of the new series of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* was issued, the present Editor expressed his intention "to render the MAGAZINE one of special Colonial interest, and that in a certain sense of the term it should be racy of the soil." In issuing the first completed volume, he ventures to believe that he has succeeded in fulfilling that engagement. With the hearty and generous co-operation of ladies and gentlemen who have joined in his desire to establish something like a Colonial and South African Literature, the Editor has been enabled to furnish a series of articles on various subjects—mostly colonial, without being local, or parochial, or in any sense petty—which, for literary merit and general social as well as scientific interest, he does not scruple to submit as worthy of comparison with the average run of contemporary periodical literature in England. To his Correspondents who have thus cordially joined in the purely literary enterprise he had in view, the Editor expresses his warmest acknowledgments. His interest in the undertaking at present is no other and no greater than their own—which is to develop literary tastes and faculties that from want of opportunity too often lie dormant; and to collect in this Magazine, as into a common focus, such legendary and historical information, and such social, literary, or scientific sketches as may be gathered with respect to South Africa in particular, at the same not forgetting our interest in other countries in general.

Cape Town, December, 1870.

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THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

INTRODUCTION.

THE object of this new series is to follow the model—though we trust with many improvements—of the former series of the CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, which through eleven consecutive volumes collected a large mass of valuable original information connected with the history of South Africa, as well as with other literary, scientific, and social matters of special application and interest to this country. The experience of the present Editor for several years in conducting the previous series will be some guarantee of the manner and spirit in which this renewed undertaking will be carried on; while he will be assisted in his work, he believes, by all of his former associates who still survive or are within reach, as well as by many others, both in the Cape Colony and Natal, who have promised their co-operation since. The main object the Editor sets before himself is to render the MAGAZINE one of special Colonial interest, and that, in a certain sense of the term, it should be racy of the soil. Throughout South Africa there are historical facts to be collected, reminiscences to be recorded, legends and traditions, both of the Natives and European Settlers, to be gleaned and preserved for the use of the future historian, as well as for the gratification of the present reader. There are literary workers and scientific

observers scattered over the length and breadth of the country, whose studies and pursuits can be rendered more satisfactory to themselves and beneficial to the public by being thus brought together as into a common focus in the pages of a Colonial Magazine—which will be placed unreservedly at their disposal. The discussion of questions affecting the further advancement and improvement of our steadily progressing Colonial Agriculture and Commerce will be similarly welcome. Nor is there any intention to exclude the occasional handling of topics involving general politics or ecclesiastical polity, provided only that the treatment of them is free from narrowness of thought or factiousness of feeling.

While the CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE will not attempt the impossible task of competing with or imitating the English periodicals which are so largely imported and read in this as in other Colonies, a special department of it will, as in former years, be reserved monthly for a careful review by the Editor of the most prominent features of the new publications, whether literary or scientific, issued periodically from the Press at home. At the same time, it will be understood that literary sketches or discussions of matters of other than mere Colonial reference or application will be heartily welcomed from Colonial writers.

We may further add that arrangements will be made for the periodical publication of the proceedings of Scientific Societies, both in the Cape Colony and Natal; and that thus the MAGAZINE will become a permanent record alike of individual and associated research and inquiry.

A LIFE'S LABOURS IN AFRICA.

IN TWO PARTS.

I.

IN the month of November, 1816, an event of deepest interest to the heathen populations of a considerable part of the world took place in the Surrey Chapel, London, the sanctuary of the venerable Rowland Hill. Nine young men who had chivalrously resolved to devote themselves to the diffusion of the light of Christianity through the dark places of the earth were on that occasion ordained Missionaries under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. Their names were John Williams, Platt, Darling, and Bourne, set apart for the South Sea Islands; and John Brownlee, Taylor, Evans, Kitchingman, and Robert Moffat, whose sphere was to be South Africa. Half a century has elapsed since they entered upon their campaign, and most of them have passed out of sight with the "rank and file" whose services for the amelioration of the human race receive but scant notice in the chronicles of every-day life. The name of one, however, will be remembered wherever heroic missionary enterprise is mentioned,—John Williams, "the martyr of Erromanga," whose efforts for the christianizing and civilizing of the once barbarous inhabitants of the beautiful islands of the Pacific were so wonderfully successful. And the two sole survivors of that little band,—John Brownlee, the father of Kafir Missions, and Robert Moffat, the intrepid pioneer of christianity and commerce to the Interior tribes,—will be long revered as they will be distinguished among the roll of those men who have devoted their lives to the improvement and elevation of the aborigines of Southern Africa. They have been pre-eminently privileged in witnessing the fruits of their own labours, and in receiving from their fellow-men marked recognition of their services. A year or two ago, the inhabitants of Kaffraria, European and Native, joined in hearty unison to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Brownlee's useful life in that country,—where, in Kafir phraseology, "he has fixed a pole like the Kafir-boom and wild plum, which, wherever they are planted they root, bring forth leaves and

flowers, and bear fruit, although he who planted them becomes unknown to any one." During the past month Mr. Moffat has come out from the far Interior, where the hallowed influence of his noble character has been so long exerted for good, and at once the heart of the Colonists of all classes has been moved to do him honour. Public assemblies, embracing representatives of nearly every religious denomination in Port Elizabeth and Cape Town, have welcomed the "bronzed Christian warrior," over whom the shadows of the evening time of his life are now descending, and have thanked him for his life-long services as a Missionary in this land. What these services have been is pretty well known to Christendom; yet they are again worth the telling, as a fitting memorial of him who has now left these South African shores, and as an encouragement to others following in his footsteps to persevere in the endeavour to spread the truths of Christianity;—

"To make man mild and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts,
The embellishments of life."

Mr. Robert Moffat is a native of Scotland, having been born at Ormeston, near Haddington, East Lothian, in 1795. His father, who was in the service of the Customs, soon after that event removed to Carron Shore, near the Great Carron Iron Works, where his youthful years were spent. About twelve years of age, at the urgent request of a ship's captain, a friend of his father, he was induced to try a taste of sea life in a coasting vessel; but this not suiting his disposition he returned to school, and having a strong desire to study horticulture and botany, these became objects of his pursuit, and he was apprenticed as a "Scotch gardener." Some years after, his father being appointed a Collector of Customs in Inverkeithing, Fifeshire, he removed to the Earl of Moray's Gardens, near that town. After remaining there a year he was invited to a situation in Cheshire, where he remained between two and three years, pursuing his studies with avidity. When the term of his engagement there was drawing to a close, an incident occurred in the Providence of God which gave an entire turn to his prospects in life, and induced him to abandon the respectable and lucrative situation opened to him, and to devote himself solely to the work of missions among the heathen. The resolution thus taken was at once followed up. After having fulfilled his engagement he removed to Manchester, to be under the instruction of

the late Rev. William Roby, and before a year was over he was examined, sent up to London, and ordained as one of the missionary band, at Surrey Chapel, in 1816.

Missionary enterprise in South Africa was yet in its infancy at the commencement of the present century. The first who entered upon it was George Schmidt, one of the Moravian brethren, who arrived in the Colony as early as 1736. His labours were brief, as they were summarily interrupted by the Dutch East India Company, who regarded with disfavour his attempt to instruct the Hottentots. Not until 1792 did the Government consent to the resumption of the work, when Mansveldt, Schwinn, and Kuchnell, also Moravians, were permitted to sail for the Colony. From that time the mission spirit gained ground and increasing support. Members of the Dutch Church formed an association for sustaining and promoting it. A few years afterwards Van der Kemp and Edmonds arrived and pushed on into Kafirland, on the north-east; while Kircherer, Kramer, Edwards, Anderson, the Albrechts, Ebner, Schmelen, and others took up stations among the scattered parties of Bushmen, Hottentots, and Griquas towards the Zak and Orange Rivers, on the north-west. The field was very wide, and the labourers few, when Moffat and his brethren entered upon it—arriving in the Colony in January, 1817.

Moffat was then only twenty-one years of age; but fired with an enthusiasm akin to that which stirred the heart of Francis Xavier on landing in India, he was impatient to enter upon the work which he had set himself to do. Difficulties were in the way. The permission of the Government of the day was necessary before he could preach or go to the Natives beyond the border. The ministers of the Reformed Church and the military chaplains were alone privileged to preach; and there was a suspicion that missionaries going to the tribes of the interior would carry with them guns and ammunition, or something equally mischievous, which would destroy the peace of the country. Day after day his applications to the Government were without success. They offered him the post of resident with one of the Kafir chiefs, where he might act as a Government Agent and Christian Instructor at the same time; but he declined to be fettered, as he felt he must be in such a position, and sought the untrammelled liberty of a missionary of the Cross. For several months he was detained in Cape Town and its neighbourhood, but this delay was turned to account by the acquirement of the

Dutch language, which was of essential service in his future labours.

The path of duty and the scene of action at length opened to him. On the north-west border, beyond the Orange River, a Hottentot family, known as the Africaners, had gathered a body of marauders about them and fixed their abode. Their chief had been outlawed from the Colony, for the cold-blooded murder of a farmer named Pienaar, who was shot down in the presence of his wife and family. Commandoes had gone out against him and rewards were offered for his capture, but these only roused himself and his followers to further outrages on the scattered residents of the border, until the name of "Africaner" became a terror throughout the Namaqualand frontier. It was to the place of this banditti chief that Moffat set forth, in company with the Missionary Ebner, who had been for some time before a resident there, and whose influence had led several of the people to accept Christianity and to be baptized. The farmers from whom they received hospitality as they passed to the boundaries of the Colony warned him of the desperate character of Africaner, and unceremoniously predicted his early death. One said he would set him up for a mark for his young men to shoot at; another, that he would strip off his skin and make a drum of it to dance to; another, that he would make a drinking cup of his skull; and an old motherly lady, wiping the tear from her eye, bade him farewell, saying: "Had you been an old man it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died, whether or no; but you are young and going to be eaten up by that monster." The appearance of things upon his arrival at Africaner's kraal was also very discouraging. The chief was cool and reserved. An unpleasant feeling existed between the Missionary Ebner and the people, which culminated in a quarrel with the chief's brother, and Mr. Ebner's determination to leave the place directly and move on to the Chief Bondelzwarts, from whom he had received an invitation to labour. Moffat was thus left alone with a chief and people suspicious in the extreme, and jealous of their rights, which they had obtained, as it were, at the point of the sword. In his journal he writes: "I had no friend or brother with whom I could participate in the communion of saints, none to whom I could look for counsel and advice; a barren and a miserable country; a small salary of £25 per annum; no grain, and consequently no bread, and no prospect of getting any, from the want of water to cultivate the ground,

and destitute of the means of sending to the Colony." The young man's sincerity and fitness for the work which he had undertaken was crucially tested, but his chivalrous devotion to it rose as the hardships and difficulties of his position increased. He commenced stated services, opened a school, and itinerated amongst the neighbouring werfs or villages. His food was milk and meat, living for weeks together on one and then for a while on both; but frequently having recourse to the "fasting-girdle." After a day's occupation he would often, in the stillness of evening, silently retire to the rocky boulders in the neighbourhood of the station to commune in sorrow and joy with Him in whose service he had embarked; sometimes, too, to ruminate over the past and the home and friends he had left, perhaps for ever; and occasionally to draw from his violin the loved airs of the minstrelsy of his mother-country, or some favourite sacred melody.

"Kindness is the key of the human heart," and the generosity which characterized all Moffat's actions soon won for him the respect and esteem of the chief and his people. He was cheered with tokens of most marked success. A church was formed, with some two or three hundred of a congregation, and upwards of a hundred children learning in the school, and Africaner himself attending with such regularity that the Missionary might as well doubt of the morning's dawn as of his appearance at the regular services. The outlawed robber chief submitted himself in all things to him, as "his guide, philosopher, and friend;" and when, after some time, circumstances required Moffat to visit Cape Town, he expressed his readiness to accompany his Mentor, although the step was a hazardous one, for the inhabitants of the Colony had not forgotten the atrocities committed by him, and he knew that a reward of one thousand rixdollars had been offered for his head. The visit of Africaner to Cape Town excited considerable attention at the time; and we cannot resist extracting from Mr. Moffat's journal the following narrative of some incidents of the journey and its gratifying results:

"It might be remarked, once for all, that the Dutch farmers, notwithstanding all that has been said against them by some travellers, are, as a people, exceedingly hospitable and kind to strangers. Exceptions there are, but these are few, and perhaps more rare than in any country under the sun. Some of these worthy people on the borders of the Colony congratulated me on returning alive, having often heard, as they said, that I had been long since murdered by Africaner. Much wonder was expressed at my narrow escape from such a monster of cruelty, the report

having been spread that Mr. Ebner had but just escaped with the skin of his teeth. While some would scarcely credit my identity, my testimony as to the entire reformation of Africaner's character and his conversion was discarded as the effusion of a frenzied brain. It sometimes afforded no little entertainment to Africaner and the Namaquas to hear a farmer denounce this supposed irreclaimable savage. There were only a few, however, who were sceptical on this subject. At one farm a novel scene exhibited the state of feeling respecting Africaner and myself, and likewise displayed the power of Divine grace under peculiar circumstances. It was necessary, from the scarcity of water, to call at such houses as lay in our road. The farmer referred to was a good man in the best sense of the word; and he and his wife had both shown me kindness on my way to Namaqualand. On approaching the house, which was on an eminence, I directed my men to take the wagon to the valley below, while I walked toward the house. The farmer, seeing a stranger, came slowly down the descent to meet me. When within a few yards, I addressed him in the usual way, and, stretching out my hand, expressed my pleasure at seeing him again. He put his hand behind him, and asked me, rather wildly, who I was. I replied that I was Moffat, expressing my wonder that he should have forgotten me. 'Moffat!' he rejoined, in a faltering voice; 'it is your *ghost*!' and moved some steps backward. 'I am no ghost.' 'Don't come near me!' he exclaimed; 'you have been long murdered by Africaner.' 'But I *am* no ghost,' I said, feeling my hands, as if to convince him and myself, too, of my materiality; but his alarm only increased. 'Everybody says you were murdered; and a man told me he had seen your bones;' and he continued to gaze at me, to the no small astonishment of the good wife and children, who were standing at the door, as also to that of my people, who were looking on from the wagon below. At length he extended his trembling hand, saying, 'When did you rise from the dead?' As he feared my presence would alarm his wife, we bent our steps towards the wagon, and Africaner was the subject of our conversation. I gave him in a few words my views of his present character, saying, 'He is now a truly good man.' To which he replied, 'I can believe almost anything you say, but *that* I cannot credit. There are seven wonders in the world; that would be the eighth.' I appealed to the displays of Divine grace in a Paul, a Manasseh, and referred to his own experience. He replied, *these* were another description of men; but that Africaner was one of the accursed sons of Ham, enumerating some of the atrocities of which he had been guilty. By this time we were standing with Africaner at our feet, on whose countenance sat a smile, well knowing the prejudices of some of the farmers. The farmer closed the conversation by saying, with much earnestness, 'Well, if what you assert be true respecting that man, I have only one wish, and that is, to see him before I die; and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own uncle.' I was not before aware of this fact, and now felt some hesitation whether to discover to him the object of his wonder; but knowing the sincerity of the farmer, and the goodness of his disposition, I said, 'This, then, is Africaner!' He started back, looking intensely at the man, as if he had just dropped from the clouds. 'Are you Africaner?' he exclaimed. He arose, doffed his old hat, and making a polite bow, answered, 'I am.' The farmer seemed thunderstruck; but when, by a few questions, he had assured himself of the fact that the former bugbear of the border stood before him, now meek and lamb-like in his whole deportment, he lifted up his eyes, and exclaimed, 'O God, what a miracle of Thy power! what cannot Thy

grace accomplish!' The kind farmer, and his no less hospitable wife, now abundantly supplied our wants; but we hastened our departure, lest the intelligence might get abroad that Africaner was with me, and bring unpleasant visitors.

"On arriving at Cape Town, I waited on His Excellency the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, who appeared to receive with considerable scepticism my testimony that I had brought the far-famed Africaner on a visit to His Excellency. The following day was appointed for an interview, when the chief was received by Lord Charles with great affability and kindness; and he expressed his pleasure at seeing thus before him, one who had formerly been the scourge of the country and the terror of the border colonists. His Excellency was evidently much struck with this result of missionary enterprise, the benefit of which he had sometimes doubted. I remembered when I first arrived at Cape Town the reply to my memorial for permission to proceed to my destination in Great Namaqualand was, that His Excellency had cogent reasons for not complying with my request. Whatever he might think of his former views, His Excellency was now convinced that a most important point had been gained; and, as a testimony of his good feeling, he presented Africaner with an excellent wagon, value eighty pounds sterling."

This visit to Cape Town was most important to Moffat in respect to his future career. Here he was united to the worthy partner and sharer of his toils and labours, Miss Smith, to whom he had been long previously engaged, and who had arrived from England. The Rev. John Campbell, whose previous visit to the Colony had enabled him to excite an intense interest throughout the whole of Great Britain in favour of African Missions, had now again landed in Cape Town. He and Dr. Philip were deputed to examine the several stations of the London Missionary Society, and Mr. Moffat was pressed to accompany them, preparatory to being appointed to the Bechuana Mission. Most unwilling was he to leave his little flock of Namaquas; nor did he consent until Africaner fully acquiesced in his doing so—indulging the hope (which, however, was never realized) that he and his people might remove to the same neighbourhood, as they had frequently been invited to do by some Bechuanas with whom they had traded. But in other respects this new field of labour was a more inviting one to the young Missionary, whose zeal and energy in the apostolic work had been increased and strengthened by what he had already experienced. The station which he was to occupy was one of the foremost posts in heathen soil, and beyond it were regions thickly populated by races who had never seen the face of a white man, and to whom Christianity and its attendant blessings were as yet unknown.

Twenty years prior to this (in 1800) an attempt had been made to establish a mission among the Bechuanas. The

first messengers to them were Messrs. Edwards and Kok, connected with the Dutch Missionary Society in Cape Town. Not being able to effect anything as missionaries, they turned their attention to trading. The former, after acquiring some property, retired to the Colony and became a farmer; the latter was shot by two of his servants at the Kuruman fountain, where his grave is still to be seen. The travellers Lichtenstein and Burchell and the Rev. J. Campbell afterwards visited them; and it was in accordance with a request made to the last-named by the chief Mothibi that the London Missionary Society sent Messrs. Evans and Hamilton to Lithakoo in 1816, with the most sanguine hopes of a hearty welcome. When, however, the Bechuanas found that the missionaries came empty-handed and had nothing to trade or barter, the chief and his people declined to receive them—actually re-yoked their wagons and ordered them away. Another effort afterwards made to obtain a settlement amongst them was more successful; and in 1821, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. and Mrs. Moffat had fairly entered upon their mission-work there. For a long time they had to struggle with numerous and most disheartening difficulties. The people had no religious system, no idea of a Creator, no belief in the immortality of the soul, or anything which might form a groundwork for conveying to them instruction in spiritual things. “They looked on the sun with the eyes of an ox.” For a bit of tobacco, or some little equivalent, the missionary might gain their attention for a little time, but their efforts to convey to them the idea of a Creator and of a Saviour appeared as futile as the attempt to transform a granite rock into arable land. For more than five years, the people continued perfectly callous and indifferent to all instruction, unless it were followed by some temporal benefit. Meanwhile, the mission-party perseveringly went on with their work. They were incessantly occupied. They had to build their dwellings; to enclose gardens and folds; to form water-furrows to irrigate the parched sandy soil; and to raise grain and vegetables, great portions of which the natives reaped. Standing in the saw-pit, labouring at the anvil, treading clay for making bricks, preaching to the motley few who attended their temporary place of worship—such were the recurring duties of each day. And when they met in the evenings, they had frequently to tell each other of losses sustained, of tools and utensils stolen; but never of any gains, save those of patience and faith in their Master’s work. More than once on returning from preaching, they found a stone

left in the pot instead of the meat on which they had hoped to dine. Indeed, there was no end to the losses, mortifications, and disappointments they daily met with. To add to their trials, the country suffered from a severe drought; the heavens were as brass; the land was barren, cattle were dying rapidly, and many of the people, emaciated almost to skeletons, were living on roots and reptiles. The "rain-makers" were consulted, and being puzzled to find any more plausible reason for the absence of rain attributed it to the prayers of the missionaries and the bell of the mission chapel, which they said frightened the clouds. At last Mr. Moffat was informed that they must leave the country, and that measures of a violent nature would be resorted to if they disobeyed. The chief who conveyed this message stood at their cottage door, spear in hand, in presence of Mrs. Moffat, who with a baby in her arms was watching the crisis, for such it was. Moffat replied that they would abide at their post. "They had suffered already, it was true; but their hearts were with the people, and there they would remain. Their blood might be shed, or they might be burnt out; but they knew their wives and children would be untouched. And those who had sent them, and He who sees and hears all things, would know the persecution that had befallen them." These words, delivered with all the imposing effect of Moffat's dignified appearance—then notably

"Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye"—

impressed the chief and his followers that they were fearless of death—impracticable men, whom they had better leave alone.

While their prospects were thus nearly heart-breaking and forlorn, an event took place which led to results most favourable to the mission. Rumours came from all sides of the advance from the interior of an invincible army, numerous as the locusts, carrying destruction and ruin wherever they went. Mr. Moffat journeyed to the northward with the double object of ascertaining the cause of these rumours and of forming acquaintance with the neighbouring tribes. He had not proceeded far when he ascertained that the invading force was near at hand; that they were known as Mantatees, a section of the Basuto race, who, being driven from their own country by the Zulus, had fallen back upon weaker tribes, and, gathering strength with each successive victory, were now advancing upon Lithakoo. Mr. Moffat at once retraced

his steps, apprised the Bechuanas of the impending danger, and apprehending that from their weakness and cowardice they would easily fall a prey to the enemy, determined to go on to Griqua Town and call upon their friends there for assistance. This bold but judicious action saved the chief and people who a little while before had sought to drive away him who was now their deliverer. The Griquas formed a strong commando, and joining with the Bechuanas advanced against the invading army, whom they met and fortunately put to flight. Mr. Moffat, Mr. Melvill, the Government agent with the Griquas, and Mr. G. Thompson, then travelling in that part of the country, were witnesses of the event, but took no active part in it. The circumstance, however, made a most marked impression upon the Chief Mothibi and his people in favour of the missionaries, whose self-sacrificing conduct they now gratefully acknowledged. Advantage was taken of this state of things to obtain a new site for the mission—the place which they occupied being in many respects unsuitable—and the present village of Kuruman was selected for the purpose. Again their hands were fully employed in laying out the new station, in itinerating among the natives, and in translating the Catechism, Hymns, and Simple Lessons into the Sechuana language.

Not until 1828, however, did they see any fruit of their religious teachings. Then they were at length rewarded for their enduring perseverance. Singing and prayer became common throughout the village. There were several candidates for Christian baptism. Aid in the erection of a church and school-house was voluntarily and cheerfully given. Improvements in the social habits of the people followed. Their greasy skins were covered with decent raiment. Those who attended public worship behaved with great decorum. They became familiarized with several of the arts of civilized life. Some who had years before gazed in wonder at the “walking-house” (the wagon) of the missionary, now acquired the knowledge how to construct one. Standing around the forge while Moffat with brawny arm was blowing the bellows or wielding the hammer, his long black beard tied in a knot at the back of his neck to escape the sparks which flew from the red-hot iron on the anvil, they learned something of the Dignity of Labour. And gathered at the doorway of the room where a printing press had been erected, they gazed with interesting amazement at the process by which sheets of white paper, after disappearing for a moment, with something of a sleight-of-hand movement,

emerged spangled with letters—conveying to them in their own language that Word of God which had prompted their teachers from very love to visit them. Altogether, the position of the mission was such as to excite most pleasurable emotions in the heart of Moffat and his companions, who now realized in some degree that their strength had not been spent in vain.

PAN IN SYLVIS.

THERE is a certain district in Southern Africa—which it is not necessary that I should particularize by name, but in which I once sojourned—where (strange as it may seem to habitual dwellers in Cape Town or Port Elizabeth) there are *real forests*. Let my readers at once dismiss from their minds any notions of forests that they may have gained in Europe—even if their luck should ever have located them in Lithuania; and still further be from their thoughts what are incomprehensibly termed “forests” in the Highlands of Scotland. The forests that I mean are no trim preserves, no perky plantations, no soft green woods of promising young oaks, nor even the statelier growths of a few centuries or so, which, sheltered by royal or noble favour, survive to show what trees can become in time; but a very domain of giant vegetation, in which any animal under the size of an elephant feels ill at ease and out of place. In the wild tracts of these forests you become conscious, after some brief experience of their silence and shade, that you are among a *nation* of trees, whose ancestral origin is of an antiquity so hoary, and whose tenure of their country dates from an era so immeasurably remote, that your own nationality—nay, your historic humanity—is not to be named in comparison with a lineage so awful. It is a people, and a noble one, in the midst of which you feel a solitary alien. There they stand, or lean, or lie; the infant seedling, the lithe sapling, the vigorous tree, the mighty trunk in his prime, the failing giant in his good old age, the fallen, mouldering bodies of the dead. The fathom-deep earth at your feet is but the ashes of their untold generations.

The analogy is not purely fanciful. These silent, noble organisms—little as we understand them—are *alive*; they breathe, feed, grow, multiply even as animals. Who shall say that they do not suffer and enjoy? Can all the

intricate functions of their life be purely mechanical—carried on for ever without sensation or consciousness? Wounded, do they not bleed? Starved, do they not die? What means their keen rivalry for standing-room, their constant fight for life, their eager upward struggle to the sunshine?

It was in the afternoon of a glowing day in January, that, while resting after several hours' wandering in the primeval forests of which I have spoken, some such thoughts as those that I have briefly touched upon suggested themselves to my mind. It then suddenly occurred to me that I was in a spot which I had never before visited. This did not disquiet me, as it was not the first occasion of the kind; and I made a practice of always taking due notes by compass when leaving a known track. I have ever had a great fancy for being in places where, as the common expression goes, "human foot has never trodden." In dear old Europe it is next to impossible to gratify this inclination, for even the Alpine peaks, till lately deemed inaccessible, have now nearly all been "done;" and did one gain the summit of the Matterhorn or the Dent Blanche, it is more than probable that a bottle or a newspaper would be there to tell of previous visitants. But in these dense tracts of African forest, till lately wholly virgin, and even now but very little traversed, one may chance upon scores of spots where no human being has ever been. Such a place, I indulged in thinking, had I reached upon the occasion which I now recall. It was a comparatively open space in the world of foliage around, and its sunlit greenery was cheerful and refreshing after the dense shade which I had just left. About its edges stood forth some of the noblest yellow-woods, with the long grey locks of moss drooping sadly from their lofty crests. Trees of less majestic stature and of livelier foliage occupied most of the intervals, and it was only here and there that the feathery undergrowth was interrupted by a grassy mound or hollow. The ground sloped gently on the left; and in that direction the view was shut by the dense mass of vegetation, save for glimpses here and there into shades only diversified by the pale glimmer of light on graceful fern-fronds and the darker boles of the trees. From somewhere in these recesses there came the music of a hidden brook; and ever and again there was some subdued note of birds, or chirp of cicadas, that only served to make the afternoon silence more impressive when the brief sound ceased. Once came a sudden cry of the touraco, followed by the spread of crimson wings between me and the sun. Two lazy white butterflies

wavered about for a few minutes, but seemed to regard even that as too much exertion, for they forthwith settled on different leaves of a keurboom that stood near, and evidently sank into a gentle slumber. A great black-and-red beetle, hanging on a twig just above where I was reclining, waved his long antennæ after so wondrous drowsy a fashion, that I believed him to be doing it in his dreams, and so forbore to dislodge him.

“You grand old woods!” I thought, “only imagine what you would have been to mankind had you flourished on European soil! Here, how desolate you are of all human sympathies; you are mute and meaningless in relation to man’s spirit; in all your ‘thousand years of gloom,’ what in your unknown history is there to touch my heart? But had it been your lot to grow in Southern Europe, how would the intellectual Greek and the large-souled Latin have enlivened and inspired you,—peopled you with graceful forms of faun and dryad, made you a name and power among men! Even the slower fancy of the Northern nations, had Scandinavia or Britain been your home, would at least have made you the haunt of warlocks and were-wolves,—of fairy, gnome, or giant. But here”——

A horrible noise dispersed my meditations—a noise as of the braying of a hundred asses, mixed with stage thunder and the bellowing of bulls; and yet with a jocular blatancy in its tone which robbed it of any terror which its suddenness and loudness might otherwise have given it! Still, I started to my feet, and wondering what on earth it could mean, gazed fixedly in the direction from which it appeared to arise. For about two minutes it continued with unabated violence, but then suddenly ended with something between a human shriek and a railway whistle. Then there followed a great shaking among the opposite under-wood, with a sound of trampling and crushing of sticks; and I had every expectation of seeing a mad elephant charging in my direction, when the foliage suddenly parted, and out leaped into the air some sort of erect creature, which seemed to my excited view like an Orang.

“What if it were a new gorilla!—a *red* one, intensely human!” was my instant surmise. A second bound brought the creature to a stand on its hind-legs exactly in front of me. Clubbing a stout stick that I carried, I was on the verge of meeting the supposed assault by a down-right thwack, when I was spell-bound in an instant by the sight of—PAN!

There was no mistaking that broad, red, jovial, sensual

face—now vainly endeavouring to look stern and wrathful—with its russet-golden beard and short crisp curls; those curved, crinkled horns; those absurd, misshapen, hirsute legs. The reaction overcame me; I dropped my weapon, and shouted with laughter irrepressible. The god's put-on expression of anger gradually dissolved into first a look of surprise, and then into a smile that broadened into a positive grin.

"What!" he said, as my peal of laughter lessened, "are n't you afraid?"

"No, no!" I cried, wiping the tears of risibility from my eyes; "I know I'm very rude, but I can't help it, really. It was so like you, Pan, making that shocking hullabaloo!"

"You know my name, too!" quoth the rustic deity. "Why, who are you, in Jupiter's name? I took you for a Christian."

"So I am, O Pan!" I rejoined; "but pray what has that got to do with it? Are Christians more ignorant or timid than other people?"

The god shook his head dubiously. "You can't be a regular Christian," he said. "The Christians of these days always take me for their devil."

"Your experience of my fellow-religionists has been an unfortunate one," was my reply. "Perhaps your acquaintance has been confined to a few ignorant boers or stupid Africans?"

"Then you don't believe in the devil?" inquired Pan, with a cunning look.

"Not in one like yourself, at any rate," I said. "But, really, you have no business to ask such home questions on so short an acquaintance. You should give me time to collect my thoughts a little. I know that I have ever so many things to ask *you*."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the burly Pan, "this is very good! 'No business'—'time to collect your thoughts'—'things to ask *me*!' You are quite collected enough, Mr. What's-your-name: properly speaking, you ought to be on your knees now, begging for your life."

"You've been spoilt, Pan; that's the truth. Your bugbear playing has been too successful in these outlandish parts. I suppose you'll say, next, that I am trespassing on your property?"

"Certainly you are," returned the god; "but that's not the question. What I object to is that you evidently don't believe in me. Confess that it is so!"

Pan looked quite black at this point, and I didn't think it altogether safe to trifle with him. Moreover, I was conscious that there was some truth in his last remark: I did *not* feel quite sure that he really existed. Still, there he stood, in the broad daylight, the unmistakable Capripedes, with whose numerous portraits I had been familiar from my earliest school-days. It was necessary to be careful in the answer which he plainly meant to have.

"To be serious with you," I said at length, "to be candid, O Pan! I admit that I have my doubts about you. But I think that I could accept the reality of your existence, if you hadn't such—you must really excuse my being personal just now!—such *impossible* legs and horns!"

The sylvan deity was really angry now. His small quick eyes glittered with fury, and the muscles of his face worked ominously. I saw that I was "in for it;"—but flight was out of the question. His only answer to my last remark was to advance a step on his crooked legs and to grasp me by the collar. His huge arm and hand were massive and heavy as the paw of a lion; and how futile resistance would be I felt at once. What a rough, hideous, inflamed countenance was now close to mine; and how scorching-hot was the breath that came against my eyes from that wide mouth! "'Impossible' legs and horns, are they?" at last he growled out, shaking me a little, as a cat is wont to do with a mouse. "Say that again, if you dare!"

My blood rose at this. Who was this misshapen, half-bestial form, that by mere brute force thought to cow me into submission? Was he devil, ape, and goat in one? What then? I was a man and a Christian, and more than his match. I looked full into his little wicked eyes.

"Miscreated wretch!" I cried, "do you think to terrify me into eating my words? Strangle me if you will—I cannot cope with your animal power; but if this were my latest breath, I would use it to repeat that your monstrous limbs and horns *are* impossible,—ay! utterly, insultingly unnatural!"

He let go his hold of me, and swiftly faced about. Was it to summon his impish followers? A slight haze obscured his uncouth outline for a moment or two—it was not longer—but I could see that he was slowly turning himself again in my direction. Ah heaven! what was this? If I had been astounded before, I was trebly so now. For Ægipan had vanished, and in his place stood a different form indeed. A tall and stately man, as he seemed, was before me, robed

to the feet in spotless white, and with a mantle of the deepest green hanging in broad folds from his shoulders. The somewhat heavy chaplet that bound his long, dark-golden hair was also of intensest green, and of a strange variety of foliage, so wonderfully interwoven as to look ever-changing; it was now laurel, then oak, now vine, then silver tree, and then again seemed all passion-flower, or became a feathery spray of grasses and maiden-hair. But the noble face was that which enchained my gaze; so radiantly beautiful, so tender and genial in expression, and yet so serenely sad. The face was that of Antinous, the expression that of Plato.

"I thank you," said quietly a perfect voice; "I thank you from my heart!"

I was yet confounded with what had passed. "This is a day of wonders," I sighed. "What have I done to deserve thanks like yours? And where is he who seemed about to work my death a few moments ago?"

"I am he," answered the new vision; "and I thank you for your truth and courage, that have enabled me to cast off that hateful form which rightly moved your abhorrence."

"You and Pan, the same!" I cried. "It cannot be! He but stirred my disgust, or at most my laughter; but *you*, you command my instant reverence, if indeed it be not my love."

The angelic shape came closer, and laid his arm across my shoulders, about my neck. His touch was light as that of eider-down,—it refreshed rather than oppressed; how different from the cruel grip of my recent foe!

"Walk with me for a little space," said he whose gentle visage was now so near my own. "It is long since I have communed with one of those wondrous human beings over whom, as the very crown of creation, I ever yearn. Let me speak with you."

We moved slowly from the spot. Rapt as I was, I noticed that he led me straight forward,—that he never seemed to conceive that there could be any obstacles in our path; nor, indeed, were there any, for all forms of vegetation gracefully swerved aside to let us pass.

"You wonder that I am Pan," he said, as we slowly went on, "but it is by that name that you must know me. I *had* another and holier name, which, it may be, I shall regain, but which may not be spoken now. In the heavenly hierarchy I was not the least of the Powers. To my charge was given the life of this earth from the beginning, and mine has been the bliss of helping, guiding, and guarding its

development into even more fitness and beauty. But alas ! I myself am but a created existence, and have not, any more than other creatures, been blameless. When the reward of my ceaseless care through untold æons came at last in the shape of man, I was inebriated with joy and pride ; and though I was not insensible to the power of the one Creator, shown in this his noblest work upon the sphere committed to me, yet, in my secret heart, I gave more glory to myself than to Him. The sequel was inevitable. I am stricken with shame to tell it ! I became unconsciously more and more immersed in self, further and further estranged from Him, until I not only allowed, but loved, the worship of erring men addressed to me. Then might I justly have been destroyed for ever ; but mercy still was shown me, and I abused it by wandering more deeply into the mire. I took part in the sins of men ; and with the growing evil in me, my very outward shape was degraded and deformed to what you have seen to-day."

He paused, and turned on me "the star-like sorrows of immortal eyes ;" and I understood then the awful age that loomed through the eternal youth of his face. So would Tithonus have looked had Aurora added perpetual youth to his immortality.

"That you have sinned and suffered," I rejoined, "does but add sympathy to my loving reverence. But, angelic Power, you yet live in plenitude of strength and beauty. Were you not wholly forgiven?"

"It was the work of Christus that revealed me to myself," he answered, "though that marvellous work was not for such as I am. I learnt my own miserable folly and deformity when I saw what perfect Manhood was. And my repentance came not too late, for, as you say, I yet live and retain my office on the earth. But, ah ! I cannot shake off the crust of evil that grew upon me here, until my work be ended. I may not present myself to any of the human family whom I love so well, save in the hideous guise in which I sinned, nor may I accost them save by jeers or threats. It is seldom, indeed, that any one remains to hear me speak ; nearly all fly at the first glimpse of me. But he who does not fear, and withstands me as you have done, by his simple adherence to what truth he knows, restores me for the time to my proper aspect, and so deserves more thanks than I can give."

"My good fortune is great," I said. "To have been of any service to you, I know to be an honour. Let me take this happy chance of asking you one thing. What meant

that great voice which wailed 'Pan is dead!' over the dark Ægean waves, well-nigh nineteen centuries ago?"

"That voice spoke truly," answered my companion; "for the Pan that they knew died in work and will from among the nations at the moment of my repentance. If men felt then that there was a defect of the oracles, think what was the void to me, and into what a dreary isolation from humanity I was plunged,—I, who had been revelling in the music of a million praises, the incense of a thousand altars!"

I was silent for a little after the voice ceased, for I began to feel more awe than affection for the wonderful being by my side. And yet, different as was his nature from mine, how much of human tenderness and sympathy lived in his look, his voice, his words!

"Pan," I spoke at length, "if, indeed, I am to call you by that name, did your sense of loss remain so great? Did not your wide interests and occupation in the infinite fields of animal and vegetable life gradually bring you comfort? I, in my tiny circle of existence, am wont to find solace from the troubles and littlenesses of humanity among the lower works of nature, as we men choose to call them. Do these soothe you also into forgetfulness of trouble?"

"You forget," returned Pan, with a sad half smile, "from what different stand-points you and I regard the living forms about us. To me all organic beings are as familiar and as thoroughly comprehended as to you they are strange and puzzling. Yet I admit that at times a sense of duty done, and of benefit bestowed on those committed to me, strengthens the often-failing hope within me of an approaching limit to my term of punishment. Created things are not ungrateful for my care."

He removed his arm from my shoulder, and, turning, touched with rapid hand several hanging flowers, of a dark-throated, pinkish-white colouring that reminded me of *Thunbergia*. The long twining creeper plainly quivered throughout, and swayed its heavy garlands towards him, while every blossom on which his touch had rested expanded its lips, and glowed into a dazzling crimson with a heart of the richest purple. Just then, a sunbeam glanced through the foliage on the favoured flowers, and down the sunbeam, as it were, floated a great *Mnestheus* butterfly, who flickered from one red bloom to another, his sulphur and jet wings in a perpetual quivering of delight. Pan suddenly turned away, and the rosy blush died out from the shrinking flowers, while

the butterfly, after a short fluttering about, soared out of sight above the trees.

"O Pan!" I cried, "why such short-lived beauty? Do you give only to take away?"

But he was stooping over a lowly shrub with the most insignificant greenish flowers in terminal clusters, and did not heed my exclamation. He breathed gently on the minute cruciform corollas, and instantly they gave forth the sweetest imaginable odour. A minute more, and bees, flies, and splendid beetles, in mail of blue, green, and gold, trooped to the hitherto unnoticed plant, till their clustering activity made it a centre of motion and colour.

"You see," said my guide, "how even the inert life of plants responds to me. You wonder why I did not make lasting the new splendour of the creeper; but that plant was not in want of such an addition to its attractions to enable it to hold its ground. Some ages hence, perhaps, it may need this, or some other change; but any change must be gradually brought about, and to have so richly endowed that twiner now would have given it too great an advantage over its near allies. Not such is the case with the little shrub, which I have brought by slow degrees to this culminating point of sweetness, in order to save it from extinction; for it had scarcely an insect to visit it, so were its inconspicuous flowers overlooked among more showy and scented neighbours."

Moving on for a few paces, Pan stopped at the low bough of a half-dead tree, heavily laden with a dense mass of epiphytes, among which a beautiful *Angræcum* drooped its racemes of delicate white stars. About these flowers there hovered a humming-bird moth, luxuriating in the honey contained in the long, pendant nectaries, which he dexterously abstracted, while on the wing, with his astonishingly elongated proboscis. The rapid finger of Pan glided below the blossoms, and instantly every nectary was slightly lengthened. I saw at once that the moth was rather at a loss when he found the honey, at the bottom of the hitherto untried nectaries, just beyond his reach. However, he went steadily to work, burying his whole face in each flower, so as to stretch downward to the utmost; and when, at length, he desisted from his efforts, I caught a glimpse of more than half-a-dozen pollinia adhering to the base of his proboscis, and round his eyes, as he darted away.

"The moth has now unconsciously served the purposes of the plant," said Pan; "he has fertilized a score of blossoms, and has carried away enough pollen to supply a hundred more."

"But are you not sacrificing the insect to the plant?" I asked. "The unfortunate moth was half-blinded with pollinidises, besides being cheated of half his supper."

"The moth will visit fifty different plants," answered my instructor, "and derive abundant food from most of them; but the orchid's only chance of seeding was from the visit of so long-tongued and greedy a creature, and therefore I helped it. Moreover, the moth's present aid to the increase of vegetation compensates, to some extent, for the ravages committed in his caterpillar form."

I was about to speak again, when, as we gained a more open spot, a small hawk made a sudden swoop at a short distance before us, but, oddly enough, missed her quarry, a pretty little striped mouse, which gained its hole close to our feet. Pan extended his arm, and the hawk, after a brief circuit, settled on his wrist. It was a beautiful species, pearl-grey and white, barred intricately with black on the back and wings.

"Ah," uttered Pan, as the bird spread and flapped her wings, "I see how it is; those mice have grown too quick for you, but I will remedy that."

He soothed the ruffled plumage with his right hand, and it was easy to note how the strong primaries of the wings gained in length and stiffness.

"Try again," was his parting word to the hawk, who rose, hovered for a few seconds, swooped, and rose with a less fortunate mouse than the former one in her talons.

"What will become of the striped mice?" I inquired; "their chance of escape is now reduced to a minimum."

"Do you know how rapidly they multiply?" rejoined Pan. "The difficulty is to keep their numbers down. The hawk, on the contrary, is a slow breeder, and has helpless young to feed."

"I begin to see," I said, "that it is the due balance of power in nature that you continually endeavour to preserve. But it must surely be impossible to secure that at all points: are you never taken by surprise by unlooked-for results of this perpetual rivalry?"

"The task is no light one," sighed the kingly spirit. "It has no limits save those of this earth, and extends through all time. But you must reflect that I never require sleep, and that day and night are equally fit for the exercise of my office. Still, you have rightly judged that the energies of life at times evade my most careful contrivances of forethought, resulting now in unexampled abundance of some favoured organisms, and again in the rarity, and even

ultimate extinction, of those that are outstripped and trampled down in the keenly-contested race."

We were now on the edge of a good-sized clear space, where the sun shone hotly, and the ground was dry and sandy. A great heavy beetle, of the *Scarabeus* type, caught my notice, as she awkwardly scuttled along backward, pushing a huge ball of well-compacted soil. A little hillock, which was directly in her way, obstructed her progress; but she seemed to have no idea of avoiding the obstacle by skirting its base, and persisted in strenuous endeavours to hoist her treasure straight up to the summit. This object she at length all but attained, when the steepness of the little acclivity proved too much for the balance of the ball, which slipped off her polished elytra, and rolled back to the base of the hillock. The beetle fell also, and lay in a helpless position on her back, with her six legs extended rigidly, as if in despair. I picked the insect up, and gave her to Pan. He smiled, and, as the scarab lay in his palm, gently pressed the hinder part of her wing-covers and the shanks of the last pair of legs, occasioning a slight, but broad, depression in the former, and a thickening and roughening of the latter. Then he placed her gently on the ground near the ball, and she at once resumed her labours, this time with complete success,—the hollowed back and rougher legs together giving her a far safer hold on her burden.

I had scarcely watched the hard-working *Scarabeus* for a minute, when a chattering of monkeys made me look up. There were about a dozen of the active little black-faced fellows sitting on some great boughs that projected far over the open space. They were huddling together, and looked piteously towards us, with their round bright eyes widely open.

"There is a leopard after them," said Pan; and, sure enough, the broad, spotted head and paws of the great cat soon emerged from the foliage, about the base of the bough on which the monkeys sat. I was greatly surprised to see the leopard hunting in broad daylight, and concluded that he must be hard-pressed for food. His cruel, handsome face no sooner peered from among the leaves than the monkeys ran shrieking to the very ends of the branch, which swayed up and down with their weight. I ran forward and stood under the bough. The leopard caught sight of me and growled savagely. With extended arms I stood below the poor monkeys, thinking that, perhaps, they would perceive my friendly disposition, and jump down; but they only

screamed the louder. Pan now approached slowly, and, standing near me, beckoned to the terrified creatures. Without a moment's hesitation, they all leapt from their high perch, reached the ground unhurt, and ran to him. He patted and caressed the odd little vervets, whose fears seemed wholly vanished.

"Foolish creatures!" he said, "how could you allow yourselves to be outwitted by that dull-brained cat at this time of day? It would have served you right to have let the leopard eat you, after he had you safe in such a trap. I suppose I must give you a little more brain still; though it is a very grave question, and I am responsible for the results."

What did he mean? This was the first instance in which he had shown any uncertainty, or spoken, however indirectly, of anything connected with mental action.

"Pan," I said suddenly, "you are putting strange thoughts into my head. These monkeys are wonderfully near to man, physically, as it is; do you mean to advance them to closer mental proximity as well?"

"There is no standing still," he steadily replied. "You can still see the leopard crouching on the tree, foiled of his prey; he is a splendid improvement in specialized structure and function on the original type of his kind; none of his remote predecessors would compare with him in activity or armature of tooth and claw. But the monkey kind has developed in a different direction, gaining in intellect what it has lost in point of weapons of offence."

"I know you now!" I cried. "You are that power of Natural Selection, which our greatest naturalist has evoked by his subtle intellect and keenly observant life from the chaos of what has been vaguely termed 'natural history.'"

"Your surmise is just," responded the beneficent genius; "but I told you as much before now. Is it only those glimpses of my work which you have just now seen that lead you to know me?"

"Not solely," I replied. "Ever since I have thought about and really studied nature to the best of my poor power, I have felt, with ever-increasing force,—

‘The hands
That reach through nature, moulding men.’

It was you, sweet and awful Power, that wrought within me, though I knew you not; that made me dimly feel my kindred with all life, and love the life of my Mother Earth in all its forms; and that aided my feeble strivings after a

less imperfect knowledge. Ay! and I can now imagine how it may be that your influence dates from a time that I scarcely dare to conceive, from the infinitely-remote dawn of the life that I inherit. Tell me, I entreat you, something to lessen the palpable darkness that wraps the origin of my race in such an impenetrable mystery!"

"Nay!" said Pan—and once again the unfathomable depths of his angelic eyes met my gaze. "You ask what I may not grant. It is the gradual dawn and uprising of the light that encourages and sustains; the lightning flash too often scathes while it reveals. Be content to accept what patient work never fails to gain."

I stood rebuked before him. Had I indeed forgotten that simple, golden maxim of the poet's,

"Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait?"

How should I excuse my impatience and presumption to him whose converse had yielded me such rare delight? I looked up to ask his forgiveness,—he was no longer visible! I looked eagerly round: had he resumed his monstrous shape? What mattered it if he had done so? I knew him now in his loveable reality.

"Pan, Pan!" I cried aloud, "return for a moment; say that I have not grieved or angered you!"

But there was no voice that answered, nor any form that appeared. In my distress, I could have wept; I clasped my hands together, and—started to find myself in the very spot where I had sat down to rest! There still clung the sleepy beetle above my head, there drooped the funereal moss, there wavered the ghost-like butterflies. But surely the sun was considerably lower, and the air cooler, and yes! the watch showed that it was high time to be taking my homeward way.

Was it all a dream?

NEMEOPHILUS.



THE PILGRIM.

AFTER SCHILLER.

I.

'Twas the spring time of my manhood,
 When I left my peaceful home :
 Left the dance and dream of childhood,
 Through the weary world to roam.

II.

All life's promise and possession,
 Trustfully I flung aside ;
 Grasped the Pilgrim's staff with gladness,
 Boundless Faith my only guide.

III.

For I heard Hope's mighty voices
 Ever calling from afar :
 "Onward ! see the path is yonder,
 Underneath the morning star.

IV.

"Thou shalt reach a golden portal ;
 Enter in, and all is new :
 There the Earth and Heaven commingle ;
 All is tranquil, changeless, true."

V.

Evening shadows closed around me ;
 Still my onward way I fought.
 Morning splendours dawned upon me ;
 Yet I found not what I sought.

VI.

Foaming torrents lay before me,
 Dark abysses, mountain steeps ;
 But I climbed the frowning summits,
 And I bridged the roaring deeps.

VII.

Then at length I reached a river,
 Bearing waters from the West :
 Gladly plunged into its bosom,
 That my weary soul might rest.

VIII.

And the current drew me swiftly
 Downwards to a shoreless sea :
 Yet I saw no goodly city,
 Opening golden gates for me.

IX.

Ah ! no path will lead me thither !
Earth and sky but seem to meet.
Still I seek the rest that gladdens
Aching hearts and weary feet.

C.

June 18, 1870.

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FROM PARIS TO ROME:

## NOTES OF A COLONIST'S RAMBLES.

A COLD yet sparkling night. The air keen with the keenest frost of winter, and pure with the purity of the Alps, bites, yet exhilarates you. All round spread the mountain snows, shining crystalline on the peaks, stretching shroud-wise over the valleys, veiled only here and there by the shadows which hide the gorges, or are cast westward by the eastern heights,—a world of snow and ice, with not a sound to break its ghostly stillness save our voices and the shrill shrieks of the groaning engine, or a sign of life to cheer its grave expanse except our own dark forms and the rushing movement of the train.

Quite a different world it is from that we have sped through during the last few days. That has been a world of life, of vivacity, and of bustle. We have seen Paris in the mad enjoyment of a bright, yet frosty Sunday, upon the frozen waters of the crowded Bois ; we have sped through the long level of France, with its innumerable fields, and its interminable avenues, and its sleepy, spire-crowned cities ; we have left behind us the ice-bound Rhone, and gradually crept into the warm and genial bosom of the rocky mountains of Savoy ; we have passed through the fairyland of our childhood's dreams—a realm of rare enchantments, where ruined castles crown dark-browed crags—where quaint old villages hang high on mountain slopes, or nestle close in narrowing valleys—where every branch, and rock, and jutting ledge are hung with radiant pendants of icy crystals, and where, far up in the deep blue, we can but occasionally see shine in roseate or golden splendour the calm summits of the Alps ; we have skirted the shores of shimmering lakes, set like sapphires among the mountains, and have wandered with charmed emotions about pleasant Chambery, high over which, where every eye may see it, on one of the loftiest peaks around, stands out against the sky a marble



cross—the good genius of Savoy. And then from Chambéry we have hastened hitherward, our course winding through mountains, which grew ever higher and closer as we advanced, until at last we reached the little township of St. Michel, where, at this mid-winter time, not more than two hours' sunshine is permitted by its guardian mountains to be felt. From thence our journey has been a marvel. Who, ten years ago, would have dared to imagine that this zig-zag path, up which the horse-dragged diligence toiled tediously, should ever be traversed with ease and safety by the swift and shrieking locomotive? Yet for the last three hours we have been torn along round twisting valleys, across awful chasms, and up steep inclines, in a carriage rather too warm to be comfortable, packed in with about sixty others, sitting face to face, some sleeping, some reading, some talking, as though we were speeding over the level plains below, and not traversing with railroad rapidity a mountain pass which troubled Hannibal and almost baffled Napoleon.

Here we are at Laustebourg, the last village in France. The moon, at its full to-night, has just risen above the snowy crests, irradiant with her coming an hour before, and from a cloudless sky pours a golden light over the transfigured scene. We step out upon the frozen snows, and seem unlike ourselves—beings of another sphere, so weirdly and unreal are our surroundings. Everything save the sky looks winterly. Even the provisions in the rustic buffet appear to be half frozen, and the wine tastes as though the vines that produced it had absorbed no sweetness from the sunshine.

Soon we speed on again, up steeper inclines and round sharper zig-zags, in turning which the engine shrieks horribly, as though agonized by the strain. Then we escape from the mellow moonlight, and pass under timber tunnels, which guard the train from perils of avalanches, at this great height most common. Two months hence one such shall fall, and bury beneath it tunnel, train, and all, stopping communication with the south of Europe for half a week. In due time we emerged from the tunnels on the Italian side of the mountain. At the top of the pass there sleeps in a hollow formed by the mountain summits a peacefullake, whose dark waters reflect few other forms save those of drifting cloud or shining star. At Le Croix, where we get out, the sweep of the snowy slopes is broader than before. The moon is high in the heavens, and no shade or shadow darkens the pure expanse. In the little villages we have passed snow has been piled many feet deep on the

overhanging roofs of the humble habitations, and the buildings seem most to resemble snow houses rather than structures of stone and wood.

Down the Italian slopes of the mountain we rush at rapid pace. Soon the stiff forms of pine and fir trees, laden heavily with ice and snow, vary the silvered landscape. Then olive and mulberry groves appear ; then vineyards, terraced out of the hill sides, surround farmsteads and villages, where dogs bark furiously as the roll and rush of the train disturbs the still night air. At last the frontier town of Susa is reached.

Here, for some mystic reason not easily explained, an hour and a half's detention takes place. This time is passed in patience around the blazing log fire of a spacious parlour, or at the generously-furnished table of the *salle à manger*, where we test the quality of Italian cookery and quaff deep bowls of Italian wine for the first time. Here, too, we make acquaintance with Italian coinage—the lire, the soldo, and the centesimo—a hundred of the latter making up the tenpence worth of the first named, while the soldo represents five of the one and a twelfth part of the other. Here, also, the temper of the traveller passes through the ordeal of a custom-house. Baggage has to be examined and re-booked. Woe be to them that fail to propitiate the susceptible Dogana. Then must cords be unloosed, wrappers unripped, straps undone, locks unlocked, and all the precious sanctities of Madame's wardrobelaid bare to curious eyes.

Two hours' run in one of these luxurious Italian carriages, whose drab and silken brocade is tenderly protected by clean white anti-maccassars, brings us to Turin, whose former glory as capital of North Italy has departed with the removal of the seat of Government to Florence. A fair and fine city is Turin, the pride of its citizens, who confidently compare it with Paris,—a city of wide and straight streets, crossing each other at right angles, and skirted by arcades, where dealers of small wares have their stalls, and into which open shops, full of costly and luxurious articles. All round rise wooded hills, clothed with the gardens and the villas of the citizens. Nowhere in Britain, or in Europe, is there a more majestic railway station than here. It stands in all its palatial proportions apart. Noble porticos of vast height and breadth give shelter to cabs and vehicles, and stately waiting-rooms, artistically decorated, remind one sadly of the shabby dens set apart for a like purpose in England. In the matter of railway stations Italy has nought to be ashamed of. Constructive skill

has been employed in their arrangements, and decorative art has done its best for their adornment.

At every Continental station, and particularly is this the case in Italy, each hotel has its roomy omnibus in waiting. At midnight we were taken off by one bearing the title of Hotel Trombetta to a spacious edifice, once a royal palace, whose staircases are made of solid marble, whose arched and winding corridors are adorned with statues, and give towards a charming garden, where fountains play and flowering shrubs scent the air. Here we are introduced to the *grizini*, so popular a form of bread throughout Piedmont—long narrow strips of crisp crust, which are dipped in milk or coffee, and thus eaten at the lighter meals of the day.

In Turin stands a cathedral, famous chiefly for a chapel behind the chancel, built from floor to roof of polished dark-grey marble, and holding the tombs of famed Sardinian rulers. In the centre of a vast square rises the old city palace, grim with the age of centuries, and worn by the rough usage of time and man. Hard by is the royal palace—a magnificent abode, in truth, open at stated hours to all foreign applicants for admission. Here is the finest staircase in Europe—steps, balustrades, walls, floor, and ceiling being all a mass of carved and glittering marble of the purest white, so exquisitely polished that it is a delight to touch and stroke its smooth and shining surface. Beyond opens out a huge hall of dark-green marble, where groups of armed soldiers seem lost in the vastness. From thence we are led through a long series of saloons, all ablaze with gold, with many-tinted marbles, with frescoes celebrating bright scenes in Italian history, with mirrors which reflect and multiply indefinitely, with carved woodwork bespeaking cunning hand-work through years of toil. It were impossible to describe in detail the splendours of these apartments. Not a square inch where ornamentation might be bestowed has been passed over. The floors are marvels of inlaid work. Chandeliers of crystal that vie with the icy glories of the rocks are pendant from the pictured or fretted ceilings. Cabinets of precious stones, tables of rare mosaic, tapestry of priceless value, porcelain of exquisite workmanship, fill every vacant corner. And yet, through all these rows of ante-chambers, audience-halls, throne-rooms, reception-saloons, ball-rooms, and boudoirs, we are told of a grandeur that has departed and of a glory that hath been. Italy is full of palaces thus untenanted, through whose splendours the stranger's idle foot wanders vaguely, but whose function as a royal residence has long since fled.

Let us leave the miniature Paris, with all its streets thronged at midday with a busy and loquacious crowd, and its lottery shops, in anticipation of the coming Carnival, beset by eager crowds of pious speculators, and take wing once more.

The sun's warmth is no longer felt, for a cold wintry sky broods overhead, a keen wintry blast sweeps over the plains from the mountains, and snow falls ever more thickly on the populous fields of Piedmont. Little of these fields see we, except the orchards and vine bushes that clothe them. As to Villafranca and the many other towns we pass through, they are immolated under snow. Parties of shivering labourers are ranged at intervals along the line to keep it clear. The patches of bright colour upon the houses are the only warm sight visible. At Alessandria, numerous lines of circumvallations stretch around; hillocks of shot loom angrily from their snowy drapery; moats, bastions, and embrasures, all tell us that we have reached one of the strongest Italian fortresses. Bitterly cold is the driving wind as we dismount to refresh ourselves in the noble buffet, where all the wines of all the grapes under the sun seem to be stored in the bottles of every size and colour that are ranged pyramidally on the tasteful tables. Restored by the generous libations thus afforded at the cost of two francs a bottle, we rattle onward. The plains in time begin to heave and undulate; hills lift their woody slopes upward; deep valleys, down which rush torrents that seem strongly disposed to slumber under the frost, are skirted; ruined towers are seen crowning the peaks of crags; the valleys get deeper, the mountains rise higher; the escarpment along which the railroad passes shows evidences of greater cost and labour; the towns which are reached every few minutes begin to assume a more strictly Italian character, the houses are more brilliantly coloured, and the campanile, or detached bell-tower, becomes a feature; but still snow, snow, snow pervades and solemnizes the landscape. At last, as dusk approaches, the train thunders into a long tunnel, from whose deafening depths it seems never to emerge, until the outer darkness gets visible, the light strengthens, the mountain's bowels are passed, and, lo! a transformation! Winter has disappeared. No trace of snow is evident. The sky is cloud-cast, it is true, but the air is warm, and a tinge of green, even, here and there pervades the prospect. We have passed from the northern to the southern slopes of the Maritime Alps, and are under the soft influences of the Mediterranean.



Lights clustering like fireflies and then ranging out in tiers, the revolving flash of a lighthouse in the distance, the hum of a large city,—these introduce us to Genoa the superb, sitting with such queenly grace upon the hills that form her beautiful harbour. The Genoese are less attractive than their harbour. No sooner has the traveller stepped out of his carriage than he is beset by Philistines, who bully and badger, hustle, seize, and scream demoniacally at, him. About forty different hotel omnibuses, with their attendant touters, set upon him, and drag him different ways. Genoa is not famed for the excellence of any of its hotels,—quantity not quality being the rule. Trusting to the chances of fate, let us go to one which overlooks the harbour,—an old palace, where, before the ground floor is reached, a seemingly endless flight of marble stairs has to be ascended. From thence we are shown into a huge, octagonal domed hall, which was a chapel in the times of the Archbishop whose palace this once was. Here, behind a screen, are two beds, lost in space, where we shall take our rest, fancying when the church bells wake us in the night that we have fallen asleep in some old cathedral, so big, so lofty, so ghostly is our gigantic bed chamber.

Genoa leaves the pleasantest impressions on most who visit it. It is all up and down, and unlike any other place. It is full of the narrowest streets, where scarcely two may pass abreast, leading down into mystic regions of gloom or up into the clouds. It is Cairo, without the stupor of the East, but with all the vivacity and bustle of a European seaport town. Clothes lines hang across the streets from window to window, bearing parti-coloured garments, which float like gay banners in the breeze. Amidst these tall buildings you come now and then on open spaces filled with fruit stalls, around which succeeding crowds are gathered. Through dark archways you look into courtyards of the middle ages, where shattered statues and decayed fountains, almost smothered amongst overgrown vegetation, give token of departed splendours, for donkeys browse among the tangled herbage and beggar children are dabbling in the laughing waters. But there are other places which still retain their former magnificence. Through some of these we wander, ascending by marble staircases to vast suites of saloons and corridors, where are masterpieces of old art, pictures bearing storied names and statues that live in marble. Through these houses of the old Genoese nobles—built when Genoa rivalled Venice and almost ruled the Mediterranean—we are led by hoary, old major-domos, who throw open the shut-



ters with an obvious sense of the privilege they are conferring, and also tell us reverently the names and subjects of the paintings on the walls. There is a family likeness among all these palaces—the same old pictures, the same gilded saloons, the same treasures of marble, porcelain, and crystal, the same carved woodwork and gay frescoes pervade the whole. One of the three chief avenues of Genoa, the *Via Balbi*, is lined on either side by these magnificent abodes, whose owners in these less showy days are content to occupy a mere suite of rooms in the ancient home of their ancestors.

Of all the many churches of Genoa there is but one we need halt at—the *Annunziata*, a dazzling structure, where gold and tinted marble clothe the interior from floor to roof, and before which a noble portico of solid white marble gives just promise of the treasures within. This gorgeous temple has been restored at the expense of one noble family, and the richest aristocracy of the world might fairly take example from this common custom of the Genoese nobility.

Let us leave these brilliant scenes, and stroll towards the quay. The harbour is surrounded by long and massive sheds, whose outer front is garnished by a wide arcade wherein a kind of marine bazaar is held daily, and where a Babel of tongues, gathered from every quarter of the world and from every shore of the Mediterranean, makes fearful discord. The port is crowded with small sailing craft bearing the flags of all nations, bringing hither the produce of the Levant and bearing thence fruit from the Italian valleys and marble from the quarries of Carrara. Here are seen small mountains of oranges, apples, pears, and nuts, and pyramids of glittering slabs fresh hewn from the Apennines. Here are seen dark and lowering faces, eyes that gleam demoniacally, and arms that gesticulate in all the seeming madness of passion,—a strange, bewildering scene, marked by strange languages, strange costumes, and strange cries,—a dazing and wearisome scene, from which we fly to the *Via Carlo Felice*, where another gigantic palace of milky marble holds the offices of State. Step into this café, luxuriant in velvet couches, glittering mirrors, and vivid frescoes. Seafaring men, gaily-dressed ladies, common soldiers, languid dandies, and even *lazzaroni*, are lazily sipping here their coffee, their wine, and their sugar waters. Now we will step into an open voiture and drive vaguely about these winding, twisting, rising, sinking, dark, and infragrant streets. We catch glimpses of subterranean interiors

underground, where mechanics are plying their humble callings, and where, by some process best known to themselves, even donkeys find their way. We pass innumerable cook-shops, where pastry reeking with fat and redolent of indescribable flavours, awaits the custom of the lower orders. We turn into filagree shops, where dainty specimens of this Genoese specialite are offered at prices ridiculously cheap. We look into churches, where men who look no better than they should be are devoutly kneeling, and who probably the next moment would have little compunction in stealing your purse or in stabbing their neighbours. Everywhere we meet with the church and the army, dark-robed priests and gaily-decorated soldiers being the most common representatives of our race throughout Italy. Above the topmost stories of high houses hang gardens and orchards, where family circles can take their ease under green leaves, secure from human observation. And thus we may pass days in this fair and stately city—so grand and beautiful in her diminished glory—so lacking in what we dull English regard as essentials to domestic comfort, but so rich in the picturesque, the romantic, and the old.

A lovelier journey than that between Genoa and Spezia confessedly does not exist throughout Europe. This road—the Riviera di Levante—has been long famous among the lovers of the beautiful. No words can do justice to its beauties. The road winds along the rocky shore. On one side the waters of the Mediterranean nestle round craggy promontories, crowned by old towers or skirted by quaint villages; nor shall we anywhere see colours so deep and tender—shades of green so soft and fathomless, as those that beautify that storied shore. On the other side rise hills of voluptuous outline, clad up to their crests with luxuriant orchards and dark plantations, among which gleam out the brightly painted walls and irregular forms of numberless villas and farm-houses. Even the towns and villages that succeed each other at every turn have all a character of their own. Each house differs from its neighbour and wears a colouring of different arrangement or hue. And from the windows of all these houses crowds of heads emerge, whole families crowded into one, watching us and cheering us as we pass—a light-hearted, easy-living, careless people, taking life as they found it, and finding infinitely greater pleasure in lolling out of these windows or lounging about the streets on half-starved stomachs, than in making an honest livelihood by a day's hard labour in the fields behind, or in the waters in front.

Another glimpse of fairyland—the bright waters on one side, the shaggy hills on the other; winding valleys opening out on to the sea; rushing streams spanned by ancient bridges; quaint towns shooting forth airy campaniles and garnished with gardens and orchards; dark cliffs jutting into the sea, and casting their shadows seaward; tiny sea-ports by the shore, where ships are building on the beach, and small sailing ships are anchored near the quays. A night passed in the pleasant township of Chiavari, where a grim old keep guards the town, and the night is passed in a plain but comfortable hostelry,—a start at early dawn in the coupé of a small diligence, whose back compartment is filled with noisy peasants, singing hilarious songs. We keep along the beach for some distance until the road turns inland, and we wind our way up and up for many a long hour, until we are lost amidst the clouds that hide the ridges of the Apennines. We pass through quiet villages, where the slow-paced coach produces a sensation. We take into our coupé a young Italian, fond of smoking and fragrant of garlic, whose politeness and generosity nevertheless overcome our scruples and secure our regard. We pass by olive groves and vineyards, along the beds of torrents and round bleak mountain passes, from which we look down into the deep Tuscan valleys, studded with church spires and villages. We stop at windy roadside inns, where naught but the sourest wine is vended, and where the pigs seem to share with the inmates the dirty hospitalities of the house. At last we begin to descend again, and the snail's pace of our upward progress breaks into a pleasant amble as we pass into a more luxuriant region, where the orchards and groves are thicker, and the vineyards more carefully tended. Beggar children pursue us for miles, and by sheer dint of persistency extort coin from our pockets. Down valleys, over gorges, across airy bridges, past convents and castles upon high pinnacles, and down the course of rivers which grow as we pass from tiny brooklets to deep and rapid streams. At one time we take in two tall and handsome officers, who seat themselves next to the driver, and smoke strong cigars during the rest of the journey. Through scenery yet more wild and beautiful, we slowly crawl along, the horses seldom breaking out of a foot's pace, until from the last hill we have to traverse there stretches before us the sparkling waters of the Gulf of Spezia, radiant in the sunlight, the coast spreading away, cape beyond cape, into the mellow southern haze, while at our feet lies the port and town of Spezia, a mass of varied form and colour, mixed up with

groves and gardens, and guarded by castles and batteries. Ironclads lie darkly in the waters, white sails fleck the distance ; away landward soar up the snow-crowned summits of the Apennines ; and over all spreads a sky whose depths of blue are contrasted with the dark masses of the mountains near the shore and the silvery forms of the clouds rolling round their brows. A bright and fairy-like scene, quite different from the conceptions one is apt to form concerning the prison of the patriot Garibaldi.

At Spezia there is a new and somewhat primitive railway station, where the hardest seats and the vilest wine have unpleasant reminiscences. Not so bad, however, as the memory we take away of Italian extortion and rapacity on the part of a railway porter, who resolutely refuses to move our baggage until bribed handsomely to do so, and of a ticket clerk who boldly swindles us out of several liras worth of change. Exhausted by the loss of temper consequent on these proceedings, we take refuge in a new, silken-seated carriage, from whose windows when it whirls away we have a lovely vision of a shore and a sea transfigured by the golden radiance of a setting sun, and of woody hills and castle-crowned heights, rising beyond a fat and fertile plain. We paused at Carrara, where a wilderness of hewn marble spreads round, and where bridges, roads, sheds, and houses are all built or paved with the precious stone. From thence, through the roseate twilight, we pass by Lucca and Massa, till the deepening shadows on the hills recede towards the horizon, and we are speeding over a plain. More lights glimmering in the distance, the loom of towers rising over masses of buildings, the long flash of a broad river girdled by sparkling lights, and a halt in a palatial station ;—we are at Pisa.

Of the city of the leaning tower and the Campo Santa, it is needless to say much. It is quaint, orderly, and middle-aged. The marble campanile, whose inclination earthward has made it one of the wonders of the world, will be found best described in one of the most characteristic sketches of the Italian pictures by Dickens.

Livorno—or as our harsh English gutturals render it, Leghorn—is a large, flourishing, clean, busy, but most uninteresting seaport. The country around is flat, and too well cultivated to please an eye in search of the picturesque. There are five docks, where large steamers lie moored, under our hotel windows. There are widish streets, well paved, and skirted by shops of a maritime flavour. There are heavy fortifications investing the town and giving to it a martial air. There is a spacious synagogue—the handsomest in Italy—richly lined



with marble and comfortably fitted up, where the large Hebrew community perform their devotions. There are a cathedral and many churches with a fair allowance of paintings by old masters. But there is nothing to detain us here from the rarer charms of Rome, save the questionable distinction earned by the Livonians, as a people prone to assassination and the free use of the knife. Let us speed away.

Again we are proceeding southward. A warm sun shines brightly in a true Italian sky. No trace of winter is perceptible. With a luxurious sense of comfort and satisfaction we lean back in our silken cushions, and listen to the gay and vivacious talk of a young Turinese countess who has abandoned the Neapolitan steamer at Leghorn, driven ashore by the terrors of a rough voyage from Genoa. This captivating creature is tall, stately, and bright-eyed, beaming with all the life and animation of the daughters of the south. Her great concern at this moment is how she shall get through Rome, as she has no passport, and the Papal requirements in that respect, to Italians more especially, are inflexibly rigorous. To this point our fair fellow-traveller's thoughts are sure to return after a devious wandering among the biographical incidents of her young life. Meanwhile we are passing over a plain which skirts the sea, in whose calm waters vessels and steamers are slowly floating. Hills continually approach or recede, and the day is so clear that we can see far westward where the Apennines roll in woodland beauty towards Sienna and Thrasymene. At this season the country around is healthy enough, but we pass through many a tract which in the summer is smitten by fever and darkened by death. At one o'clock we halt at Orbitello, where is spread out one of the worst *table d'hotes* in Europe. Bad as it is, the occupants of the train seat themselves eagerly round the board where they are served for twenty minutes with thin soup, sour fish, adamantine meat, and indigestible pastry. Our next stoppage is at Montatto, where we enter the domains of the Pope, and the realm of despotism. Here, at a small roadside shanty, we all undergo a rigorous inspection of our belongings, and passports are demanded and given up. This was the critical moment with our countess. In the same carriage was a French gentleman who had seen America and been to Japan. Upon this gallant's tender mercies she had thrown herself, and induced him to let her appear in the eyes of the Papal officials as his wife. To this he chivalrously agreed, and the lady was recorded in the register as wife of a gentleman she had never seen before, and might never meet again.



Before reaching Civita Vecchia we pass many a beautiful bit of seaside scenery. The islands of Elba and Monte Christo, and Capreja, are seen, invested with historical associations, and bathed in Italian sunshine, lifting their forms dreamily above the waters. Embayed harbours, small fishing stations, and castellated rocks are visible here and there along the shore. Near the Roman seaport we pass Cometo, famed in ancient and medieval story—a large walled city covering the top of a long flattened hill, four miles from the railroad. Here some people say the Pope would take refuge were he driven from the Holy City. Civita Vecchia is a busy military seaport, where French soldiers and convicts are still the most prominent features. From thence we rush on through the darkness and the mist, and see naught but the will-o'-the-wisp-like lights of the scattered houses we sweep by. A long two hours it seems, for we are all eager for Rome, and our countess has strayed, with her temporary protector, into another carriage. Thus, thrown in upon our thoughts, we cannot but think of all that has concurred to make this ground historical. Here from the times of Romulus has been the theatre of the world's history. Here Pagan Emperor and Christian Pontiff have for twenty-five centuries held rule. Here all that is saintliest in Christian martyrdom, vilest in man's depravity, highest in human eloquence, loftiest in patriotic aspiration, finest in art, and basest in intrigue, has been experienced. Unto the ruined palaces of the Cæsars—unto the grandest temple of Christ—we are now rushing on. Better thus, perhaps, in midnight gloom, with no rude evidences of modern life to distract one's thoughts and dissipate one's associations in it, that we draw nigh to Rome.

At least a dozen false alarms as lights flash past us herald our advent in the Holy City. Of all places in the world, Rome is one of the hardest to enter. Our train is stopped some distance from the station without any apparent reason for the delay, as no carriage-doors are opened and no questions even asked. Men armed to the teeth clank about outside in a purposeless manner, but their business seems indefinite. After half an hour's stoppage we are suffered slowly to proceed, and at last emerge in a station, where much fuss and bother have to be encountered in the best possible spirit before one's self and one's baggage are fairly started off in the omnibus of the Hotel d'Angleterre. As we rattle through the streets, glimpses are caught of fountains playing and tall prison-like palaces rising against

the sky ; but that is all. When we reach our inn, lo ! a plethora of visitors has preceded us, and the vast caravan-sera is full. Nor do we succeed in finding quarters for the night until two more hostelries are visited in vain. The Carnival is close at hand, and has drawn together the usual mob of eager novelty-seeking tourists.

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## THE COPPER MINES OF NAMAQUALAND.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.

#### CHAP. I.

Saturday, the 7th of November, 1868, saw me on board of the little German steamer *Namaqua*, bound for Hondeklip Bay. The voyage was agreeably calm and uninteresting. On Sunday afternoon, we sighted the bare scalps of the Kamiesberg. Full speed till eight o'clock, half speed till eleven, and then lay to until morning, was the order of the night ; but in the night, a swell setting in from the north-west, the acquaintance of which the captain had not previously made, being a stranger in these seas, had borne us away south, so that when the mist cleared up about eight o'clock we found ourselves as far south of the Kamiesberg as on the previous day. The little vessel put on her best speed, hugging the land pretty closely, until about noon the castellated rocks of Roodewal, Maclear's Beacon, South Beacon, the Dog Stone, and the flag-staff came on us in succession, and about two o'clock we anchored opposite Hondeklip, in the open sea, about a mile and half from the shore. There was a light breeze from the north-west and a little swell ; still the boats responded to our signals, and we were soon ashore.

Hondeklip is a loose, straggling place on a low sandy beach. It appears from the sea larger than you would expect, and longer than it is. The houses are of one story ; but the huge stacks of copper ore and of fuel quite overtop them, rising to a height of thirty or forty feet, and of such odd shapes that the stranger is rather puzzled to know what they are. Five or six trading stores run parallel to a road which for a little distance is contiguous to the beach, and then curves off, and leaves room for a row of outhouses at one end, between it and the beach, for the use of the Company, and for the shops. The buildings mostly, if not

entirely, belong to the Cape Copper Mining Company, and a considerable number are occupied by them as receiving stores. A rude sort of square or market-place is formed in one part, on one side of which is situated the court-house and custom-house, a building of one room, used also as a church. The residence of the Company's Superintendent in the olden time is pleasantly situated on the rising ground a little south of the town, and leading up from the beach, as are also some cottages; the Magistrate, who is also the Collector of Customs, has his residence near the beach at the south end, and the gaol is situated a little back from the shore, in the same direction.

This has been the great port for the shipment of ore; and formerly the Company had a large establishment here—a resident, who superintended the transport and shipping and landing, and a staff of well-paid clerks. Salaries had been fixed when ore realized high prices; and when the price of ore fell, the servants grew rich, whilst the Company grew poor. The payments on transport were made at Hondeklip, and therefore the shopkeepers grew rich also. Now all this is changed: the cost of transport is greatly reduced, and is paid at Ookiep; the shipping and landing and forwarding are done by a contractor, and the industry is limited to some thirty or forty men whom he employs; and as he keeps a store, and, of course, supplies his own workmen, it follows that shopkeeping at Hondeklip is a thing of the past. The Company's officers are limited to a resident agent.

The bay is formed by a large rock of granite on the south-west. From this a reef of rock runs to the northward, forming a bar, and protecting a little bay behind, which is only large enough to hold three or four of the small coasting vessels and the cargo-boats belonging to the Company. The ore is shipped from a wooden jetty some one hundred and fifty yards long, and exposed to a considerable swell. A rail is laid down the whole length of the jetty, and the ore is run down on trucks, and stacked conveniently for the boats. At the time of shipping, a slide or high trough is then laid over the jetty, suspended at the upper end to give it a sufficient slope, and eight or ten men load seven or eight tons of ore in a very short time. The larger vessels lie out one and a half or two miles in the open sea; and the shipment of ore is sometimes greatly hindered by rough weather, and more so by dense fogs so frequent on this low coast, which renders it necessary to use a fog-horn for calling in the boats when the weather is thick.

The labouring population is formed of Namaquas, Damaras, a few fragments of humanity from Cape Town, and some Kafirs, all in a very low state of poverty. At the time I first saw them they occupied about forty huts, straggling through the low scrub; but in six months after I thought them a good deal reduced in number. The men were much attenuated and the women more so; the children, though presenting in some cases great misery, were some of them healthy, and as ill-behaved as ill-fed, neglected children usually are, whether black or white. Water is scarce and bad, mainly caught from roofs or taken up from Cape Town, a little being procured from wells and at some seasons from dams, for the use of cattle. There being no settled church (except a monthly ministration from Springbok),\* there is of course no settled school, and mental improvement is difficult to come at.

Four days' detention in Hondeklip gave me a tolerable knowledge of it; but as this article is intended to relate only to the industry connected with the mines and mining, I am compelled to omit several features otherwise interesting, and move on to the mines, where the industry is mostly concentrated; and for this reason my description of the country must be brief.

In penetrating into the country from the coast, you have the same broad features in Namaqualand as are so generally met with along all the west coast of the Colony,—first a belt of sand; then a rising hard ground, often very barren, swelling into hills of moderate height; and then the mountains. Each of these belts may vary considerably in width, and the coast line is often broken by rocky headlands; and the sand belt especially may in some places be reduced to a narrow strip, and in others be several miles across. Such is the case in Namaqualand: the sand belt at Port Nolloth is some miles wide, whilst at Hondeklip, from the approach of a ridge of high ground forming the eastern bank of the Zwartlintjes River, which reaches the sea about ten miles north of Hondeklip, the sandy tract is reduced to a width of about three miles. This is not the direct road to the mines; but in order to make the hard ground, the shortest distance across the sand is taken to reach the bed of the Zwartlintjes River.

*Friday, 13th.*—Left Hondeklip about 9 o'clock; wind cold, which made great-coats agreeable. The sand deep and

\*The minister has been removed to Ookiep since these notes were taken, but I believe his ministrations are continued as usual.



heavy from constant traffic. When we had got out of the direct action of the sea breeze, the vegetation changed to a more liberal growth of mesembryanthemums and euphorbias, many of them in full-flower and very brilliant. At the end of the three miles we escaped from the heavy sand by descending to the bed of the Zwartlintjes River. We had taken so long to cross the sand tract that I thought we had travelled six miles instead of three. The Zwartlintjes River is one of those great drainage channels that carried off the waters of this country at a time when its hydrography was very different to what it is at present. It is now a dried channel, varying from about one hundred feet to a much greater width, and which there is no power in nature in operation at present sufficient to form. The hills on each side recede gradually, those on the north being the highest, with dark, frowning, sharp-edged rocks, and a very barren appearance; those on the south have in all respects a softer aspect from decomposition, aided, probably, by the direct action of the sun and rain. Both sides are streaked by considerable veins of white quartz cropping up; and at one spot on the south side little conical hills are thrown up, with scoria-like summits or, having, rather, the appearance of smoke stains. This, I understand, is iron-stone, indicating the vicinity of copper, but none has yet been found. In about two hours we came to De Riet, a farm belonging to the Company, on the north-east side of the river bed, and here we found the *Acacia horrida* (mimosa), but a mere bush, increasing in size as we passed higher to the summit of the table land; but in no place did I see it growing so large, or covering such large patches, as in the rivers of the Hardeveldt, south of the Kamiesberg. Reached Riethuis about two o'clock. This was formerly a large establishment, where the downward loads of copper ore were delivered; it is now occupied by one of the Company's contractors, and very conveniently affords refreshment on the road. It was pleasant to meet such a place in such a wilderness. There was a large store with its flaring iron roof, relics of machinery, and ruins of carriages, outhouses, and workshops, succumbing to the hand of time, and only performing a part of their former uses. There was the long, low house, and its adjunct cottages, and a verandah on which green paint and white-wash had done their utmost to keep up the apparent freshness of youth and make it look cool and pleasant. There were birds languishing in a cage, and rabbits pining in a hutch, and balsams in pots, looking unhealthily transparent from excess of heat and moisture, while within were many



of the appliances which culture and refinement usually consider essential to comfort. There were lively, intelligent little children, and, what was more welcome still, refreshment for the inner man, supplied with very obliging and refined civility. I had some thoughts of musing on the extent of woman's mission when I saw what the magic of industry and taste had done in the midst of such unfavourable surroundings; but the day was far advanced, and after-dinner musings in such a temperature are not usually very bright or lively. The river bed turns to the eastward at Riethuis, and we travelled up it some miles, making in all about eighteen or twenty miles before we ascended the high ground; passed Oubees, another of the Company's farms about half-way between Riethuis and Kekokies, and about seven miles from each other. It was quite dark before we reached the mountain, and I did not think the ascent at night so bad as when passing over it by daylight. It is something surprising to a new-comer who has been in the use of good roads that any civilized community should have persisted so long in conveying such a large amount of wealth over mountains and across gullies so indescribably bad, and yet not attempt to improve them; and I doubt whether in any other part of the world loads are conveyed by similar means over difficulties equally great. Nothing but a superabundant amount of animal force wasting its bone and muscle in the forced idleness of the desert could have borne it so long; and nothing short of an abundance of the best copper ore, quarried with very little labour and expense, could have paid such a price for that bone and muscle as to compel it to use itself up in mere mechanical toil, in preference to a little judgment in selecting better lines of road and a mere minimum of skill in improving them. But nothing was so costly in the early days of mining in Namaqualand as skilled labour; and when the mining mania collapsed, and the mining operations were left in the hands of one company, that company found the combination of animal machinery which forms the moving power to the bullock-wagon—the Boer or Bastard, his leader, his oxen, and his trektouws—abundant, and more available than any other; and the Boer, with that utter disregard of the excessive use of animal power in overcoming difficulties which his early training had made habitual, struck his line of road right across the mountains and river beds, in supreme indifference to labour or the suffering and loss its excessive use entailed. Reached Kekokies, another of the Company's farms, occupied by one of the transport con-

tractors, about nine o'clock. There was a considerable company met together, and considering that they were all engaged in one object—a pilgrimage to the shrine of King Copper to persuade him to transmute himself into gold, it was a sort of Namaqualand Tabard. But the faint resemblance was broken in the morning. There could be no tales on the road, for by five o'clock every one was pursuing a different route.

Turned westward to see the new road and its engineer, and made a halt at the convict station. Thought this road, as far as completed, exceedingly well done, but rather narrow. Measures had been taken to secure a supply of water from thunder-storms, on which the supply of Namaqualand so much depends, by constructing the gravel and clay pits on the upper side into small reservoirs or dams, with drainage across the road. The engineer had also constructed a well by sinking and excavating under some rocks, and had made a descent by a winding stair, and surrounded by a wall, and when I returned it had five feet of water in it. It will endure longer than the road.

Called at the convict station, and breakfasted at the contractor's shop. Day excessively hot. Meat indescribably tough, and flies beyond endurance. Passed down the new road; saw the convicts at work; thought their barracks small, and too much crowded. Everything about the place had an air of tidiness, and seemed in good working order. Convicts and officers apparently kept well in hand. Did not look, any of them, as though they were over fed. Work hard; heat intense; clothes badly worn, and extensively patched. I wished some of our demonstrative M.L.A.'s could have seen them. Though I did not see the food, I thought them to be badly enough off. Still in a country so indescribably barren and desolate as Namaqualand, a convict must be badly off and badly treated indeed, I should think, before he would run away if he knew what he was about. Passed down the river bed, where there is a good growth of mimosa and other shrubs. The natives squat in this bed, it is said, in considerable numbers, and have but an indifferent reputation. They live ostensibly by cutting blocks for wagons, and cutting grass for the mules of the copper riders, and are destroying the mimosa by peeling off the bark and selling it to a neighbouring tanner. Day excessively hot. Birds of various kinds, forgetting their uncongenial habits and making common cause, congregate together in the same thick bush from the excessive heat. The further we proceed the more desolate and inac-

cessible the country becomes. Outspanned at Koornhuis, and got an hour's nap. In the afternoon, the mountains on the west began to wear a softer aspect of more gradual incline with sloping crests, and looking something like wave-washed islands. To the south lay the Kamiesberg, at sixty or seventy miles' distance, thrusting up its bald scalps, and calling up old associations of twenty-five years ago. We had now reached nearly to the maximum height of the table land, and in a short time descended into the valley in which Modderfontein is situated, and remained the next day, Sunday, in the enjoyment of the kindest hospitality,—a kindness which it is neither desirable nor easy to forget.

On Monday morning started, not very early. Passing up the valley to Ookiep, we met the greatest growth of the kokerboom (*Aloe arborescens*) that I had yet seen. They are first met—a solitary one—at near the foot of the Keko-kies mountain, but are not numerous until we ascend the summit of the table land, where they appear to grow best within a zone of perhaps a thousand feet, at from three to four thousand feet above the sea level—some descending below this, but not many. This agrees with what I had seen on the Kamiesberg; but nowhere in Namaqualand did I see them so numerous as in the valley leading from Modderfontein to Ookiep. They gave an air of loneliness to the landscape very peculiar; and when with their light-coloured bark they reflect the evening twilight from a dark ground, they appear like the vegetable fragments of a ruin, the remnants of an era that is passing away. The mountains are here mostly grouped in circles, or clusters, containing within them lake-like depressions; and it is at the bottom of one of these depressions that Ookiep is situated.

The approach to Ookiep, as regards scenery, has nothing striking or very cheering about it. The valley itself may be considered as about a mile wide, and in its greatest length, from south-east to north-west, as about two and a half miles. The mountains on the east side may vary from eight hundred to a thousand feet in height above the valley, those on the south-east being higher, and to the north-west still higher, ascending perhaps to a height of fifteen hundred feet.\* On the south are low barren hills of quartz, forming a connection between two ranges on opposite sides of the valley

\* The reader must be pleased to understand that whatever is said in regard to heights, or to distances not travelled over, are mere matters of guess, without any known measures to compare them with, and in a climate, as a rule, very dry, but subject to very capricious thunder-storms.

of which Ookiep forms but a part; and on the north are rocks crossing part of the valley, extremely rugged, but not very high. Between this and the opposite mountains, on the west, is an opening of about a mile wide, looking north-west; and this opening is the only direction in which you can see out of the valley, to a distance of perhaps twenty miles. But if the natural scenery is dull and uninteresting from its nakedness, the industry is different, and is very striking. After travelling for two days through a country so naked, and barren, and destitute, that for miles and miles around you, yourself and your outfit are the only living, moving things on which the eye can rest for relief, you come at once, after topping the low hills, on a scene of animated industry which has no equal in South Africa, or, perhaps, on the Continent of Africa at all—the results of which are visible in the acres of pure stone in one immense spread, some ten or twelve feet thick, turned up from the mine, the large stacks of copper ore, and the great extent of refuse. There are stores, and offices, and stables, and workshops, and large deposits of machinery, and a steam-engine and all its gear in full working, and a church (used also as a school and reading-room), and a contractor's store, and an infirmary for the sick, and residences for the mechanics and miners; and in the nooks around the valley are pretty little cottages for the officers; and around the southern and western slopes are the different locations of natives, dwelling in houses of gunny bags,—Hottentots, Fingoes, Mantatees,—each in his own location, and two tribes of Damaras, equally distinct; and at the north a separate location of those fragments of humanity that, cast loose from the main body, pass over the boundary line, and live a sensuous life of illegitimacy. All these, between 800 and 900 souls, and some more at Springbok and at greater distances, find direct support from the Ookiep Mines.

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### A LAY OF THE SLEEPY.

The bed was smooth, the pillows soft,  
The blankets warm and cosy;  
The night-cap had been strong enough  
To make one calm and dozy.

No pangs of conscience rack'd my heart  
Nor supper my digestion—  
I wasn't thinking of my love  
And hadn't "popp'd the question."



Gout, headache, scolding wife, or brats  
That cry and shriek for pleasure;  
Not one of these delights was mine,  
But placid ease and leisure

In short, all sort of things combined  
To make my sleep a sound one:  
So, with the candle safely out  
And bedclothes wrapt around one,

The deuce was in it but I'd sleep  
A sleep that has no dreaming,  
Nor wake till housemaids ply their brooms  
And cocks and hens are screaming.

But "*l'homme propose et Dieu dispose*,"  
In sleep as larger matters;  
Up springs the wind and puffs and roars,  
And down the rainfall patters.

The windows shake, the shutters creak,  
The doors and fast'nings rattle,  
I hear the barking of the dogs;  
The tramping of the cattle,

The moaning of the bending trees,  
The surging of the ocean,  
The whistling of the gusty squalls—  
All nature in commotion.

I turn, I twist, I fume, I fret,  
I thump and beat my pillows,  
I feel as though my bed were on  
The heaving, tumbling billows.

I'm not asleep, I'm not awake  
How loud the wind is roaring!  
I shake, I start—What's that I hear?  
I fancy I've been snoring!

Once more I knock my pillows straight,  
Once more, my head reclining,  
I try to shut the tempest out,  
And think the moon is shining.

\* \* \* \* \*

I play at whist—five guinea points—  
My partner is a "duffer":  
He trumps my cards, the best I've got,  
Revokes—oh! what I suffer!

We lose the game—a treble out—  
We lose the next, the rubber;  
Eight times five guineas gone at once—  
The miserable lubber!



*A Lay of the Sleepy.*

My deal—my deal—the cards spin round—  
No noise, mistakes, or thumps,  
But silently as scudding clouds—  
And *diamonds* are trumps.

Ace, king, queen, knave, in goodly row,  
Within my hand are glaring,—  
And four by cards, by honours four,  
We win, with much for sparing.

Pass on the cards, again they deal,  
And, welcome as good telegram,  
Once more I recognize as trumps  
The scarlet parallelogram.

Again, arrayed in courtly row,  
Ace, king, queen, knave descriing,  
Trick follows trick, and honours thick—  
The rubber's ours for trying.

Again, again, the game's our own,  
The gold in heaps is piling,  
My duffer partner's and my luck  
Our adversaries "riling."

We break their bank, they've not a rap,  
They pass their I O U's too ;  
But diamonds for ever trumps,  
Their paper we up use too.

At last, their money having gone,  
Their temper follows suit,  
And one of them begins to swear—  
A great ill-manner'd brute.

He strikes the table with his fist,  
Knocks over cards and taper—  
I start—and hear a voice which cries  
"Your coffee and your paper!"

I rub my eyes, I cry "come in,"  
I give a lazy yawn too,  
And find I've been all night asleep,  
And far beyond the dawn too.

So with a shake, and with a sip,  
I clear my brain from dreaming,  
And try to read the morning's news,  
The while my coffee's steaming.

Its p'raps that I'm but half awake,  
Or Sol my eyes is blinding,  
But this is all that I make out—  
"SUCCESS OF DIAMOND-FINDING."

A. W. C.

## OFF ON CIRCUIT.

HURRAH! Why, the very thought and recollection of it make the blood tingle in my finger-tips as I write. "Six months in Cape Town at a stretch, with brainwork like yours into the bargain, is enough for any man," as my friend Dr. Pillbox, forgetting I am only a "junior," gravely assures me when, on the eve of starting, I am still hesitating whether to go or not,—uncertain whether I shall forsake the allurements and blandishments of city life, and the more solid comforts of home, for a bit of Circuit roughing in wind and rain.

"Go, man? Of course, you will! Your organs of respiration haven't fair play in town. You want to absorb more oxygen gas into the living system and to evolve carbonic acid by the bucket. Oxygenation isn't going on a bit as it ought. What you need (looking up gravely over his spectacles as he was finishing off a hieroglyphic prescription for my last bilious attack and mouthing with untiring volubility) is a more continuous purification of the nutritive circulating fluid (that's blood, you know), to fit it for maintaining in an active and healthy condition all the living tissues. Secondly, the unceasing development of more or less animal heat, for the functional power of an animal (that's you, you know), and the natural temperature of its body, are in general accord with the activity of its respiration. There! (pausing to take breath, as well he might). Now don't let me see your face in town for a month at the very least!"

I gasped out a whole volume of carbonic acid in reply. "But, Doctor, I'm going to post it; and suppose I get my 'osseous system,' a little out of order by a pitch overboard in one of those ugly mountain passes at night, or in a nasty bit of a drift, and crack part of my invaluable cranium, what then?"

"Nonsense, nonsense! (giving me a farewell shake of the hand): the only parts of your osseous system you lawyers need to look well after are your superior and inferior maxillaries."

"My inferior and superior what, Doctor?"

"There! Just like the whole precious lot of you. You're mighty clever hands at coaching up any amount of anatomy in one night for a murder or a manslaughter, pretending that you're very Galens and Hippocrates when you get an unfortunate medico into the box; and then forgetting all your 'cram' immediately afterwards. Why, I mean your

*jaw-bones*, man! I believe they are the most important part of an advocate's structure. *Au revoir!*"

Now, it's all very well for Pillbox to chuckle so heartily as he drives away in that natty currie of his. But the responsibility of self-sacrifice is mine, notwithstanding; and I can but inwardly vow, "Ah, if I only had you on the post-cart just half an hour before sunrise on a cold dewy morning, by Jove, Doctor, I'd"—— Well, never mind; there's no chance of that. So let me pack up and make arrangements for the start, for the Judge is ahead, and he must be caught up without delay. The tiniest possible *valise* into which, besides all manner of odds and ends, I have the felicity of stuffing a gown and a dress coat, of course to be creased up like paper; a jolly warm flannel suit from top to toe; a cosy pair of cloth leggings for the special protection of knees and feet, which every old traveller knows are as vulnerable as Achilles' heel; a scarf to keep bronchitis from the throat; a thundering large waterproof overcoat; a pair of woollen gloves; a tight-fitting "glen-garry," with a special flap for neck and ears, the thoughtful invention of *cara sposa*; and a pocket pistol! Ah, what would the cold and comfortless post-cart be without that? I believe firmly that a few postal trips would even persuade a specially-delegated deputation of the leading members of the Cape Town Temperance Society of its powerful efficacy, before they had got very far on the road. And, of course, all teetotal readers will, to avoid misapprehension, clearly understand that I only take its contents *medicinally*. Hasn't Pillbox carefully prescribed it, "*sumat ter in nocte?*"—a command to which, as in duty bound, I most religiously adhere.

Here we are at last at the door of the General Post Office, Cape Town,—that handsome building before which, I should fancy, St. Martin's le Grand ought to pale. The ugly post-cart is before the door, with two as tidy nags as the most fastidious traveller could desire; and it certainly is a consolation that, if the cart isn't over-comfortable, the horse-flesh is of the best. But, Jupiter *Tonans!* what's this? "Coachee, Coachee (for all the postal drivers and myself are old acquaintances), this will never, never do;" for I had most unfortunately forgotten it was "extra-mail" day; and fancy, my dear reader, the post-cart so packed with mail-bags of all dimensions, Pelion on Ossa, that it had to take on the English mail to the far-off Frontier! But having full confidence in coachee's skilful assurance that "*Alles zal wel regt kom, mynheer; klim maar op!*" (all will come right by-and-by, sir; jump up!) the perilous ascent

is made accordingly. Off! Round with a sharp curve into Church-square; horses kicking about and prancing with the delight of the start; rattle along Darling and Sir Lowry-streets (blessing the Municipality, of course, for those irregular stone pavements which serve well to break the ice of the journey by a thump in the small of my back; ugh!) Here's the toll, hey, presto! here's the Salt River bridge; and before one almost knows where he is we have left old Cape Town far behind us and are dashing along past the White Sands.

And here I may as well describe the preliminary colloquy, after driver and passenger have been well shaken down into their proper positions. It will serve as a specimen of what, with fitting variations, is had recourse to after each change of horses and drivers along the line, with the very innocent object of ensuring additional speed. "*Flux hot-acter* that, coachee; he pulls the cart alone almost, like a brick; watch the traces." "Yes, sir, good horse that." (Touch of the whip; increased speed the immediate consequence.) "How long has he been pulling in the cart now?" Coachee, calculating methodically: "Nine years this month, sir." "You don't say so; well, I shouldn't have thought it, he pulls so game." (Touch of the whip No. 2.) "But you ought to see his mate, sir; never saw a horse like him yet; this fellow don't pull half up to him. Jee up! Bob." (Touch No. 3; and now we are going as fast as we care about.) Coachee, however, is too careful a driver to punish his horses, nor would we allow it, but to show the average speed of the post, as we reach the tenth mile-stone, comes the inevitable question, "What's your time, sir?" and on looking, it is seen that though coachee can't boast a watch, we are there at the very minute,—ten miles an hour. "Not so bad!"

Now, I don't for a moment deny that the more comfortable system of travelling in one's own cart, with our two-and-a-half-hour outspans, coffee, and carbonaatjes, is a more agreeable way of going along country. But when Circuits are cut down, as they now are, by a most short-sighted policy, ease must sometimes be sacrificed to rapidity. And for rapidity and independent travelling give me the post-cart before all things. With a careful driver and a chatty, lively companion, I would go round the world with it if I could. See, here's Somerset West already; and the shades of evening close over us, as with a relay of horses, and a new driver, we commence the ascent of Sir Lowry's Pass. And now, when all around is calm and quiet, no sound but the noise of the wheels, the whistling of the night wind, the dim

surging of the sea, the monotonous "chirrup, chirrup" of the persistent, sleepless bull-frog—now is the time for one's own thought and for a bit of what I may call "post-cart philosophy,"—the train of speculation being best left to the intelligent reader to fancy. As we trot steadily up the steep winding road the huge rocks stand out in the gloom like giants. Very little imagination will people this grand old pass with multitudes of most grotesque-looking forms and physiognomies, which Nature seems to have carved out before us, holding silent aerial councils, as if to threaten our further progress into their dim domain. These reveries are rather rudely disturbed by coachee, who rightly begins to think we have been "in the clouds" long enough, and fears that our evening romancing may induce dangerous slumber. "Good road, sir, this. Much better than the stony old track up yonder, sir,—too dark to see it now,—where they had to take the wagons to pieces and carry the goods over. Mr. Montagu did a good thing for the Colony, sir, when he made the hard road and all these mountain passes. We wants more on 'em, sir. Much betterer than all your railroads and breakwaters. *They* don't do the poor farmers no good, sir." Observations which show that coachee is well up in the social and material history of the Colony, and an acute observer of men and things. Parliament is just over, and the merits and demerits of the divisional members, and indeed of the members in general, are pretty freely discussed in so comprehensive a manner and in language sometimes so very unparliamentary as to confirm our impressions of our whip's decided "conservative" tendencies. "Hullo! what's that now?" is his interjaculary remark. "The devil!" A crack of a whip in the distance reverberates through the kloofs. "Engels-man!" "*Hot-not,*" echoing from rock to rock above us and around, announce the descent of an ox-wagon,—anything but a pleasant idea, seeing that it is only at particularly wide places it is possible to pass; and as these cute, don't-care ox-wagon drivers generally manage to keep to the inner and safe side of the road, the precipice on the right is the only alternative for our Jehu. The postal bugle, the tocsin of alarm, is brought into active service, and forthwith emits such direful sounds, as once heard are never forgotten. Post-cart drivers are not Beethovens, and this taken in connection with the fact that their harmonious attempts are generally in a minor key,—fancy the operation! However, it serves to enliven us with a laugh, and, what is of far more



moment, to ensure the stoppage of the dreaded ox-wagon at a conveniently broad part of the road. Salutations in the darkness follow: "That you, Baas Hendrik?" "Jah! Didn't you meet a wagon of skins on the road?" "Just by the dorp." "Good-night. Magtie! it's dark for the passenger." Another crack of the whip, another appeal to the nationality of his team, and the post-cart is again alone. The top of the pass, enshrouded in mist, the rain falling heavily, is soon reached. The magnificent panorama usually in view from the summit,—False Bay, Table Bay and Valley, and their amphitheatre of hills,—is now enshrouded in night; and without caring even to look back towards the site of old Cape Town, down, down we go! Hot coffee at Palmiet River and our card to the ladies, who, of course, are not visible at this late hour on a dark wintry night. Just fancy a card at so unearthly a time. But we are in the free and open country, now, thank goodness, and unfettered by that grim monster of conventionality which makes "society," as by malicious satire it is called, so unreal and unpleasant in town. "*Jufvrouw laat wiet compliment*," is the dusky damsel's answer, adding with a grin from cheek to cheek, "*Plezierig rij!*" Well, whether "*plezierig rij*" or not, "on, on" is the word. Houwhoek, and Beyers's coffee, with beautifully-baked bread and freshest of butter, munched, not at comfortable breakfast table, but on chilly road, are, as far as they can be, a solace for the thought just rising within us that, had we remained in town, bedtime would be near at hand. Off again! and a pack of yelping curs irritate our over-fresh horses to such an extent that the driver (patient man!) swears for the first time, and it is difficult to keep one's seat with safety. "Hold on, sir," is the signal to be on the look-out for a nasty rut in the road. "Bump, *bump*, BUMP" (in three degrees of gradation), and we are over it, the iron rails of the cart having impressed themselves very unfavourably on our lumbar regions. "For goodness sake, why don't they make these post-carts more comfortable, coachee?" "Do your liver good, sir," and a chuckle, is all our reply. Caledon at midnight, and a hurried visit to the hospitable hostelry of attentive Mrs. Jones is our reward, where wrapped up close in our uncouth postal costume we are at first evidently mistaken for a goblin or a loafer, until a vigorous demand for "bread and cheese and beer" dispels the rash illusion. On again! and doesn't it take a deal of stoicism to have to pass in drear darkness such well-known places as Linde's, Beyers', Neethling's, Vigne's, Knaublauch's, knowing well, the while, the welcome and the

warm beds only too ready for us. But duty, duty (? rheumatics, when we're old enough for such vile complaints) is the ennobling call. Having a new Jehu, we recommence the old trick of lauding his horses to the skies, and, just by way of fanciful variation, decry (to add, of course, to the success of our present praise) the last pair of horses as really about the very worst with which we have ever travelled. No response. Strange! Observation repeated in a slightly varied form. A gruff rebuke, thus conveyed, "Them last horses was mine, sir; I lent 'em to t'other chap for the trip up, and he brought 'em up to-night!" What a fix, to be sure! Silence for five minutes at least, and then a fragrant cigar and a friendly pull at the pocket-pistol formed our apology, kindly received in that welcome form. For the night is uncommonly raw and gusty; and having long since bidden farewell to Venus, we have been anxiously watching for the cheering "morning star" for the last hour. Linking our right arm and foot in the driver's left, and urging him to watchfulness and caution, Morpheus is respectfully invited to our aid with fitful slumbers until dawn, the victim of the queerest jumble of dreams it is possible to conceive. Day-light wakes us for coffee at Twentyman's. Piet Human's is soon reached in the nipping cold, and his invariable reviving "nip" warmly, thankfully taken. Our next stage is Klip River, the homely, hospitable abode of Mr. F. W. Reitz and family. Here a new difficulty arises. The river is full to overflowing, and any one who knows Klip River knows what that means. No post-cart or any other cart could venture to cross, and but for that indefatigable "moving spirit" of Swellendam, Mr. J. J. Barry, the Circuit Court would have to be held on the off-side of the stream.

And now that a Circuit town is reached, the excitement and danger of the post-cart are for the time over, and work is before us. A lively Circuit town is a sight. Suitors, prisoners, witnesses, guests, flock in by the score, and the village, at other times inclining to dullness, is a gay and festive scene. The advent of Circuit is looked forward to eagerly by the villagers for a month beforehand. The arrival "of the Judge" and *cortège* is positively sensational; and the interest with which a crowded court-house watches the administration of justice—following every case through its minutest detail—is very striking. After a good day's work comes a good night's fun. A dinner, a game of whist, a dance, association with the beauty and good-fellowship of our country friends, renovate one for the next day's work. And the heartiness of Circuit amusement is the essence of

its enjoyment. You feel your welcome is warm and meant: and you would be a great goose, indeed, not to reciprocate such genuine kindness by making yourself thoroughly at home, enjoying yourself accordingly.\*

But there is an end to all this, and then comes another instalment "of the road" to the next Circuit town, where the same alternation of work and fun is in store. We start off in torrents of rain, it is true, but now in more comfort, and in such genial company that all the elements could not damp our spirits. The mirth, the fun, the wit of such jovial trips, where all are in concord, who can describe? Pillbox is right. My cranium is still safe and sound, thank goodness; but I do his foresight the credit of saying that our "superior and inferior maxillaries" are in such full play that instant lock-jaw or dislocation may be the result.

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### LITERARY REVIEW.

It is so long since the publication of what appeared to be the last of Mr. Dickens's completed novels—*Our Mutual Friend*—that his re-appearance, in the old welcome guise of the green monthly serial, comes upon us with all the charms of freshness and genial reminiscence combined. By those marvellously successful "readings" of his, both in England and his last American tour, he delighted his hearers beyond measure, and must have enriched himself to a very considerable extent. His success in that capacity has been something altogether unprecedented; and the dramatic power he displayed in the impersonation and representation of his own characters was such as stamped him as the best comedian and tragedian combined, had he not been already established, beyond comparison, as the best and greatest novelist of the age. With no adventitious accessories in the shape of costumes, or stage scenery, or music, or anything in the slightest degree histrionic, by the mere inflections of his voice and the marvellous expressiveness of his facial muscles he could vary his characters from the heights of farcical comedy to the depths of tragic terror,—at one moment it seemed as if Buckstone or Robson were before you, at another it was Macready or Phelps. But all that has been abandoned, when some two months ago, in Saint James's Hall, London, Mr. Dickens made his farewell appearance, and announced that then, for ever, he bade adieu to the public reading desk. Then, too, he made the grateful announcement that he had determined to devote the remainder of his life to the purely artistic work in

\* A sketch of all these details of real Circuit life and incident and character our genial contributor has promised to furnish for a succeeding number.—Ed. "C. M. M."

which he had won his early fame, and maintained it nobly for more than thirty years. The result of these renewed labours we have so far before us, in the first and second monthly parts of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Those who had imagined that Dickens's right hand had begun to lose its cunning, and that the vision of those keen eyes of his—alike flashing and exploring—was becoming dim, will, in these pages, find themselves charmingly disappointed. In *Edwin Drood*, Dickens is Dickens himself all over,—as fresh in natural simplicity, as grotesque in exaggerated humour, as true in pathos, and as vivid in picturesque portraiture as ever he was in his palmiest days,—with, at the same time as it appears to us, a more mellowed tone pervading the whole, the natural result of his more matured and saddened experiences of life.

The scene of this new tale, so far as it is yet developed, is mainly placed at Cloisterham, which from various indications is manifestly intended for the old quiet Cathedral town of Rochester, in Kent. In fact, a friend of ours who hails from that quarter, tells us that he can distinctly identify, not merely the localities so graphically pictured out in the opening chapters, but several of the characters as having their prototypes living and moving in the flesh at Rochester some thirty years ago. Our purpose in this notice of *Edwin Drood*, is merely to give a series of short extracts which may serve as portraits of those characters in succession. Omitting the precentor and opium-eater Jasper, with whom the story opens in a horrible den in the east slums of London, and likewise omitting the estimable Dean, of whom some charmingly quaint sketches are given, we have the following introduction to one who is evidently destined to become a favourite character of the tale :

Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon, fair and rosy, and perpetually pitching himself head-foremost into all the deep running water in the surrounding country ; Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon, early riser, musical, classical, cheerful, kind, good-natured, social, contented, and boy-like ; Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon, and good man, lately "Coach" upon the chief Pagan high roads, but since promoted by a patron (grateful for a well-taught son) to his present Christian beat ; betakes himself to the gate house, on his way home to his early tea.

Mr. Crisparkle visits Jasper who is ill, and bids him good night :

"We shall miss you, Jasper, at the 'Alternate Musical Wednesdays' to-night ; but no doubt you are best at home. Good night. God bless you ! 'Tell me, shep-herds te-e-ell me ; tell me-e-e. have you seen (have you seen, have you seen, have you seen) my-y-y Flo-o-ora-a pass this way !'" Melodiously good Minor Canon the Reverend Septimus Crisparkle thus delivers himself, in musical rhythm, as he withdraws his amiable face from the doorway and conveys it down stairs.

In Cloisterham is a young ladies' establishment—the Nun's House—of which the presiding goddess is Miss Twinkleton. Let us introduce the lady :

As, in some cases of drunkenness, and in others of animal magnetism, there are two states of consciousness which never clash, but each of



which pursues its separate course as though it were continuous instead of broken (thus if I hide my watch when I am drunk, I must be drunk again before I can remember where), so Miss Twinkleton has two distinct and separate phases of being. Every night, the moment the young ladies have retired to rest, does Miss Twinkleton smarten up her curls a little, brighten up her eyes a little, and become a sprightlier Miss Twinkleton than the young ladies have ever seen. Every night, at the same hour, does Miss Twinkleton resume the topics of the previous night, comprehending the tenderer scandal of Cloisterham, of which she has no knowledge whatever by day, and references to a certain season at Tunbridge Wells (airily called by Miss Twinkleton in this state of her existence "The Wells"), notably the season wherein a certain finished gentleman (compassionately called by Miss Twinkleton in this state of her existence "Foolish Mr. Porters") revealed a homage of the heart, whereof Miss Twinkleton, in her scholastic state of existence, is as ignorant as a granite pillar. Miss Twinkleton's companion in both states of existence, and equally adaptable to either, is one Mrs. Tisher: a deferential widow with a weak back, a chronic sigh, and a suppressed voice, who looks after the young ladies' wardrobes, and leads them to infer that she has seen better days. Perhaps this is the reason why it is an article of faith with the servants, handed down from race to race, that the departed Tisher was a hairdresser.

One of the inmates of the Nun's House is a charming little creature, Miss Rosa Bud,—“wonderfully pretty, wonderfully childish, wonderfully whimsical,” and to whom an awkwardly romantic interest attaches because “a husband has been chosen for her by will and bequest, and her guardian is bound down to bestow her on that husband when he becomes of age.” The pre-destined husband is young Edwin Drood, the nephew of Mr. Jasper. He visits Rosa at the Nun's House, and then we have this delightfully whimsical scene:

Mr. Edwin Drood is waiting in Miss Twinkleton's own parlour: a dainty room, with nothing more directly scholastic in it than a terrestrial and celestial globe. These expressive machines imply (to parents and guardians) that even when Miss Twinkleton retires into the bosom of privacy, duty may at any moment compel her to become a sort of Wandering Jewess, scouring the earth and soaring through the skies in search of knowledge for her pupils.

The last new maid, who has never seen the young gentleman Miss Rosa is engaged to, and who is making his acquaintance between the hinges of the open door, left open for the purpose, stumbles guiltily down the kitchen stairs, as a charming little apparition with its face concealed by a little silk apron thrown over its head, glides into the parlour.

“Oh! It is so ridiculous!” says the apparition, stopping and shrinking.

“Don't, Eddy!”

“Don't what, Rosa?”

“Don't come any nearer, please. It is so absurd.”

“What is absurd, Rosa?”

“The whole thing is. It is so absurd to be an engaged orphan; and it is so absurd to have the girls and the servants scuttling about after one, like mice in the wainscot; and it is so absurd to be called upon!”

The apparition appears to have a thumb in the corner of its mouth while making this complaint.

“You give me an affectionate reception, Pussy, I must say.”



"Well, I will in a minute, Eddy, but I can't just yet. How are you?" (very shortly).

"I am unable to reply that I am much the better for seeing you, Pussy, inasmuch as I see nothing of you."

This second remonstrance brings a dark bright pouting eye out from a corner of the apron; but it swiftly becomes invisible again, as the apparition exclaims: "Oh! Good Gracious, you have had half your hair cut off!"

"I should have done better to have had my head cut off, I think," says Edwin, rumpling the hair in question, with a fierce glance at the looking-glass, and giving an impatient stamp. "Shall I go?"

"No; you needn't go just yet, Eddy. The girls would all be asking questions why you went."

"Once for all, Rosa, will you uncover that ridiculous little head of yours and give me a welcome?"

The apron is pulled off the childish head, as its wearer replies: "You're very welcome, Eddy. There! I'm sure that's nice. Shake hands. No, I can't kiss you, because I've got an acidulated drop in my mouth."

"Are you at all glad to see me, Pussy?"

"Oh, yes, I'm dreadfully glad.—Go and sit down.—Miss Twinkleton."

It is the custom of that excellent lady, when these visits occur to appear every three minutes, either in her own person or in that of Mrs. Tisher, and lay an offering on the shrine of Propriety by affecting to look for some desiderated article. On the present occasion, Miss Twinkleton, gracefully gliding in and out, says, in passing: "How do you do, Mr. Drood? Very glad indeed to have the pleasure. Pray excuse me—Tweezers. Thank you!"

"I got the gloves last evening, Eddy, and I like them very much. They are beauties."

The rest of this interview, which extends over several pages, we must omit, although it is one of the most delicious and idyllic bits that Dickens ever wrote. From want of space we must likewise omit the portraiture of Mr. Sapsea, the Auctioneer, who, "if the Jackass is to be accepted as the type of self-satisfied stupidity and conceit—a custom perhaps like some few other customs, more conventional than fair,—must be set down as the purest Jackass in Cloisterham." But the following scene we must make room for. It is almost Hogarthian in its intensity of grotesque humour and graphic power. Durdles, it must be premised, is a stone-mason; "chiefly in the gravestone, tomb, and monument way, and wholly of their colour from head to foot. No man is better known in Cloisterham. He is the chartered libertine of the place. Fame trumpets him a wonderful workman, [which for aught that anybody knows, he may be (for he never works)]; and a wonderful sot, which everybody knows he is . . . . In a suit of coarse flannel with horn buttons, a yellow neckerchief with draggled ends, an old hat more russet coloured than black, and laced boots of the hue of his stony calling, Durdles leads a hazy, gipsy sort of life, carrying his dinner about with him in a small bundle, and sitting on all manner of tombstones to dine." With this general carte-de-visite by way of introduction, we present Mr. Durdles to the reader, at a rather advanced hour of the evening:

John Jasper, on his way home through the Close, is brought to a standstill by the spectacle of Stony Durdles, dinner-bundle and all, leaning

his back against the iron railing of the burial-ground enclosing it from the old cloister-arches ; and a hideous small boy in rags flinging stones at him as a well-defined mark in the moonlight. Sometimes the stones hit him, and sometimes they miss him, but Durdles seems indifferent to either fortune. The hideous small boy, on the contrary, whenever he hits Durdles, blows a whistle of triumph through a jagged gap convenient for the purpose in the frount of his mouth, where half his teeth are wanting ; and whenever he misses him, yelps out " Mulled agin !" and tries to atone for the failure by taking a more correct and vicious aim.

" What are you doing the man ? " demands Jasper, stepping out into the moonlight from the shade.

" Making a cock-shy of him, " replies the hideous small boy.

" Give me those stoues in your hand. "

" Yes, I'll give 'em you down your throat, if you come a-ketching hold of me, " says the small boy, shaking himself loose and backing. " I'll smash your eye if you don't look out ! "

" Baby-Devil that you are, what has the man done to you ? "

" He won't go home. "

" What is that to you ? "

" He gives me a 'apenny to pelt him home if I ketches him out too late, " says the boy. And then chants, like a little savage, half stumbling and half dancing among the rags and laces of his dilapidated boots :

" Widdy widdy wen !

I—ket—ches—Im—out—ar—ter—ten.

Widdy widdy wy !

Then—E—don't—go—then—I—shy.

Widdy Widdy Wake-cock warning ! "

—with a comprehensive sweep on the last word, and one more delivery at Durdles.

This would seem to be a poetical note of preparation, agreed upon, as a caution to Durdles to stand clear if he can, or to betake himself homeward.

John Jasper invites the boy with a beck of his head to follow him (feeling it hopeless to drag him or coax him) and crosses to the iron railing where the Stony (and stoned) One is profoundly meditating.

" Do you know this thing, this child ? " asks Jasper, at a loss for a word that will define this thing.

" Deputy, " says Durdles, with a nod.

" Is that it's—his name ? "

" Deputy, " assents Durdles.

" I'm man-servant up at the Travellers' Twopenny in Gas Works Garding, " this thing explains. " All us man-servants at Travellers Lodgings is named Deputy. When we're chock full and the Travellers is all a-bed I come out for my 'elth. " Then withdrawing into the road, and taking aim, he resumes ;

" Widdy Widdy wen !

I—ket—ches—Im—out—ar—ter—

\* \* \* \* \*

" This creature, Deputy, is behind us, " says Jasper, looking back. " Is he to follow us ? "

The relations between Durdles and Deputy are of a capricious kind ; for, on Durdles's turning himself about with the slow gravity of beery soddenness, Deputy makes a pretty wide circuit into the road, and stands on the defensive.

"You never cried Widdy Warning before you begun to-night," says Durdles, unexpectedly reminded of or imagining, an injury.

"Yer lie; I did," says Deputy, in his only form of polite contradiction.

"Own brother, sir," observes Durdles, turning himself about again, and as unexpectedly forgetting his offence as he had recalled or conceived it; "own brother to Peter the Wild Boy! But I gave him an object in life."

"At which he takes aim?" Mr. Jasper suggests.

"That's it, sir," returns Durdles, quite satisfied; "at which he takes aim. I took him in hand and gave him an object. What was he before? A destroyer. What work did he do? Nothing but destruction. What did he earn by it? Short terms in Cloisterham Jail. Not a person, not a piece of property, not a winder, not a horse, nor a dog, nor a cat, nor a bird, nor a fowl, nor a pig, but he stoned, for want of an enlightened object. I put that enlightened object before him, and now he can turn his honest half-penny by the three penn'orth a week."

"I wonder he has no competitors"

"He has plenty, Mr. Jasper, but he stones 'em all away. Now, I don't know what this scheme of mine comes to," pursues Durdles, considering about it with the same sodden gravity; "I don't know what you may precisely call it. It ain't a sort of a—scheme of a—National Education?"

"I should say not," replies Jasper.

Tempting as it is to linger over these charming pages there is but one other portrait we can present to the reader, but it is as vivid and characteristic as Dickens ever drew. It is that of Mr. Grewgious, the testamentary guardian of Miss Rosa Bud, and who has just come down from London to consult his ward preparatory to her marriage:

Mr. Grewgious had been well selected for his trust, as a man of incorruptible integrity, but certainly for no other appropriate quality discernible on the surface. He was an arid, sandy man, who, if he had been put into a grinding-mill, looked as if he would have ground immediately into high-dried snuff. He had a scanty flat crop of hair, in colour and consistency like some very mangy yellow fur tippet; it was so unlike hair, that it must have been a wig, but for the stupendous improbability of anybody's voluntarily sporting such a head. The little play of feature that his face presented, was cut deep into it, in a few hard curves that made it more like work; and he had certain notches in his forehead, which looked as though Nature had been about to touch them into sensibility or refinement, when she had impatiently thrown away the chisel, and said: "I really cannot be worried to finish off this man; let him go as he is."

With too great length of throat at his upper end, and too much ankle-bone and heel at his lower; with an awkward and hesitating manner; with a shambling walk, and with what is called a near sight—which perhaps prevented his observing how much white cotton stocking he displayed to the public eye, in contrast with his black suit—Mr. Grewgious still had some strange capacity in him of making on the whole an agreeable impression.

ONE of the most remarkable phenomena of the age—as far, at least, as England is concerned—is the extent to which literature has asserted its supremacy over even the most absorbing requirements of politics and statesmanship. Sir George Cornwall Lewis, while serving faithfully in

all the drudgery of detail as Chancellor of the British Exchequer, was one of the profoundest philosophic thinkers, one of the most erudite of Greek scholars—who, in the opinion of Dean Milman, “would have done honour as Professor of Greek to the most learned University in Europe”)—and who indulged almost as in a vacation luxury in working up so characteristic an antiquarian theme as “the Astronomy of the Ancients.” The late Earl of Derby, while occupying the perplexing post of leading the great English Conservative Party—at one time the venerable and sagacious Nestor of politics, at another the very Rupert of debate—contrived to find time for a poetic translation of the *Iliad*, which, for faithful rendering surpasses Pope’s, and for dignity of verse and rich colouring of poetic sentiment does not stand far behind even that great and consecrated model. Mr. Gladstone, while sustaining the Atlas-burden of the premiership of the empire, and working with Herculean toil to force the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill through the House of Commons last year, still managed to find time to renew the Homeric studies which had won him such distinction a few years before, and produce the *Juventus Mundi* which, in extent of erudition and richness of thought, would of itself have sufficed to constitute the fame of any ordinary man of genius.

And now again we have another brilliant instance of the consecration of high intellect to literature and statesmanship combined, in the case of Mr. Disraeli. It is the brilliance of his career as the too often cynical, erratic, and mystical leader of the Conservative Party in the House of Commons, which has cast his previous performances as a novel-writer comparatively into the shade. Were it not for this, the author of *Sybil* and of *Coningsby*, would, to say the least of it, have stood out in quite as illustrious literary fame as does the noble author of *My Novel* and *What will he do with it?* But, as Mr. Dickens at the recent annual dinner of the Royal Academy remarked, though “long an illustrious wanderer from the fold of literature, his tardy return to it has been hailed by all with delight;” and the new novel of *Lothair* has been applauded by the critics in the leading journals representing all political parties, with a unanimity of panegyric which is as marvellous as it is unprecedented. That Conservative organs like the *Standard* should praise it was of course to be expected; but that so Liberal a paper as the *Times* should get into perfect ecstasies about it, and so radical a journal as the *Daily News* should have nothing to say of it but eulogy, is surely the clearest proof that *Lothair* must be a brilliant and unquestionable success. No copy of the work has yet reached the Colony, but from the copious and exhaustive reviews of it which have appeared in the various journals to hand within the last week or two one can form a tolerable idea of its character and merits. The first most remarkable and unexpected characteristic of it is the genial tone which pervades it throughout and the almost utter absence of partizanship of political feeling. When its publication was first announced it was generally believed that *Lothair* was to be the Marquis of Salisbury; and that as in *Coningsby* Mr.



Disraeli had vented his personal spleen and party spite with more than epigrammatic bitterness against such personages as Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Wilson Croker, so now he had taken his bitter revenge pre-eminently upon the Marquis of Salisbury, who, first in the Commons, and then in the Lords, and more than all in the *Quarterly Review*, had done the very utmost that in his satiric power lay to snuff Mr. Disraeli out, as the veriest charlatan of modern politics. Contrary to all this expectation, no political party is even mentioned or pointed at throughout the whole of the novel. The single exception where even one individual antagonist can be identified as personally referred to is the "Oxford Professor," manifestly Mr. Goldwin Smith, who, during the bitter controversies of the Reform Bill, had some keen conflicts with the then Conservative Premier, and who in the novel is thus wickedly, and we may add very unjustly, hit off:

"A young man of advanced opinions on all subjects, religious, social, and political. He was clever, extremely well-informed, as far as books can make a man knowing, but unable to profit even by his limited experiences of life from a restless vanity and overflowing conceit, which prevented him from ever observing or thinking of anything but himself. He was gifted with a great command of words, which took the form of endless exposition, varied by sarcasm and passages of ornate jargon. He was the last person we would have expected to recognize in an Oxford Professor; but we live in times of transition."

Even so severe a critic as the *Saturday Review* admits that this is the only bit of personal satire or cynicism in the whole book; and expresses the hope that, considering the generally genial character of the rest of the work, in a second edition even this will be suppressed.

*Lothair* is a "tale of the period," with but the slightest tinge of the unnatural sensationalism which that expression is apt to suggest. It depicts European society in its various phases,—social, ecclesiastical, and revolutionary. The hero, Lothair, is the wealthy young ward of the Scotch Presbyterian Earl of Culloden and the Anglo-Romanized Cardinal Grandison. He comes first under the influence of the Duke of ———, with whose daughter, Corisande, he falls into first love; we have him then attached to the Catholic family of Lord St. Jerome, with whose daughter, Clara Arundel, he becomes similarly entangled. He next comes platonically under the charms of a peerless Roman lady, Theodora Campian, passionately devoted to the Italian Revolution of Garibaldi. The personages, and the scenes, and the action of the tale thus perpetually shift through all the gradations from Presbyterianism to Catholicism, from England to Italy, from extreme Conservatism to fiery revolution, until finally Lothair reverts to his first love and marries Corisande. We have space only for one detached passage, which, however, we take to be thoroughly characteristic of the peculiar powers of the author. It is a scene at Vauxe, in Kent, the seat of Lord St. Jerome, where also the Cardinal Grandison, and Monsignore Berwicke, and Father Coleman are constant visitors.



"Now, you know," said Lady St. Jerome to Lothair, in a hushed voice as they sate together in the evening, "you are to be quite free here; to do exactly what you like, and we shall follow our ways. If you like to have a clergyman of your own Church visit you while you are with us, pray say so without the slightest scruple. We have an excellent gentleman in this parish; he often dines here; and I am sure he would be most happy to attend you. I know that Holy Week is not wholly disregarded by some of the Anglicans."

"It is the anniversary of the greatest event of time," said Lothair; "and I should be sorry if any of my Church did not entirely regard it, though they may show that regard in a way different from your own."

"Yes, yes," murmured Lady St. Jerome; "there should be no difference between our Churches, if things were only properly understood. I would accept all who really bow to the name of Christ; they will come to the Church at last; they must. It is the Atheists alone, I fear, who are now carrying everything before them, and against whom there is no comfort, except the rock of St. Peter."

Miss Arundel crossed the room, whispered something to her aunt, and touched her forehead with her lips, and then left the apartment.

"We must soon separate, I fear," said Lady St. Jerome; "we have an office to-night of great moment; the Tenebræ commence to-night. You have, I think, nothing like it; but you have services throughout this week."

"I am sorry to say I have not attended them," said Lothair. "I did at Oxford; but I don't know how it is, but in London there seems no religion. And yet, as you sometimes say, religion is the great business of life; I sometimes begin to think the only business."

"Yes, yes," said Lady St. Jerome, with much interest, "if you believe that you are safe. I wish you had a clergyman near you where you are. See Mr. Claughton, if you like; I would; and if you do not, there is Father Coleman. I cannot convey to you how satisfactory conversation is with him on religious matters. He is the holiest of men, and yet he is a man of the world; he will not invite you into any controversies. He will speak with you only on points on which we agree. You know there are many points on which we agree?"

"Happily," said Lothair. "And now about the office to-night: tell me about these Tenebræ. Is there anything in the Tenebræ why I ought not to be present?"

"No reason whatever; not a dogma which you do not believe; not a ceremony of which you cannot approve. There are psalms, at the end of each of which a light on the altar is extinguished. There is the Song of Moses, the Canticle of Zachary, the Miserere—which is the 50th Psalm you read and chant regularly in your Church—the Lord's Prayer in silence; and then all is darkness and distress—what the Church was when our Lord suffered, what the whole world is now except His Church."

"If you will permit me," said Lothair, "I will accompany you to the Tenebræ."

Although the chapel at Vauxe was, of course, a private chapel, it was open to the surrounding public, who eagerly availed themselves of a permission alike politic and gracious.

Nor was that remarkable. Manifold art had combined to create this exquisite temple, and to guide all its ministrations. But to-night it was not the radiant altar and the splendour of stately priests, the processions and the incense, the divine choir and the celestial harmonies, resounding and lingering in arched roofs, that attracted many a neighbour. The altar was desolate, the choir was dumb; and while the services proceeded in hushed tones of subdued sorrow, and sometimes even of suppressed anguish, gradually, with each psalm and canticle, a light of the altar was extinguished, till at length the Miserere was muttered, and all

became darkness. A sound as of a distant and rising wind was heard, and a crash, as it were the fall of trees in a storm. The earth is covered with darkness, and the veil of the temple is rent. But just at this moment of extreme woe, when all human voices are silent, and when it is forbidden even to breathe "Amen," when everything is symbolical of the confusion and despair of the Church at the loss of her expiring Lord, a priest brings forth a concealed light of silvery flame from a corner of the altar. This is the light of the world, and announces the resurrection, and then all rise up and depart in silence.

As Lothair rose, Miss Arundel passed him with streaming eyes.

"There is nothing in this holy office," said Father Coleman to Lothair, to which every real Christian might not give his assent."

"Nothing," said Lothair, with great decision.

We should like to add some further characteristic sketches—especially of the sturdy Presbyterian Earl of Culloden, and the Cardinal Grandison, evidently meant to be typical of Archbishop Manning, and of scenes connected with and consequent on the battle of Mentana in Italy; but the limits of our space forbid. We only add, in conclusion, a few of "the good things which are scattered through the work, and which the world always expects to drop from the pen, as from the lips, of Mr. Disraeli." When Cardinal Grandison is about to give some lectures on science, one of the characters remarks, "This clever man can never forget that unfortunate affair of Galileo, and thinks he can divert the indignation of the nineteenth century by mock zeal about red sandstone or the origin of species." Of Lord St. Jerome it is said, "He loved conversation, though he never conversed." "There must be an audience," he would say, "and I am the audience." The picture of St. Aldegonde who "was opposed to all privilege, and indeed to all orders of men, except dukes, who are a necessity, and who was strongly in favour of the equal division of all property, except land," will be applied to more than one noble politician on the Liberal side. Lady Corisande's observation, when Lothair comes off a winner at a pigeon-shooting match, "A tournament of doves; I would rather see you all in the lists of Ashby," will fit a good many heads. The remark of Mr. Pinto, that "English is an expressive language, but not difficult to master; that it consists of four words—nice, jolly, charming, and bore, to which some grammarians add, fond," ought to be widely appreciated; and the definition of an agreeable person as "a person who agrees with you," is an epigram that will pass into the language. The use twice over of Mr. Pinto's joke, that story-telling is a sign of "anecdoteage" is, a critic in the *Daily News* remarks, the only sign of the whole three volumes that would seem to hint Mr. Disraeli is no longer so young as he was.

To this we only add the generous concluding paragraph of the elaborate and exhaustive review in the *Times*:

"To-morrow," says Mr. Phœbus, one of the characters in *Lothair*, at a private view of one of his masterpieces, "to-morrow the critics will commence. You know who the critics are. The men who have failed in literature or art." We are happy to convince Mr. Disraeli that there are critics who, if they cannot command success for themselves, can at least appreciate it in others.

# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## LETTERS FROM THE INTERIOR.

THE GOLD FIELDS AND MATABILILAND.\*

BY THOMAS BAINES, ESQ., F.R.G.S.

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Lee's Castle, Mangwe River, Matabililand,  
February 14, 1870.

DEAR MR. N——,—On Friday, 21st January, Mr. Lee, on whose farm I am staying during the rainy season, received a message from Matabililand requiring his presence at Inthlath Langela. I would have accompanied him, but it appeared that my doing so might not be advantageous to the interests of our company, as I might be asked about Kuruman, the heir to the chieftainship, supposed to be in Natal, for whom they have now ceased to search, having elected Nobengulu, another son of Umselegasi (Moselekatse), to succeed his father.

It is said to be now absolutely certain that Kuruman was killed,—the ornaments taken from his corpse are produced and sworn to; and it is said that though the young man in Natal is probably a son of Kuruman's mother, he is not the

\* These letters we have received within the last week or two as private correspondence from our old and esteemed friend, Mr. Baines. When he wrote them in the far interior, he had no idea that such a publication as the revived *Cape Monthly Magazine* would be in existence, though if he had he would gladly furnish them as contributions, as he often did with other communications in years by-gone. Mr. Baines, as our readers are probably aware, and also Mr. Jewell and Mr. Nelson, have been commissioned as an expedition by a company at home to explore "the Gold Fields" with economic and speculative purposes in view. We welcome the present communications partly as detailing the movements in that direction; but still more from the vivid, graphic, and most interesting accounts they give of Native life and character and exciting incident in the remote interior within the last few months. The place from which Mr. Baines writes in his last letter of April is the new capital of the new King of the Matabili, in latitude 20°18 south. For any possible misprints in the names of persons or places we are responsible. We may add that we expect shortly some further interesting correspondence from another travelling friend, who is now exploring a region hitherto quite untraversed, between the Limpopo and the Zambezi, and along the Eastern Coast.—ED. C. M. M.

heir for whom the people have been seeking. The eldest son was old enough in 1836 or 1837, when the tribe passed through Marico, not only to walk, but to help to drive cattle, and he became a Majokka (young warrior) in this country when he was lost sight of, when he was somewhat over twenty. If the son in Natal were the true heir and the Matabili ambassadors had reached there, it would have been a graceful act for our Government to send him up; but the time is past now. On Monday, 24th, the destiny of Matabililand was settled, Nobengulu being then formally declared the king. The warriors, to the number of 9,000 or 10,000, assembled in the town of Inthlath Langela (a name answering to the Irish Faugh-a-Ballagh, or Clear the Way), and occupied the large circular space enclosed by the ring of huts and kraals, which is probably 800 yards across. The Majokkas themselves formed a circle about fifteen or twenty deep, and with their towering sable plumes and ample capes of black ostrich feathers, formed a dark and imposing mass, the blackness of which was partially relieved by their shields of ox-hide—black, white, or speckled, according to the colour of their regiments—and by their bandeaux of yellow otter skin, the white ox-tail tufts on their arms and legs, their short kilts of strips of coloured skin, and their beads, brass bangles, and other ornaments.

It must not be supposed this was the whole force of Matabililand, for many detachments had already arrived to dance to the new king, and had departed. Their song swelled like a grand cathedral chant when they joined in full-voiced chorus; while in the intervals single warriors would leap into the centre, and brandishing their shields and spears, vaunt their activity in former battles, rattle their spears upon the shields, crouch as if to evade an enemy, creep forward to surprise him or leap forward and pretend to stab him to death,—all the while chanting the praises of Nobengulu, or shouting defiance to all pretenders, especially “the man in the sea” (Natal), and anathematizing the writers, the bringers, and even the readers of letters respecting him. Nobengulu, attended by a body-guard of about forty Majokkas, and followed by eight or ten white men mounted, arrived by the north-east road, the white men occupying a commanding height outside,—Mr. Lee, the Rev. Mr. Sykes,\* and Willie Hartley standing under the shade of a tree inside, and near the Kotla. Nobengulu, dressed in such European clothes as are usually worn here, *i.e.*, brown or drab moleskin, with

\* Of the London Society's Mission in Matabililand.



a felt hat and tall blue crane feather, and a gaudy red and yellow kerchief, rode into the Kotla or place of assembly,—the fence of which being broken down afforded all a fair view of the proceedings,—and there performed his first act of sovereignty by superintending the slaughter of cattle offered to him. A small troop was brought by each tribe, and from each of those from six to a dozen were selected, the black ones being killed first, then the speckled, and lastly those of various colours. The king made an appropriate speech at each act of sacrifice; the first being to the memory of his father, the next to the Molimo, or Great Spirit, and the rest for various objects. One of his attendants stabbed the animals with one stroke under the shoulder, so as not to spoil the skin for a shield. Of course, the slaughter of so many animals in so small a space, especially when several had fallen and the rest were maddened by the smell of blood, was an exciting scene; but there was less confusion than might be imagined. The body-guard were bound in honour rather to die than let the king be incommoded; and when the Kotla was full, the remainder were slaughtered outside. One lot belonging to Umkeityo, the fighting-general, broke away, and when they were brought back a volunteer assistant killed many more than the proper number before he could be restrained. During the rest of the day and night the carcasses were skinned and cooked, and the next day the flesh was distributed. The king sent a very friendly message to me, asking Mr. Lee when he should see me again; also to “Umpipe” (Mr. Watson, my interpreter). The privileges granted by the late Moselekatse to Mr. Lee were confirmed by Nobengulu, and I have only to go through the form of asking permission to explore as soon as the season opens—say in May. The people say they will not allow any more hunters to go in; but I do not think they will really carry the threat into effect. Mr. Mohr is here, waiting the proper season to go to the Victoria Falls. He has a son of Wankie’s, who remembers my being at Logier Hill. He says his father put fresh grass on my house till last year, when he heard I was dead, and got tired of it. Most of my copper bolts and planks of the boat on the hill are still there, but the river overflowed my building-yard and carried away all my planks. I asked about the two Damaras I left in his father’s care, but he does not know anything of them. Dr. Coocsley has been to the Falls and to Wankie’s, and it seems likely that many others will make the trip. The number of workers at the Tatin is diminished, but the remainder are labouring on in spite of



discouragement, hoping for eventual success. I hope they will attain it, for a "payable" gold-field will be there generation of that part of Africa.

With kind regards, believe me, my dear Mr. N——,

Yours very truly,

T. BAINES.

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Gibbeklaik, the new Town of Nobengulu,  
Hereditary and Elected King of the Matabili,  
April 19, 1870.

DEAR MR. N——,—About the 2nd of April, I had the pleasure of receiving letters from Mr. Nelson, our mineralogist, dated Potchefstroom, February, 17, 1870, informing me of the movements of the Portuguese, and the victory they had obtained over the tribe who massacred their people some years ago. I wish he had learned the name, as I might, perhaps, have recognized them. It appears that His Excellency the Governor of Quillimane is now in Potchefstroom on some territorial business. The Portuguese, however, I do not think will be able for a long time to pass the strong barrier opposed by the tribes lining the country along the southern side of the Zambezi, while the Transvaal Republic will find it very difficult to take possession of the portion of Matabililand included by their new boundary, the Changani—or, as they write it, the Shangulla—River. The friendship of our own Government would be there gladly received. But the question of the kingship is now settled, the Matabili having satisfactory proof that the heir, Kuruman, was killed, and that the person in Natal, though most likely a son of Umselegasi, is not the man they were seeking; they, therefore, chose Nobengulu as the next heir, and on the 24th of January last formally installed him in the presence of 9,000 or 10,000 warriors, about 1,500 remaining doubtful or disaffected, and thinking that Kuruman may be found, or that if not, another son, who forfeited his heirship by a crime, may be discovered and replaced.

I see my picture of Duka in the *Illustrated London News*, kindly sent me by Mr. Jeppe, of Potchefstroom, and this is interesting now as so many of our countrymen are going to the Victoria Falls by that route. Mr. Mohr, the German explorer, is going that way, and his lunar and chronometric observations for longitude will go far to supply the great want other explorers have hitherto felt of a few fixed stations as points of departure. The position of Mangwe, as

deduced from Mr. Mohr's and my own observations, I marked on a tree as under, close to our sawpit :

"Latitude, 20°44'40"; longitude, 28°13'48. April 4th, 1870. T. Baines. The longitude by E. Mohr."

One of our Dutch friends told us some anecdotes worthy of the natural history of *Temple Bar*, one of the best being that of a boa, which, finding a sleeping Kafir, began to swallow him; but, commencing at the wrong end, and committing the mistake of taking only one foot into his mouth, was unable to get further than the fork, and, endeavouring to retract his error, was prevented by his crooked fangs sticking into the flesh. The Kafir awaking, screamed lustily, but no one came, and his leg remained, Jonah-like, a whole day and a night in the snake's throat before help arrived to haul him out.

On Tuesday, the 5th of April, we had concluded the division of our cargo and the packing of our two wagons, which were so filled not only with the goods for use and barter, but also with the numberless irregular but necessary articles of daily use, that we were obliged to dispense with the *kadel*, or bed-frame, with raw hide nettings, which Jewell had purchased, and which had kept us off the wet ground during the rainy season. We made our mid-day halt at the Semoklire River, and at night, after passing through wide fields of tall maize and millet, we reached Mangami's, where, during the intense darkness of the clouded night, the wolves succeeded in breaking into our sheep kraal. All hands were up in an instant, the Kafirs, who had no guns, snatching brands from the fire, and whirling them overhead to increase their light, their naked forms shining underneath like statues of ebony, following the noise of the struggle and stifled bleatings. John McKenzie fired, and drove a hyena from a goat which he had seized, while others recaptured a couple more that had been driven to some distance. Tigers, *i.e.*, leopards or panthers, were purring round, but we could not get sight of them.

On Wednesday, Mangami visited us, and as known friends of the king's, we passed without delay, after giving him a coat, also a little ginger and nutmeg in hot coffee as a stomachic medicine. While breakfasting at the Shoshani, Mr. Lee overtook us, and in the afternoon we pulled up to the top of the hill up the valley of a spruit of the Tuli. Thence we proceeded, still rising gradually, until we crossed the watershed, and halted for the night on the first spruit of the Kumalo, the principal source of the Gwasi,—the first affluent we reach of the Zambezi.

On Thursday we continued travelling along the river's

bed, sometimes diverging a hundred yards or more, so as to touch the waters of the Zambezi, and sometimes those of the Limpopo. At Umvomba's we found our three cattle in good condition, and though at first he asked a gun for taking care of them, he accepted a blanket. We met a wagon belonging to the king, with his messenger Marianna, sent down to N'Capai's tribe, beyond Natal, to bring back some person, probably related to the king. They wanted a new wagon-sail or tent cover, and I lent Mr. Lee a bolt of canvas for them, also wrote a pass in his name for them through the Transvaal, Free State, and Natal. He also wrote to Meyers to give them wagons or oxen as they passed. A lion had killed one of their oxen during the night, and his blood remained upon the spot. At night we reached Mr. Lee's wagon at Kumalo, where his driver, Willem, had shot three birds (ostriches) in the prime condition, the best white feathers of the three weighing nearly a pound, and with the second quality and body feathers, being worth about £40 sterling. The black feathers are greedily bought by the Matabili for their towering plumes, their head wreaths, and their capes or tippets, and other portions of their charming dress.

On Friday we crossed the Kumalo (or Royal) River—Kumalo being a title applied to the king, and either by right or courtesy to all members of the royal family; while Boloï is a higher title, which Mr. Lee says they use but seldom, and even then with reverence and fear, and that the other river, named Islambo Boloï, would be the Swim or Bath of Royalty or Majesty. We crossed a little to the south of east, and, keeping the Kumalo about a mile on our right, trekked on till we could see its sources, and halted on the Komasu, a small tributary, the banks of which were bordered by extensive fields of the usual millet and mealie. The young ears of the latter fresh gathered and boiled or roasted together with a little butter forms a most delicious article of food; the cob being taken in both hands and the grains eaten out, just as one would pick a bone. Some tolerably good watermelons were also brought for sale, so that we fared well. The cries for *toosah* from the crowds of men and women and boys and girls of all sizes were, as usual, incessant; but Mr. Lee told them that this year, as they had a king, they ought to *toosah* the white man. But the owners of the melons or corn that he chose, though they freely relinquished them as presents, did so with the full knowledge that they would certainly get a return present of far greater value than the price they could sell them for.

In about a mile more of gentle rise we again crossed the watershed, and on its southern slope left the town of Inthlath Langela on our right, and came to a river running strongly to the south-east to join the Umzingaan. Picks and shovels were called into requisition to make a drift, and having sufficiently pared away the banks, or rather side, we came through without much difficulty. We left another tolerably large village on our right, and about six miles from Inthlath Langela reached the king's new town, called Gibbeklaik, or more properly "Ibzschgijyibbvwyace + ≠ = zdiuechgkho,"—but as the first orthography, though not strictly orthodox, will enable the English reader to pronounce the name intelligibly I shall continue to use it; particularly as I am by no means sure that I spell the latter correctly, having, perhaps, omitted a dozen consonants or arbitrary signs. There was nothing very picturesque in the town itself; indeed, the southern suburb consisted of a lot of rude straw huts, looking like ill-made haystacks, which had served as barracks for the soldiers while they remained here. But the view down the valley of the river toward the Umzingaan was somewhat fine,—the ranges formed by the breaking of gorges into the high land, on the southern slope of which we stood, stretching far away into the blue distance and then leaving the eye free to peer into space toward the great Limpopo and the Indian Ocean—invisible, of course, but perceptible enough in the cool freshness of the breeze and the moisture-laden clouds that rolled up from it. Mr. Lee soon met and entered into conversation with Kokotoi, the principal chief of the country, with the exception of Umnombati and the king himself, and after a little time we went to the enclosure which contained the Royal houses and other buildings. This was a very ample space, perhaps one hundred yards across, encircled with a stout thickly piled fence of rough timber ten feet high, and stacked together till it formed a wall of five or six feet thick. The huts inside were large and neatly built, and some had fences before them, enclosing smaller rooms. A couple of wagons were also there, and in the best of these, a fine kap-tented vehicle, abundantly filled with property of all descriptions, from valuable double rifles to ebony-sheathed and ivory-hilted sword-sticks and a richly-mounted Scottish ram's horn mull, we found the king dressing, *i.e.*, putting on black cord trowsers and a twill-striped shirt, to come and visit us. He appeared glad that we had paid him the great compliment, and welcomed us heartily. About twenty Indunas and petty chiefs were sitting in the segment of a circle some distance from his wagon, and



about half-a-dozen or more traders and hunters, including Malony, Phillips, Grant, Robertson, and others, were there. A couple of huge clay pots, with lids, luted on, or at least smeared about the junction with cattle-dung, were simmering on the fires. A stalwart warrior came forward, and taking fresh patches of cool damp "kraal mist" upon his hands removed one of them, took off the lid, and driving in a sharpened stick harpooned and lifted up for critical inspection a ragged, shapeless mass of filthy appearance, which, had it been exposed in our markets, any conscientious inspector would have sent to the dogs at once. The other pot was similarly tried, and having also been approved the contents of the two were transferred with the rough spear, and piece by piece heaped up in large wooden troughs or dishes, which the eager warriors regarded with hungry looks, while the cook intoned the praises of the king as giver of the feast, the rest joining in a deep and swelling chorus at regular intervals. Small twigs, perhaps of thorn-wood, had been boiled with the meat, and each of these was laid apparently as a charm upon its proper dish. The dishes were now brought forward by the cook, who sometimes kneeled or sometimes crouched in lowly reverence as he approached the king; and though I knew from former experience that external filth could not affect the inner purity of the meat, I could not help a mental aspiration that the dish might pass by without being offered to us. It was in vain, however; one ample vessel sailed gradually and steadily onward, and "came to" just in front of us. Lee drew his large clasp knife and cut off ample slices; and each of us taking one in hand pared off the outside like the rind of cheese, and soon experienced the truth of the dictum,—judge not solely by outward show.

In the evening the king came to our wagons, evidently on business, but as a number of our friends had also very naturally assembled to hear the news, we had no opportunity; and after a tolerably long desultory conversation, he departed. On Saturday, having learned that lung sickness was rife here and that many cattle were dying, I sent Watson with John Mackenzie (our Zulu driver), John Loantley, and Booy to find clean pasturage seven or eight miles back, on the Kumalo River, just above the drift. Of course, there is danger from lions, but the boys are armed, and, after all, the number killed by lions may be counted; but it is not so with lung sickness. I shifted the wagons to a clean plot of ground and spread the tent, which I carry over my wagon rolled up upon its poles when not in use, or set altogether



away from the wagon when I want it. The king came early, and Mr. Lee considering himself for the time as his agent repeated to him the history of the expedition from the commencement until now, and told him also of the victory the Portuguese had gained on the Zambezi over the natives who had massacred their countrymen a few years ago, telling him also that I was well known in Tette, and that if there should appear to be any occasion I would walk over from our farthest point and ascertain the truth. The king greatly admired our span of young oxen (purchased from Lee), and examined my compass minutely and with great attention. Jewell and I then turned to to form camp. We set up my working tent behind the wagon, and spread the old one as an awning over his wagon for an eating and sleeping shelter, and made a thorn kraal round the whole. The Court jester and buffoon, Kapaes, was in attendance, blowing into a bullock's horn, and shouting the praises of the king and his hopes of getting a *toosah* from the white strangers. The king asked me to take his portrait, and went away, leaving me sketching it. We went over to see Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and their family. Mr. Thomas\* had suffered from an affection of the eyes, and had not been able to hold service for some weeks, but was recovering, as was also Mrs. Thomas. The children were healthy and happy. The family had been greatly annoyed during the stay of the warriors during the coronation ceremonies, for the aforesaid heroes, when off duty, resolved themselves into a disorderly mob, crowding round the wagon, trampling fences under foot, and picking up unconsidered trifles, among which were two black coats and other articles of minor value. I was glad to be able to offer them a little rice and a few other things, inconsiderable in themselves, but acceptable, as their supplies have been delayed longer than was expected.

The ladies of the royal family, queens, queen mother, princesses royal, &c., all addressed by the title of Kumalo, paid us a visit, and were facetiously chatting with Mr. Lee when a messenger arrived to call us to the king.

We repaired to the enclosure in which stood the royal wagons, and Nobengulu immediately asked for the likeness of Kapaes. He admired it for some time, and then held it towards the circle of Indunas who sat at some distance in front, and a general expression of surprise and admiration testified their recognition and appreciation of my work. The rest of the white men were sitting at the back of the wagon,

\* Another missionary of the London Society stationed in Matabililand.

and we joined them to taste the king's bounty from a huge calabash of beer, which we were as glad to share with the Majokkas, or young soldiers, sitting round as they were to receive what we could not consume. Thirty or forty more now came in like soldiers "marching at ease," and seated themselves in the segment of a circle, awaiting the bringing forth the usual great dishes of meat, one of them, with his hand clapped to his mouth to conduct the sound, shouting praises to the king, and the rest apparently taking up the chorus. The sight of the picture of the jester excited a shout of wonder, followed by murmurs of admiration, and comments on the figure, dress, and ox horn. This subsided a little as the dishes were brought forward, and huge junks of meat being handed to every fourth or fifth man, they were passed fairly from mouth to mouth among the respective squads, and were rapidly diminishing in size when we heard the shouting and the blowing on the ox horn of the jester. Lee took the picture, and waiting till Kapaes had come close up, suddenly confronted him with it. He was in no way disconcerted or frightened, although for a moment surprised, but turned it into a matter of triumph and honour to himself. He pointed to his hat, his plumes of ostrich feathers, and his great ox horn, and said, "Now I too shall go, like all the other great people, to be seen by Kuruman and the great white men." The meat at length was finished, and the guests having again sung the praises of the king, separated, and left us alone. Mr. Lee then approached the front of the wagon, and told the king that, in accordance with his wish, I was present, and wanted to speak to him, on which he invited me to make my request. I told him Mr. Lee had already explained the object for which I came, that I had entered the country by permission of Umnombati, had examined as far as was practicable in the time at my disposal, had returned and reported what I saw to him, and had sent Mr. Nelson to report the same to the Governor of Natal; and now, if he were disposed to sell, I was ready to purchase as much land as he felt at liberty to let me have. Mr. Lee explained, and then said the king desired me to state my boundaries, adding a hint not to make them too limited. I asked whether he would give me from the Gwailyo River to the Ganyana, and he answered that he was as yet but newly seated on his father's throne, and could not at once sell the land or define boundaries, but that he would give me leave to go in and search for gold anywhere within those limits, with permission to dig and introduce tools or machinery for crushing rocks, as I might

find them necessary. He would also grant a free passage to all wagons belonging to the company to or from any place I might desire. Mr. Lee then told him I should require a house to live in, and store-houses for various purposes, as it would not be possible for the company to carry backward and forward every season the heavy machinery required for gold-quartz crushing. He said that all this was included in his permission to dig for the gold; that it was my business to know what was necessary, and that all such needful details were included in his general grant but that he also expected that I would not exceed the permission he had given me, or do anything that would cause him to regret having made such a concession in my favour.

I requested Mr. Lee to say that when I came in before, I had applied openly to Umnombati and received his permission to explore, and had given my word to comply with the terms on which it was granted; that I had gone in and done all that he permitted me, and no more, and had returned and reported what I had seen to him, and had also reported the same to the company by which I was sent, and also to the Governor. And now I would give my word not to exceed his permission, and if I required any further leave, I would come to him and ask for it, and await his answer. He said that the feelings of his heart were toward me most friendly, and he was as yet quite satisfied, and should remain so, until perhaps to-morrow or at some future time I might do something to forfeit his friendship; he was well disposed to do me all the favour in his power, but most likely other white men would come and make requests, and some white men were wicked.

Mr. Lee explained that I was now making my request on behalf of my company, and that he, as the company's agent, was doing his best according to his duty for the company, but that neither he nor I was now making any request to the prejudice of any other person or company; that several had come and others probably would follow, and that the king would, at his own pleasure, listen to and grant or refuse their requests; that he had declined to interfere in any case but mine, and that he had introduced me to him, because I was the first person who came as the duly accredited head of an expedition sent by a substantial English company, and also as the trusted bearer of a message of friendship and goodwill from the Governor of our Colony.

I also requested Mr. Lee to add that I was aware that there were wicked men among us, as in all nations; that it did not become a man to speak in praise of himself or in disfavour of others, but that he himself must judge those with

whom he came in contact by their actions; that I wished particularly to impress upon him that I was not seeking to do harm to any one, or in any way whatever to influence him against any other person; also, that if there were anything in his permit not fully satisfactory, I begged he would tell me it freely, and give me leave on my part to do the same by him.

He said, yes; he was pleased and friendly feeling towards me as in his heart, but he would have been more pleased to have seen the whole company here, and he did not know why Mr. Nelson had gone away, and thought it was premature for him to have done so before the affairs of Matabili-land were settled, and a full report made to himself as king. I answered that it was known to be my duty to report from time to time everything that was done by the expedition to the company at home, and also so to report what I saw to the Governor of Natal; that I had come in in Umnombati's time, and had explained all this to him, that when I returned I had waited on Umnombati and had duly reported to him all that I had seen, that I had also reported by letter both to the company and to the Governor; but that there were some things which could better be explained verbally than by letter, and that I had therefore sent Mr. Nelson to Natal to make the explanation, and also to choose personally in the stores there such provisions or supplies as were necessary for the continuance of the expedition, and which could not so well be described or obtained by letter. He accepted the explanation, but did not seem perfectly satisfied, as he appeared to think that it looked like taking measures for the working of the gold fields before his sanction had been formally obtained; but on all other points he was quite at rest. He had now given me the fullest permission at present in his power to go in, to dig for, and to use such means or machinery as were needful to obtain the gold within the limits named; and he trusted me to adhere truly to the terms of the permission I had received. I thanked him for the permission and gave the required promise. I said that I had conformed to all the desires of Umnombati while he was regent, and now I would do the same with regard to himself as king; that so long as I did so I considered myself under his protection as the king of the country; that Umnombati had sent a man with me to be the guide of the expedition and to make known to everyone that I was acting by his authority, and now I trusted that he would do the same; and that as the guide had fulfilled his duty to the perfect satisfaction both of Umnombati and myself, I should



be glad if he would allow me the same. His reply was "the man is here," indicating his assent.

Mr. Lee then informed him that being, as he knew, not only the agent of Umselegasi, his late father, and now of himself the present king, but also the agent of the company, he (Mr. Lee) would be the only regular and authorized medium of communication in all matters of business between myself, as head of the company's expedition, and him as king of Matabililand. The king perfectly understood, and then assented to this, and the conversation then took a more familiar turn, the business of the day being considered over. The king asked when I intended to go in, and I said I should like to stay a little to allow Mr. Nelson to rejoin me, but that I thought of going forward when the present moon was spent; and if Mr. Nelson were then behind I trusted he would have permission to follow. Mr. Lee also intimated that rumours were afloat respecting the war between the natives on the Zambezi and the Portuguese, that if I heard anything to make it appear needful to gain more definite information I might walk over to Tette, where the Portuguese lived, and where I was already well known, and make myself personally acquainted with the state of affairs. The king did not object to this, but said if there was any intention of invading his country every dog would defend his own food.

I do not at present think that the Portuguese will attempt more than the chastisement of the tribes on the Zambezi who have massacred their countrymen. The tribes to the south will oppose too strong a barrier to any progress hitherward, and of course would be, and indeed are, quite as effectual a check to any extension of the Matabili frontier. Of course, as commander of the company's expedition, I shall use whatever influence I have to discourage marauding or aggression, especially on the tribes in the vicinity of our workings, who will most likely furnish labourers for us, and if Nobengulu continues, as he now appears, desirous of peace, I have some hope, not of altogether preventing such things, but in some measure of diminishing them, at least in the immediate vicinity of our workings. Of course, if aggression is made upon the territory now held by the Matabili by right of conquest, they will resist it by force, and it would be useless folly to attempt to prevent them, or interfere with their right to do so.

By this time the king's own supper was ready, his plate (of enamelled iron) was laid between us on the wagon-box, his knife and fork were laid beside it, and he invited us to use our pocket knives; a small basket of beer was brought



and replenished when requisite, the king urging us to drink freely with him, not considering that the capacity of a white man for containing Kafir beer is not always equal to that of a native.

When we returned to camp the question of a suitable present, in return, became an important question. The company has now the free use of the land for mining purposes, as fully as if it were sold to them, without, at present, the expense of payment; and it must not be said we would make a shabby return. Lee proposed that a "salted" horse should, at least, form part of it, and I would have liked to add a saddle, bridle, and rifle, ready for him to mount and ride, to hunt at once,—but these things are not to be had here at any moment they are wanted. Part of the difficulty I have settled by giving him my own horse Fritz, which I bought of Lee for £65 worth of beads; and the rifle, the saddle, and bridle I have written to Mr. Reid for. But other and more valuable presents must be given when the company take possession. I hope to see in a few years ploughs and other agricultural implements at work; but they would not be thought of value yet, while female labour is so cheap and plentiful; and the best wagon I could get would not be so good as his own kap-tent, unless I made a journey to the Colesberg or Cradock districts for one, as coast-made wagons will not stand the changes of climate like those from the interior. Our company, as well as myself, desire to respect the law which forbids us to sell guns, and therefore I have never parted with any,—except one, as an entrance fee and one to Juyatti, our guide, beside two which were taken on false pretences from Mr. Nelson, by Matjin,—but I have had to work the expedition at a great disadvantage in consequence, for other companies or traders give or sell guns, and purchase privileges with them freely; and, even if our traders did not, a traffic could soon be opened with the Portuguese on the Zambezi, among whom I have seen American muskets, with the Crown, V.R., and Tower stamps forged on them, selling for about £2 10s.

I think on Sunday evening Umtizaan and Molona Ngaba called Mr. Lee, and asked if it were true that the king had given Mr. Baines the gold-fields. He said that it was. They answered the king had told them, and they were glad of it, because the gift was not to Mr. Baines or Mr. Lee personally, but to the great white people at home, who had sent out the expedition. The possibility of other companies coming was talked of, and they said the king would not give the land over again to them, and that they would oppose it

if he thought of doing so, because one gift could only be given to one man.

*Per contra* we must not show our colours here because the doctor says they drive away the rain. We have been trying to talk the king over, but without effect. He is himself convinceable, but he says his subjects are not, and it would do him harm if he were at present to consent to what they believe to be hurtful. He says, "Can you not bring them up into the tent on Sunday;" and as this is not a case in which it is a point of honour to keep them flying, and we might alienate the friendship of the people, and do the king and our company harm, I have thought it better to let the question stand over till they can be persuaded that Tenterden steeple is not the cause of the Goodwin sands. As for this place, the rain has been incessant for the last week—(it is now Monday, 18th)—the keen cold wind blowing up from the Indian Ocean in a steady and persistent half gale, and, not unfrequently, the other half pressing in the weather-side of our tent and bellying out the lee-side like a swelling sail, till Jewell keeps on with fresh and fresh similes about the Bay of Biscay. Last night, if anything, the wind increased, tore the cloudy canopy into shreds, allowing me for the first time to get a latitude,—a rather chilling operation, beginning a little after eleven and continuing till nearly one this morning. Result as under:

| $\beta$ Centauri | Arcturus.  | $\alpha$ Centauri. |                          |
|------------------|------------|--------------------|--------------------------|
| 101.12.00        | 99.44.20   | 100. 5.40          |                          |
| 2                | 2          | 2                  | 20.18.23                 |
| <hr/>            | <hr/>      | <hr/>              | 20.17.49                 |
| 2)101.10.00      | 2)99.42.20 | 2)100. 3.40        | 20.18.22                 |
| <hr/>            | <hr/>      | <hr/>              |                          |
| 50.35.00         | 49.51.10   | 50. 1.50           | 3) 54.34                 |
| 47               | 48         | 48                 | <hr/>                    |
| <hr/>            | <hr/>      | <hr/>              | S <sup>th</sup> 20.18.11 |
| 50.34.13         | 49.50.22   | 50. 1. 2           | <hr/>                    |
| 90               | 90         | 90                 | Mean latitude            |
| <hr/>            | <hr/>      | <hr/>              | south side of            |
| 39.25.47         | 40. 9.38   | 39.58.58           | the town.                |
| 59.44.20         | 19.51.49   | 60.17.20           |                          |
| <hr/>            | <hr/>      | <hr/>              |                          |
| 20.18.23         | 20.17.49   | 20.18.22           |                          |
| <hr/>            | <hr/>      | <hr/>              |                          |

It has been a very difficult matter so to apportion the presents we have to make that no person who, either by station or by services rendered us, has a right to look for a

gift shall be disappointed, and at the same time to keep to ourselves a little store to buy goats, or to meet the exigencies of the season's journey. Some of the Indunas have to be admitted to our table, but I accord this privilege only to a few of the chief at Koko Umdigana and a few others. The ladies of the royal family are most incessant and persevering in exacting presents, or converting an unguarded expression into a promise, to which they affix the most liberal interpretation possible. A favourite dodge is to come into the hut destitute of all but the smallest modicum of dress, and then beg for blankets. Handkerchiefs, &c., are regarded as only wrappers to hold more valuable things. And now that we are clearing up to get away, they are regularly besieging me with a fixed determination to have all they possibly can. One of the Indunas, Serpho, demands a present as compensation for a wound received in an attack upon a Dutch camp. We tell him to go and ask the Boer who shot him.

I expected detention, and therefore was not disappointed when taking up our farewell present, 10 lbs. gunpowder, 12 lbs. lead, and 500 caps, the king said he would bid us good bye in front; he very naturally wanted to shift his town to a warmer spot, and Mr. Phillips had been for ten miles down the Umzingwani or Umzingante, and he wanted to keep us three or four days longer. I had given up the Zeekoe hunt at Umtigaan's, because the people would not believe that my business there could be unconnected with gold, and seeking for it in a country thickly inhabited would make them believe I wished to deprive them of the land they made use of. For the same reason I wished to be excused going south with the king, or at least to be allowed to go without taking the wagons; but as he would accept no excuse, I had to consent. Phillips was fitting out the king's wagon with spare gear borrowed from his own, from ours, and from Mr. Robinson's; and as our oxen had not arrived when the king started, I went on as usual in front, taking a tolerably direct road to the intended place. The king's wagon, however, had not arrived, and after making casts of a mile or so in different directions, and climbing hills to take in as large a prospect as we could, I took shelter under the lee of a deserted village fence, where the "boy" spread a couch of grass for me and lent me the half of his blanket. Our supper consisted of two or three sweet reeds, which are chewed for the juice, but not eaten as food.

This morning (Tuesday, 19th), I thought the surest way was to walk right back and cut the road, and I saw that one

wagon had left the outspan, and that their "spoor" was on that of the king's. A man whom we met gave us a small piece of cooked meat and came back with us to the spot, where we arrived just as the king's wagons outspanned and his body-guard were busy making the kraal into which his black oxen, as he called them, *i.e.*, his Majokkas, hauled the vehicle. The king gave me a cup of good strong coffee with plenty of sugar and a plate of beef, and two oxen were killed. One of them, inefficiently stabbed, was fired at and ran at me. I stood looking the animal in the face, thinking he would turn away, but he was maddened by the bullet, which had lodged under the skin of the forehead, and came straight on. I threw myself out to the left, and escaped with a mere touch on the leg from his forefoot, and I had numberless kind inquiries from the king and others whether I was hurt. The poor beast got another bullet in the head and died hard. In the afternoon, Jewell and Watson arrived with the wagons, the trochiameter showing 22 miles 2 furlongs 123 yards 2 feet. Nobengulu came and took tea with us, and after sunset a couple of hundred of warriors got up a dance, *i.e.*, rather a series of wild charges, to within ten yards of the king, accompanied with loud shouts. If I have time, I will both sketch and describe it more at full to-morrow. With kind regards, believe me,

Yours very truly,

T. BAINES.

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## JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

### I.

#### MISSIONARY INSTITUTIONS—GENADENDAL.

MOST people's notions about the Cape are associated with treeless wastes and barren Saharas, sweltering under an African sun, with here and there an oasis to relieve the eye and gladden the weary beast with a drink and a nibble. Perhaps no Colony presents more attractive varieties of scenery, climate, and products. The dense forests of the southern coast-range; the grassy downs of Albany; the well-wooded, romantic vales of the Káffrarian Amatolas; the unique water-scenery of the Keurboom, the Ghio, the Keiskama, the Kowie, and the Buffalo;—what eye needs a



richer feast of natural beauty? The dry Karroo tracts, which constitute the valuable sheep-walks of Beaufort and the Northern districts, are not so pleasing to the European eye; but these furnish our staple exports, and supply our tables with mutton and beef, which under the practised hand of the *cuisinier* may rival the good cheer of Old England.

It is my lot to traverse this wide tract, some 800 miles by 400, from time to time: a few sketches may make Cape scenes and life better known to our stay-at-home readers and to our friends far away.

To travel in South Africa involves a farewell to most of the humanities of polite life; there is no luxurious sleeping at A 1 hotels, nor even a tiffin with the courtly squire or the reverend College chum, to break the monotony of one "absent on duty." But genuine, large-hearted hospitality, a clear elastic atmosphere that makes breathing an enjoyment, and a few incidents by flood and field, mitigate the asperities of an open-air life, and banish the remembrance of the petty discomforts of sleeping now and then *al fresco* in a sheep-skin blanket.

In my Cape-built tented cart, with a team of four compact Zwartland horses, driven by a dexterous whip, once a slave, now an English-speaking man of colour, I turn my back on Cape Town and facing eastwards find myself fairly off on the long circuit. No Van Riebeeck now seeks sport in the marshes of the Salt River estuary; the hippopotamus and the other large game of days of yore have yielded place to the tamest of ducks and geese and the ugliest of swine, the only and undisputed occupants, as we drove over the bridge, which, with the well-made road across the driftsands of the Flats, remind the colonist of the *Montagu* who held the helm in eventful times. A "laudator temporis acti" might moralize on our apparently slow progress in the materials of civilization since his day; but the Cape *has* made substantial progress, of which I must get evidence anon. The Tygerberg is before us, sloping off northwards, an African edition of the Hampshire hills; but the bare and jagged summits of the Simon's Berg and the massive piles of Hottentot's Holland seem to acknowledge no right of thoroughfare. Thanks to Sir Lowry Cole, a faint scratch up the mountain side shows the well-scarped road that is to lead us to the Overberg; and the picturesque village and hostelry of Somerset, "our village," at the foot of the Pass, are proofs that we have not yet left behind us the amenities and comforts of social life.

Some of our readers may not be aware that this beautiful tract was purchased by the Dutch East India Company, in A.D. 1672, of a Hottentot prince D'Houuw, for four thousand Reals of Eight, paid in sundry wares, tobacco, beads, brandy, &c., of which the prime cost was *fl.* 81, about £8 sterling. A traced copy of an original deed of sale with the marks of the Hottentot "hereditary lords," Mankhagou *alias* Schacher and others, is in the Grey Collection; a humiliating record of how colonization was done. Perhaps there is a blacker page in the early history of the Anglo-Indian empire.

A morning's drive up Sir Lowry's Pass makes one ready for outspan and breakfast at Palmiet River: a saunter through the well-kept garden of mine host shows that gooseberries, currants, and cherries find a favouring climate here. Wild and weird-like is the scenery; on! through the hamlet and pass of Houw Hoek; and the wearisome sameness of the ups and downs, clothed with scrubby rhenoster-bush, is only ended, as the road winds away to the left towards the River Zonder End; the waters looked dark and treacherous in the evening light; we cast a longing eye on the rickety bridge; our leaders, new to their work, felt their way daintily among the stones, with many a snort and a plunge; and we breathe more freely when the cart rattles through the lanes of the largest and oldest Missionary village, Genadendal.

The Moravians or United Brethren, like the monks of old, had an eye for beauty of scenery as well as fertility of soil and abundance of water when settling in this magnificent kloof. Their first attempt to christianize the Hottentots in A.D. 1739 was rendered abortive by the opposition of the Government; but since 1792 their efforts have been continuous and fairly successful. The population is now of mixed native descent; not a pure Hottentot survives. Each family has a cottage and garden under regulations enforced by the Brethren; some few are neatly kept; the language of the settlement is the colloquial Dutch. There is a series of day-schools, attended by 700 children and conducted by native teachers, for whose training a Higher School is maintained from funds specially bequeathed by a German Prince. The simple and peculiar habits of life of the United Brethren are striking: they contrast so markedly with those of the world without. The Brethren and their wives take their common meals in the refecton-room of the Institution, and the stranger is heartily welcomed to their common board; in fact, I doubt if any Brother has the

spending of money on his own account, or owns any property beyond his long pipe, and the perishable weed with which he fills it; and he fills it not unfrequently. Miertching was here, taking a lowly part in the work of the Mission as if he had not won a world-wide reputation by his services as interpreter in the North-Polar expedition under McClure. The retail shop, the mill, the workshops, the school, the church, the garden, and the farm, all occupy the personal attention of the Missionaries; secular and spiritual come alike to them.

The fine old oaks; the romantic glen; the solitude that Nature keeps in so sequestered a spot; all the associations of the locality breathe repose.

And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world  
A heart that was humble might hope for it here."

A Lavater would find little to interest him in the physiognomy of the race on whose culture so much time, labour, and money are bestowed: I have been staggered at the hideous caricatures of human features, as seen in the older men and women. Without being a devotee of modern biology, any Caucasian might be pardoned for asking, *are these men and brothers?* Perhaps the solution is, like almost everything else, in Shakspeare—"I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they *imitated humanity so abominably.*"

The *pro* and *contra* arguments about the expediency of congregating the coloured races in these missionary villages, or at least of retaining them in this pupilage, now that they have become partially civilized and invested with important political privileges, and have apparently reached the standard, intellectual and moral, which the ordinary natives of mixed race are likely to attain, are not altogether new to Cape politicians. The missionaries now exercise through the school and daily Church-services an appreciable restraint on the low propensities of the people; it is not even alleged that sensuality is rare or that listless indolence is not the habit of the race; but there are checks: the tenure of cottage and erf is during outward good conduct; no traffic in intoxicating liquors is allowed; and the village with its 4,000 inhabitants is hedged in by as thoroughly a protective system as can be devised in a community politically and socially free. If these restraints were removed, or even relaxed, immoral habits would be flagrant,—the institution would be demoralized.

But, on the other hand, the population has outrun the

accommodation of the settlement; the garden allotments are too few and insufficient; attachment to the over-crowded station brings a train of evils, a chronic state of semi-starvation; hence low fever creeps in and secures a *habitat*. Break down the barriers; let all get their cottages and land in freehold; the enterprising will prosper; and let the lazy and debauched go their own way. A free intercourse with the world will put life into the dry bones. Thus speak men of the world, and public opinion tends that way. The discipline of the Society is, of course, permissive; the missionaries would need more power, and that legally conferred, if the ordering of 4,000 persons is to be satisfactorily conducted. But are the missionaries the proper executive? Who does not sympathize with the brethren of the Mission in their zeal to do their best amidst great difficulties? The change must soon come; but a thorough inquiry into all the stations is desirable, perhaps necessary, before our legislators can successfully interfere.

If philanthropists desire to have an inventory of the past material fruits of this mission work, the church, the schools, workshops, water-mills, plantations, ornamental and useful, and a rather dull but decently clad congregation of hundreds of natives able to join in the simultaneous worship of God, with musical services conducted by a native organist, make a fair *resumé* of what I saw as the results of the missionaries' labour of the last seventy years at Genadendal.

The directors of this Mission live in Germany, are themselves strangers to the actual work of the station, and altogether foreign to Cape institutions, and to the currents of colonial thought. A close religious body, too near akin to the monasticism of by-gone centuries to grow with the growth of its own handiwork, is not adapted to regulate and assist the development of a native race beyond a certain point; the formal services of a religious type, the external regard to decency, the ordinary acquaintance of the people with the fundamental truths of Christianity, are the objects already secured by the Moravian Society; beyond these, the directors of a missionary station have no aim. But the colonists, who desire a material test of all this training, look, and look almost in vain, for some few of the educated natives to become enterprising men of business, workers at remunerative trades, industrious and trustworthy labourers and farm overseers. Either the machinery of the Mission is inefficient to cope with the higher ends and aims of perfecting the civilization which is begun, or else the native mind is dead to the ordinary impulses which stimulate



mankind to rise by the persistent acquisition of the materials of comfort, ease, and leisure.

Missionaries draw a broad line between the province and responsibilities of the State and those of the Church, in dealing with the natives. Their position is thus put by one whose remarks on the Past and Future of the Kafir races are generally applicable to all missions: "To transform the heathen to a Christian is the legitimate province of the Christian Church; to plant and foster the institutions of civilization is no less the obligation of the Christian State." "The Church does not undertake, as her peculiar and special province, to teach the arts of civilized life." "Sometimes we find persons ignorantly blaming missions for teaching *religion* to the heathen, and not *civilization*, stating that there should be the *Model Farm*, as well as the Christian Church. Truly, but that model farm should be the product of the Christian State, and be supported by it." (Holden's Kafir Races, pp. 417, 418.)

It is well to know the province and duties which agents of missions explicitly undertake to fulfil; because, with these facts before the eye of the reader, no one (says the same writer) can reasonably calculate upon the ambassador of the Cross devoting his *best* or *sole* energies to the advancement of civilization.

If, then, the Cape community is impatient at the slow growth of the native population in the useful arts, it must be pleaded on the missionary side that people expect this desirable result from an agency which repudiates the responsibility of making the mission systems converge towards industrial elements; which promotes the useful and material only so far as they are practically the handmaids of the religious and spiritual. Still it is a question whether even the formal, and to a great extent mechanical, religious exercises, especially the simultaneous musical services, do not rather chime in with, than conquer, that "settled habitual indolence" which is the special and most intractable characteristic of our natives, and which constitutes, in Mr. Holden's view, the greatest barrier to their improvement.

I hope that my many missionary friends will take in good part this endeavour of a traveller to put their case from an objective point of view:

Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursel's as ithers see us,  
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,  
And foolish notion.

## HOMEWARD BOUND.

Home to the land where kindled hearths  
 Round winter's summit blaze ;  
 Where kindred hearts a-lit by love  
 Bring light to darken'd days ;  
 The light of high and happy hopes—  
 Of pure and simple praise.

Home to the dear parental shore  
 That bids its truants turn  
 From many a strange and scatter'd strand,  
 Where skies may blight or burn :  
 Back to the soil that saw their birth,  
 Back where their mothers yearn,  
 And fathers wait and sisters long  
 Tidings of them to learn.

Home to the one peculiar spot,  
 Sun of the social sphere ;  
 Be it a castle or a cot  
 Beyond all measure dear,—  
 Tow'rd's which the wand'ers' fondest thoughts,  
 Unprompted, ever veer.

Home ! ye whose hands have vainly tried  
 The heart's desire to meet ;  
 Who wearily have striv'n in vain  
 So that your filial feet  
 Might tread again the hallow'd ground,  
 Those cherish'd ones might greet,—  
 Oh ! ye can say, how sore the pang  
 When dreams so fair prove fleet.

Home ! 'tis the thought that nerves the arm,  
 And wakes the dormant will ;  
 Like sunlight on the seedling's bed,  
 Or on the icebound rill—  
 It stirs the soul and melts the mind,  
 And heals the exile's ill.

Home ! 'twas the one idea that dwelt  
 In eye, in heart, on lip,  
 Of every passenger aboard  
 A homeward-sailing ship,  
 That, swiftly sped, seemed o'er the sea—  
 A sentient thing—to slip.

No baffling breeze had stayed her course ;  
 No callous calm e'er fell ;  
 The spirit of the Cape had smiled,  
 And smoothed the southern swell,—

And northward ho ! was now the word—  
And still she prospered well.

Large with the presage of the night,  
Poised o'er the dazzled deep  
Loomed in the west the setting sun,  
Speeding its pledge to keep  
With distant lands where men are now  
Wrapt in their latest sleep.

Brush'd by the blithe and careless crowd  
That paced the deck along,  
Yet by a sad and graver air,  
Aliens amidst the throng,  
Two figures o'er the taffrail bent,  
And there had linger'd long.

One was a man whose noble mien  
Spoke of a stainless life :  
The other bore upon her brow  
The marks of mortal strife ;  
But with the strength of loyal love  
The husband watched his wife.

He watched the fading of her form  
Sapp'd by a scorching sun ;  
He watch'd the pallor of the face  
Which had his young heart won ;  
He watch'd the languid look that said  
Her sands were nearly run.

Through many years of placid joy  
On that far, friendless land,  
This happy pair had softly pass'd—  
Hearts knit—hand claspt in hand—  
Had seen the blossoms they had borne  
Blown back to Britain's strand.

Long hoped they for that gladsome hour  
When they as well might sail  
O'er those inexorable seas  
Back to the past's old pale,  
Where hallow'd graves and gay young hearts  
Their coming seemed to hail.

“ Arthur, yon sun swift-sinking there  
Will soon have pass'd away,  
Will soon on other shores and stars  
Have cast its sceptre-ray—  
While I, poor weakly child of earth,  
My life's farewell delay.

"Dear stay of all my lingering years,  
Shall this heart's best desire —  
The hope that breathes in every breeze  
That brings the home-land nigher—  
The craving for a son's embrace,  
A daughter's kindling kiss—  
Say, shall I once again be blest  
By such sufficing bliss ?

"Ah, no ; I hear an inward voice  
That tells me I must part  
From all my cherish'd mother-joys,  
From all that fills my heart ;  
And ere but half the web be spun  
On death's dark journey start.

"I, too, like yon benignant sun,  
Shall slide from human ken ;  
And other spheres, and stranger shores,  
Than aught explored by men,  
And deeper depths than this great sea—  
Will pass before me then.

"For me the morning stars shall sing  
And universes roll ;  
Seeing the things that angels see,  
Versed in th' Eternal scroll,  
Bathed in the lustre of the Lord  
Shall heav'n ward soar my soul.

"But oh ! for one enraptured glance,  
One last, but lingering word,  
One passing pressure of a hand  
By filial passion stirr'd ;  
To cheer me when all earthly things  
By death's cold mists are blur'd."

She stopt—for tears suffused her sight,  
Deep sobs surcharged her breath,  
The mother o'er the angel gained,  
Affection vanquished faith ;  
And in this yearning for her kind  
Lay the worst sting of death.—

A month had gone, and England's coast  
Heaved on the watcher's view,  
Clear, cold, and bright the evening waned  
As bold the outline grew.  
Again the hushed though joyous crowd  
Gazed forth, as on they flew.

Instinctive reverence still'd them now,  
With muffled steps they trod ;  
A human heart was soon to lie  
A heavy, moveless clod :



A struggling soul was soon to mount  
On spirit-wings to God.

Slowly the mother-wife had droop'd—  
Slowly as rainbows fade—  
Upon her cheek a paler hue,  
O'er all her form a shade,  
Which ever deepen'd as disease  
Upon her life blood prey'd.

And now when morning's light disclosed  
That land upon the lee;  
Now, when her wildest hope's excess  
Near grasping seem'd to be—  
The end had come, the fiat dread  
Bade her, the mortal, flee.

Lower and lower sank the sun;  
Higher and higher loom'd  
The luscious slopes and fallow fields  
And groves where wealth had bloomed,  
And quiet glades, and village spires,  
'Mid cottage roofs entomb'd.

“‘Home! home! sweet home!’ Ah! husband mine,  
At last the dream comes true,  
The land where all the loved ones wait,  
I see, I see it, too;  
So near, and yet so far away,  
My boy and girl, from you.”

Her eyelids fell and troubled thoughts  
Appeared to fill her breast;  
Then looking up, a gentle smile  
Spoke of recovered rest.  
A glow of high, unearthlike joy  
Her limpid eyes possesst.

“‘Home! yes, I see it; lovelier far  
Than e'en yon well-loved shore.  
Home! where my children yet shall meet  
One who but ‘went before,’  
Home! where, in God, we hand in hand  
Shall worship evermore.”

Lower and lower sank the sun,  
Closer the coast had neared,  
But not for one on board that ship  
The landward prospect cleared.  
The mother's voice was silent now,  
Her lips no longer stirred;  
But where the shining ranks are ranged  
We know her voice is heard.

## THE COPPER MINES OF NAMAQUALAND.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER II.—OOKIEP.

LET us try, reader, to point out the part which the respective classes bear in this field of industry. But first it is necessary to distinguish between the mines of the past and the present. Those of Springbok and Spektakel were surface mines. The ore, of excellent quality, was struck out of the face of the mountain in open quarries, without requiring much aid from machinery. Underground work was not resorted to with profit. This surface work was also tried at Nababiep, at Ookiep, and at Koperberg, sinking in some cases to a considerable depth, as at Ookiep, but apparently without much aid from machinery. And perhaps the increasing difficulties of underground work may have been an inducement to the first company to dispose of their interest. The present company—except, perhaps, at Spektakel, which I have not yet seen—lean entirely to underground work; and this is the character of the work at Ookiep. The depth of the mine when these observations were made was reputed forty fathoms, and since that I understand it has gone ten fathoms deeper. Now, this is a fact I think not generally understood by people in this part of the country; and the reader will perhaps be prepared to admit that a mine from which ore is extracted at a depth of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet must necessarily involve a considerable amount of labour.

The classes into which the mine employés and mine labourers are divided by employment is somewhat as follows: Officers of superior and inferior grades; clerks, miners, and mine mechanics; stokers and a lower grade of mechanics, and labourers of European race and native labourers: the two latter pass occasionally over the boundary in life's struggle, the one making slight efforts to struggle upward, and the other making rapid strides downward.

The process of raising and preparing the ore and transmitting it to the coast I can only generalize, and as briefly as possible. It would be tedious in detail, even in abler hands than mine, and it would lead me beyond the sphere of labour to which it is my desire to limit these remarks.

The mode of employment in the mines is by one of two methods, technically known as "tut-work" and "tribute."

Both are by piece-work. Tut-work is the sinking of shafts, galleries, or similar work, at so much per cubic fathom. Tribute-work is that of raising the ore, and in which the miner is paid a certain proportion on the value of the ore raised. Whichever of these forms is followed, the miner employs native labour to assist him. The ordinary work of blasting and removal have, of course, reference to convenience, but in other respects do not differ from blasting rocks under other circumstances, and is done by native labour. The ore is drawn up from the mine by a shaft, or up an incline, by steam power. The latter presents the greater variety of labour. When the load arrives at the top of the incline, it is received on to and run along a small rail, at a considerable elevation, to a series of large screens, the upper one of which is formed of round iron about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick, and each successive screen below it being smaller. The object of the screens is to give passage to the ore below a particular size, which falling on each successive screen, and not passing through, is delivered at a certain point, and this is equivalent to an effect in breakage, and by selection is prepared for market, or for waste, or for further operation. The mass of stone and ore which passes down the first screen—which, of course, is the bulk of the load—is then selected. The pure stone is at once carted away to those large masses which form so striking a feature at the mines. The mixed ore and stone is taken to the dressing floor, and goes through a process technically known as “cobbing,” which is merely breaking and selection into qualities. A portion is at once fit for the market, and is disposed of accordingly. That which is not suitable for market, but of a mixed character, is by a subsequent process passed through the crushing machine, and reduced to a coarse powder, to be subjected to washing, and in this state it passes into the washing floor. In the large mass of stone shot down the screen there is another class of ore, of rather low percentage in value, which is considered best adapted for the smelting work, and at the time to which these remarks refer was selected into a separate mass, passed through the stone-breaker, bagged up, and sent to the reduction works to be reduced to metal.

The washing process is too complicated to be described here. It consists mainly of two forms,—one by a perpendicular jolting motion of the ore in the water, communicated by a rude machine, technically called a “jigging machine,” and the other by the motion of water down an inclined plane, but varied in the form of its application. Any

attempt to describe them would be unintelligible without drawings. All these operations are performed mainly or entirely by native labour, under skilled superintendence.

The wages earned by the miners are nominally very high, from £10 to £12 or more a month; but the work is of an unpleasant nature, and attended with some risk and much uncertainty, as a man is as liable to get a bad lot to work on as a good one. The mine mechanics are also well paid, from £8 to £12 a month. Both these classes come out from England under agreement. Mechanics hired in the Colony without any special qualifications have of course lower wages. The miners and mechanics are provided with furnished lodgings, and regular supplies are ensured to them by a contractor.

The following are the numbers at given rates of wages for two months:

| At 7s.    | and upwards per day, average number |   |   |   | 11 |
|-----------|-------------------------------------|---|---|---|----|
| " 6s.     | "                                   | " | " | " | 15 |
| " 5s.     | "                                   | " | " | " | 2  |
| " 4s.     | "                                   | " | " | " | 8  |
| " 3s.     | "                                   | " | " | " | 40 |
| " 2s.     | "                                   | " | " | " | 53 |
| " 1s. 6d. | "                                   | " | " | " | 42 |
| " 1s.     | "                                   | " | " | " | 63 |
| " 9d.     | "                                   | " | " | " | 19 |
| " 6d.     | "                                   | " | " | " | 28 |
| " 4d.     | "                                   | " | " | " | 12 |

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Of the above, most of those above 4s., if not all, are Europeans. 135 get from 1s. 6d. to 4s., and these are mostly, if not all, natives; 63 get from 1s. to 1s. 6d., and these are mostly men that have not learned to work; while those below 1s. are women and children. They are not, however, strictly defined by these boundaries, as the good and the bad occasionally lap over on either side. The above does not include miners working by the piece or bargain work.

These rates, it will be seen, vary very widely, but not more widely than does the skilled labour of civilization from the unskilled labour of barbarism. The coloured races are, the majority of them, when they come first to work at the mines, from tribes unacquainted with civilization; they have never seen work done, are entirely ignorant of the use or the names of the tools, and are unacquainted with the



language; and all these preliminary difficulties have to be got over before they can be taught.

Next to the preparation of the ore comes the bagging and loading up. This is by no means an unimportant part of labour. The size of bags to which preference is given for ore are such as go about twenty to the ton; and the reader will readily understand that if 6,000 tons of ore are transported to the coast in a year, bags and bagging form not an inconsiderable item, particularly as the fuel for smelting and for the use of the engine is all conveyed up in bags of another kind, and many of them chafe through on the road. The sewing-up, the marking, and the mending are done by contract, the contractor employing native labour.

By the above it will be understood that whilst all the work requiring a degree of technical skill is either performed or superintended by the skilled miners or mechanics, all the operations of a common kind, not requiring more than the average of information possessed by labourers in a very low state of civilization, falls to the lot of the natives; and their character, allowing for this low state, is much like that of other labourers. As workmen, some are good, some bad; some are best at the pick, some at the shovel, some at the barrow, and some at the hammer or drill; some at bagging, some at sewing up, some at loading and unloading or removal of stores, some at sweeping, and some at going long messages. They get drunk when it is convenient, and a great deal oftener; and glad to get a stray sixpence or three pence at any other job than that for which they are specially engaged. The men of some tribes work better than others, just as do the labourers of some localities work better than others. The Bastards are there among them, —a loose, wiry, restless set, up to everything, knowing everything, and willing to call no man master any longer than is purely convenient; and, altogether, they are just wild, neglected men, with about the same modicum of merit and of mischief as others of the same degree of training all the world over. Their comparative value as workmen can scarcely be fairly tested in such a field of labour as Namaqualand affords at present. But no better proof of a desire for industry can possibly be given than that of the great distances the various tribes come to look for employment. There is certainly nothing very captivating at the mines either in the labour or in the rate of wages, which, in proportion to the price of provisions, is not too high.

As an indication of the energy of work of which these people are capable, I give the following extracts from my journal at Ookiep:

“Friday, 17th January.—Weighing and removing iron; had in the morning six men, which were increased to ten on the arrival of eleven wagons, which they unloaded and re-loaded with fuel and copper ore. They then returned to their work, and removed between seven and eight tons of iron from a rack; weighed it, and removed it to the next yard. Altogether, it has given me a good opinion of the willingness to work and powers of endurance of the native races.

“Saturday, 18th.—Continued the same work; but having removed all the heavy iron on the previous day, only six men were employed. I moved a large quantity of iron from the store to the scale, when the men were called away to unload and load five wagons (fuel and ore); and when they returned the iron was so hot that it was necessary to provide them with old gunny bags, to enable them to handle it. One man succumbed to the heat, but with the others more than 10,000 lbs. of iron was moved by twelve o’clock. As the men on both days were promiscuously taken from the coloured and mixed races, it gave me a very good opinion of their working powers. Temperature in the shade each day, 95° Fahr.”

In summarizing the industry at the mines, we cannot pass over the transport, as that employs a very considerable amount of labour. Formerly it was diffused through the whole agricultural population, and rather had the effect of retarding prosperity; but now the concentration which characterizes the present management has given it into a limited number of hands as contractors, which allows every one to carry it on on a scale large enough to make it pay, and at the same time allows the farmers, when they have leisure, to ride a load or two, and thus keep themselves in a little available cash, without sacrificing the interests of their own profession. The number of wagons engaged in transport by mule-draft is nominally sixty: but it rarely, if ever, happens that they are complete. Every span of mules, of course, requires a driver and leader; and a certain number of wagons are placed under a conductor, whose wages, I believe, range from £6 or £7 to £8 or £10 a month. But a very considerable number of men are required to keep up the working and foraging of six hundred mules.

These remarks on the labour (except the transport, which is general) apply to Ookiep. The labour at Spektakel,

which I have not seen, was at the time these notes were written in a transition state. It had been considered about half that of Ookiep, but has since been greatly extended. That at the reduction works was not large. At Springbok and Koperberg and Nababiep mines there was a very small force. Altogether, the Company's officers consider that one fourth of the ten thousand persons in Namaqualand receive, directly or indirectly, support from the mines. I do not think this is an over-estimate.

The effect of the mining on the industry of Namaqualand, beyond what we have already stated, we cannot discuss. The steadiness and certainty of its earnings from the first gradually drew all men to it. The Boer and the Bastard sought it in preference to the more precarious returns of agricultural or pastoral pursuits. The native sought its labour from a necessity greatly increased when agriculture declined from neglect, and during the scarcity of three or four years previous to the summer of 1868-9 the mines were the only source of support to the greater part of South Namaqualand. The natives of the different tribes working at the mines had all been placed in separate locations, which brought them pretty much under control; but this was insufficient to repel the necessities of starving men who flocked in from every quarter, and in the early part of 1869 hung themselves on their friends in numbers quite beyond their means of support, and distress and suffering ensued. Prompt measures were adopted by the superintendent to ascertain its extent, and, if possible, remove it, but it was of such a nature that it did not admit of a remedy by any other means than by an extension of mining industry,—a measure, of course, impracticable for present relief, and checked by the difficulties of transport.

The tramway now constructing from Port Nolloth to Nonams, a very considerable portion\* of which is now in use, will effect very great changes; and when extended to Springbok, and west from thence to Spektakel, will open much of the mining country, and mining industry may be expected to extend much beyond what it is at present, and much to the benefit of Namaqualand, which has little else to depend on. Its uncertain agriculture, 300 miles from the market, is of little use without the mines. Equally unprofitable is it for the mining companies to carry their money the same distance for the purchase of supplies which ought to be made in and by their own neighbourhood.

\* I believe about twenty-five miles.

The prospects of the Company will be best understood by the statement made by the Chairman at the ordinary general meeting of shareholders on 30th June, 1869. He is reported to have stated that by the great improvement in management and skill, "it was hardly possible to imagine copper at a price at which this company could not make a profit," and, "with copper at the then price, they could earn profits not far short of fifty per cent. upon the paid-up capital."

Six months' residence in the midst of very kind treatment had left on my mind warm recollections of Namaqualand and its people. When I turned my face homeward, I had found society much better than I had expected, and I had found much in the country to interest me, though it is likely that the reader will be disappointed with the meagre character of these notices. Its extreme barrenness, relieved only by a scanty vegetation in more favoured spots, and that of a kind often unfavourable to the support of animal life, and the scarcity of water render it a dreary wilderness or lonely desert, and, except the mining operations, there is very little to describe without departing from our professed object. I saw it, however, under a summer aspect, the third in succession of three dry seasons, and unusually hot, and therefore unfavourable for judging of its true character. Its industry at the mines I thought to be the best arranged of any I had seen in this country. Its effects on the interests of its employers will be seen by the above extract. Its effects on the country are mainly that it raises largely from the mines of this wild, desolate country an article of great commercial value, fifty per cent., or perhaps more, of the whole value of which is spent in the encouragement of internal commerce and industry, and very largely in the employment of native labour.

J. S. H.

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## NUGÆ.

FROM A CLASSICAL SCRAP-BOOK.

### DEFINITIONS.

And who's a Calvinist? Why 'tis he  
Who's *calvus corde, calvus capite*.\*

-And who's a Puseyite? Pray, tell us:  
He wears an M.B. and a coat *ad talos*.

\* Said of William the Silent by his foes.



And who's a Liberal? He chimes  
With the *critik* and spirit of the times.

Well! what's the Broad-Church? Neither High nor Dry,  
Embracing all in one free Christian tie,  
Finding the Godlike in Humanity.

The Orthodox! Who's he? The man who clings  
To Church and State and those old-fashioned things;  
And to the unique type of Nature's plan  
Hopes yet to mould the Protean mind of Man.

Δ.

# ON THE REMOVAL OF THE TROOPS FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

A MONODY.

We are come, alas!  
To a very pretty pass.—*Tom Moore.*

Oh! for a pen  
With ink of gall!  
To tell the pang  
That wrings us all.

Red-coats going;  
No fife nor drum!  
Bright eyes swelling;  
Our daughters glum!

No proud array;  
No festive scene;  
No balls—ah! say  
Such things have been!

But we'll be true  
To the old country;  
Though we may rue  
Her policy.

But tell it not  
To England's foes—  
To \* Rome's high lot  
She proudly rose!

Now her sun sets!  
She cuts the rope  
That bound her fast  
To her "Good Hope."

Δ.

\* Caput orbis terrarum.

## LIFE AT THE CAPE.\*

[BY A LADY.]

Cape Town, Castle, 20th August, 1861.

\*        \*        You will be glad to hear of our safe arrival. We landed on a Sunday morning of most dazzling clearness, and were at once struck by the apparent size of the place, the great width of the streets, and the comparatively dwarfed appearance of the double-storied houses and shops—after London and Edinburgh. How we revelled that day in fresh fish for dinner, and unlimited supplies of sparkling water at table! The sky here is intensely blue, and Table Mountain is of marvellous beauty; so, instead of wishing myself back in England, I honestly yearned that day for the society of all old friends, so as to let them share the enjoyment we could not but feel, amid scenes and an atmosphere so intensely fresh and exhilarating. The streets were rough and dusty, and the arrangement of “stoeps” but a poor substitute for good side-pavement on a rainy day. But Cape Town itself is not badly laid out, and it has lovely suburbs, so far as we could make them out from the anchorage. The back of the town is relieved by dark-green forests of pine and bush, and nearly every other house is whitewashed, and with windows shaded by venetian shutters. This gives it quite a continental air.        \*        \*        \*        \*

We have unpacked all our household gods, with but little breakage, and are now beginning to feel the comforts of a settled home. It is surprising what a very “home” air can be imparted to the barest barrack walls, by arranging the treasures and souvenirs collected in one’s travels, and you would be delighted with the charming photographs and sketches, which from time to time we have managed to add to our drawing-room screens.        \*        \*        We found J—— entrenched in the Castle (a sort of Tower-of-London in miniature, much affected by staff-officers and regimental big-wigs), and in occupation of a suite of apartments looking on to Table Bay, and commanding a most lovely and exten-

\* By the kindness of an old friend, we have been favoured with a perusal of a batch of unpublished letters from the Cape, written by a lady who took a deep interest in all things appertaining to the Colony, while stationed here ten years ago with her husband, the late Captain B ———. They show us in our true colours; and seem worthy of an extended circulation. We shall continue to publish them from time to time, as occasion may warrant.  
—ED. “C. M. M.”

sive sea view. The hills around us are really Swiss mountains, and we could not have arrived at a better season of the year to revel upon their manifold beauties. Though we are still supposed to be suffering from winter, the trees are everywhere bursting into leaf; and the busy scenes transacting in the waters beneath our quarters (especially when the cormorants are tumbling headlong after the fish, with a great splash) are a never-ending source of amusement. Just now the weather is especially pleasant. We are always out-of-doors; and I sometimes think on a fine sunny day, that to my poor weak chest the crisp air is even more joyous and effervescent than laughing gas would be.

As for the scenery about which you inquired, I need scarcely say that Table Bay is *not* so perfect a picture as the Bay of Naples; but it is very well worth seeing, if only for its constant succession of brilliant seascapes, which defy my powers of description, and for the extraordinary wealth of colour in the sunset effects. It would require a Ruskin to attempt to define the brilliant hues *pulsating* in cloudland here, when the sun is about to take his final dip into the sea. It has become quite a favourite drive of ours already, to Sea Point—to view the atmospheric glories raging in tumult over the bed of fiery Phœbus, when the sun has dipped; and instant darkness comes rushing across the land. It is, I assure you, a grand sight to watch the big breakers come tumbling in against the rocks, and contrast their white crests and emerald backs with the deep purple and violet shadows formed in the hollows of miles of charging waves that are roughening the horizon. The children, however, take a more practical interest in the lovely shells encrusting the fine sandy beaches of Green Point, and are mad with delight when they are allowed to pull off their shoes and socks and paddle after the gorgeous sea-flowers blooming in the limpid pools of this rocky coast. They are already in a fair way of being spoiled by the good-natured bachelors of the regiment, who amuse themselves by teaching Charles and Freddie how to catch “harders” and “klipfish,” *et hoc genus omne*, off the wharves and jetties running into Table Bay. The fish seem quite fearless, and are playing about in shoals under the keels of the cargo-boats, and as the water is very clear you can follow all their movements with the greatest ease. The soldiers are great fellows for angling, and at any hour of the day you may see them dashing the “grains” into the dazzling masses of “harders,” and landing three or four of these silvery mackerel at every cast. It is a very pretty sight, too, to go down to the Central Causeway

any afternoon about three o'clock and watch the fleet of fishing-boats coming to the anchorage after a hard day's toil at hooking "snoek," "silverfish," "hottentot," "stumpnose," and "geelbeck." There they come in a long double file, rounding the end of the North Jetty, their white sails glittering in the sun, their crews toiling at their oars in measured sweep; while boat after boat, as it reaches the smooth water of the haven, folds its white wings, lowers its mast, and is rushed up the beach by the stalwart arms of the half-naked coolies, who dash into the surf to steady the gunwales, and promote an early delivery of their varied hauls.

It would also do your heart good to see the crowds of healthy children swarming in the Fish-market when these boats have been hastily emptied! Such lively, jovial imps in bronze, tugging away at huge, yard-long monsters of fish, and wrangling with true Southern vivacity over the proprietorship of each capacious two-pennyworth of scaly matter as it is bundled into baskets, only require a painter of a humorous turn, to fill you with admiration of the quaint grace and beauty of form to be met with among the "*polloi*" and street Arabs of our colonial population. There is nothing funnier to be seen than the peculiar method of dispatching "snoek" as soon as caught. As these monstrous pikes, sometimes four feet long, are armed with terrible sharp teeth, the fishermen are provided with a small club with which to stun them by a blow on the nose the moment they are drawn out of the sea. They therefore have a large number of lines hanging over the gunwales of the boats, and it is diverting to watch them from the Castle ramparts, pulling up the fish as fast as they can, tucking them up like helpless babies under their left arms with one jerk of the wrist, and followed by an immediate tap on the head or nose with the club. The boatmen thus seem to be always performing the antics of Punch and Judy for our especial entertainment; and any breezy day you may see dozens of these boats fishing among the shipping in Table Bay, and all of them doing a capital business, I am sure.

26th August.—Like many better-known places, Cape Town has its share of privileged simpletons, and is unusually rich in sable specimens of harmless lunacy. The natives here, like their brethren in the East, regard a madman as something sacred, and you cannot pass a week in Cape Town without stumbling across dwarfs as deformed as the cripple in Raphael's cartoon, or without being spoken to by the funny old creature who rejoices in the *sobriquet* of "Queen Rebecca." Poor wretch! she may be harmless enough, but



she can make herself horribly offensive by her gibberings and grimaces. Fail to give her fair words or a bit of silver, and her hideous majesty will pour out a flood of incoherent jargon, wherein she descants upon the peculiar peccadilloes of every local worthy in a manner and with a fluency that is positively electrifying. Poor old Queen! you ought long ago to have been sent to the Robben Island Institute! You are the embodiment of Monsieur Du Chaillu's dream of the civilized gorilla, and would be a great addition to the Regent's Park menagerie! She and I frequently meet when I am out shopping or lunching at Cairncross's, and we have quite struck up a platonic friendship, and I hope in my next to amuse you with some of her wonderful confessions.

\* \* \* \* \*

The streets, indeed, are full of picturesque "bits," and every idle corner attracts me strangely by its superfluity of dramatic incident. To see the boys chaffering with the fruit hawkers is as good as a play; and the solemn air with which the long-robed Mohammedan priest paces his way through the crowds of Malay lazzaroni, graciously receiving their salutes and salaams, speaks volumes for his self-respect. Here the British soldier and the blue-coated policeman change positions entirely, as the knights of the truncheon seem less popular with the cookmaids, are very stiff and unbending, and are sharply looked after by their inspectors and sergeants, who are generally well mounted, and not unlike staff officers in appearance. The soldiers, on the contrary, are very lightly attired in canvas "jumpers" or linen tunics, and seem to be hand-in-glove with innumerable acquaintances. As for the officers, they are always in mufti. \* \* \*

Everybody dresses in the fashion he likes best; and you seldom meet people with black or tawny faces who are not admirably in keeping with the bright colours and pictorial arrangements of their fluttering rags. This country, indeed, should be the paradise of painters, for nowhere could you witness more delicate ærial effects, or find more exquisite gradations of colour in rock and bush, sky and scenery, than in South Africa. To you who have been always accustomed to see sunshine veiled in mist, it would be a new sensation to gaze with the unaided eye upon the granite buttresses of Table Mountain, or the sharply-defined peaks of such serrated ranges as the blue mountains of Hottentots' Holland, many miles distant, and mark the tender blending of greys and greens, of purples and pinks, that in infinite variety of tint bloom from

every crevice and scaur, every crag and ravine, upon those inhospitable Southern Alps.

There is, for instance, the Devil's Peak—a perfect poem in itself, as it rises grandly over the military lines, and hems in the south-eastern arm of the great semicircle within which Cape Town is compressed. This wing of Table Mountain is a perfect art study. It is beautifully shaped. It stands out boldly against the sky-line. It is a perfect battle-ground for the winds; but no photograph that I can send you can give any idea of the shifting lights and shadows, which the course of the sun develops out of its rocky masses and well-clothed spurs, as the dawn and the day, the noon and the night successively melt into each other. Its sides and gullies are full of proteas, heaths, and silver trees. Here cascades leap and bushes shiver, as the fierce north-westerners crash down upon those heights, and make the foliage change from emerald to opal at every successive blast. At one moment its jagged crests are swallowed up in vapour, then a whirl of wind, and the fleecy masses are torn into shreds and sent howling over the precipices in tortuous eddies. Anon the whole mountain becomes deep purple as the sun is obscured, only to break out again into wealth of colour as the passing cloud has melted into thin air. Thus the mixture of clay, granite, and lichen-stones, cropping out everywhere in those wind-tormented heights, is beautifully toned down and brought into harmony with surrounding objects, by the fusion and contrast of every tint of green and purple which bush, rock, or flower individually furnish.

If England, or even Scotland, contained such lovely mountains as these, who would care to follow a marching regiment abroad? But life in our colonies is indeed far from being very miserable, if we only agree to forget the heart-burnings and strivings after effect which are entailed upon the higher, if not better, classes of the mother country, by reason of their exceeding wealth and worldly or social advantages. Any family with a moderate fixed income cannot fail, I feel convinced, to secure an immense deal of healthy entertainment by arranging to spend some years at the Cape. It is not alone that the climate is so pleasant, and the necessities, and even the luxuries, of life are so cheap; but the people themselves are so exceedingly kind-hearted and well-bred that one is only sorry that they are, as a body, so poor, and not very likely to grow rich in a hurry. The coloured people, especially, are surprisingly polite. Insolence and surliness seem banished from their homes; and in their intercourse with strangers Cape Malays would set a bright example

to many English provincials. In the so-called society of the place there is no sharply-defined line between class and class; and, as a rule, you will meet with quieter, well-bred manners among the necessarily mixed lot who attend the subscription balls than you would expect to find among people who are engaged in trade, and have but few opportunities of studying the habits of really first-class circles. I presume this is due to the republican and Huguenot sentiments imported here from Holland and France by the early settlers and political refugees, and by the long existence of the domestic institution in a modified form. At all events, I have been charmed by the glimpses which I have been permitted to catch of Cape ladies in their own homes. \* \* \* Though their leaning is not towards intellectual exertion, they are extremely courteous, and thoroughly disinterested in their hospitalities, and when we leave this station, we shall leave many very pleasant native-born acquaintances behind us. \* \* \*

The ladies here have a very excellent plan of calling upon all desirable strangers within a week after new arrivals have been seen in church. This enables the ladies of the garrison especially to make a rapid acquaintance, if they are so minded, with the proverbial hospitality of Cape residents; and I assure you it is surprising how very well-ordered are the appointments of many of these houses. They are generally situated in the suburbs—called the “Gardens,”—and besides being provided with stables and coach-houses, have flower-plots and verandahs loaded with bloom. Most of the drawing-rooms are very prettily furnished, with profusion of vases, easy chairs, and walnut and rosewood articles “*de luxe* ;” and nearly all the people who have called upon me are to be envied the fresh-smelling bouquets of wild or English hot-house flowers that so becomingly deck their tables and windows. They always laugh at my enthusiastic love of flowers, and especially smile at my passion for the “arum,” which grows in all the ditches under the title of “pig-lily,” and reaches an enormous size. But you have only to hint that flowers or fruit cannot be purchased to have as many nose-gays sent to you as your heart can desire. In this particular, I must say, they are exceedingly liberal.

Of course, it is just possible that in your mind’s eye you picture me as panting with heat, choked with dust, and utterly *ennuyé*d by the conversation of the garrison hacks who crowd around the whitewashed walls of some wretched barrack hovel allowed us by a liberal War Office. And there is no doubt, from what Lady S—— tells me, that the

Commandant's quarters can very easily in summer be made too hot to hold anybody, so small and so close are the two yards or quadrangles upon which all the rooms of the Castle officials open; but then the sea breeze makes amends for many *désagremens* common to all barrack accommodation; and we can always go and live up in the Gardens, under the cool shadow of old Table Mountain, or nestle in winter in one of the many snug cottages fringing the southern suburbs. Besides, we have received so many invitations to spend a week at Wynberg, Rondebosch, Stellenbosch, &c., all within easy distance of Cape Town, that we are not going to make ourselves miserable, if we can help it, before our time. As yet croquet has not taken deep root among the Cape ladies. The want of lawns is probably the cause of it; but picnics, with music and dancing, are no unpleasant substitute, and the sands of Camp's Bay and the woods of Mr. Breda are never long deserted by the mirthful throng.

\* \* \* \* \* Any fresh arrival with a little singing talent is soon regarded as a great acquisition; for although the colonial-born ladies are capital horsewomen, and especially strong in the dancing line, they are not given to the drudgery which good music demands. For one who can sing with judgment, science, and expression, you will find dozens who can dance uninterruptedly from the opening of a ball to its close, viz., from nine to four, and this even without disarranging their "coiffure." Musical parties are thus an especial treat, and generally furnish the quidnuncs with gossip for a week. All simple ballad music is deservedly honoured, and the clever natives soon pick up the most complicated operatic overtures, and after one hearing at a concert, will whistle the score, in capital time, of nearly every piece that has taken their fancy. They are admirable mimics, and especially clever with the violin and the accordion, playing entirely by the ear. It is quite a treat to hear them whistling in roving quartette bands on fine moonlight evenings, each man in subjection to his mates. Their accuracy is surprising!

1st September.—It is time I told you about my pets! Although we have been scarcely settled here a month, J—— has succeeded in buying me a beautiful little bay, and is himself the owner of a handsome chesnut charger, which latter, when not otherwise engaged on parade, is frequently put into the Cape pleasure cart, which he has purchased for forty guineas, and made to convey us all over the country. Although I can't say much for the state of the roads, the children enjoy



immensely these pleasure trips to the Flats, Cape Downs, and Green Point, and I think the jolting improves all our digestions. A Cape cart is quite a colonial institution. It is a highly-decorated dog-cart, with seats capable of being reversed, as in a mail phaeton, and covered with a painted canvas hood, sunblinds in front and rear, and supplied with side curtains like a Hampton Court van. These carts are very light and very strong. They resist the rain, the sun, and dust, and are just the thing for a country where every one passes three fourths of his day and time in the open air. Many of J——'s brother officers sport their wagonettes, or let their wives dash about in basket phaetons; but I prefer the Cape cart, as being in every way more convenient and more suited to the climate. They are frequently driven curricule fashion with two horses; but one horse is quite enough to satisfy our moderate tastes. The ladies here ride very fairly. In fact, although our English habits are much better cut and fit more exquisitely as a rule than any that I have yet seen proceed from any Cape Town tailors, yet the lithe slender forms of the young girls lend themselves gracefully to the bounding action of their well-bred hacks; and they appear as fearless of their spirited pets as if they were schoolboys home for the holidays. All the gentlemen appear to ride well. They look better on horseback than a-foot, and are, I fancy, very fond of "chopping and changing," which taste implies some knowledge of horseflesh. My own dear little "Sunbeam" is a perfect little fellow, about 14 hands high, with legs of iron and a pair of bold, saucy, black eyes, that stand about an inch out of his head. Never was there seen so perfectly well-trained a creature! He is the cleverest and the handsomest of his kind, and would be worth 150 guineas in England. He cost us £35! Though anything but nervous, he is such a funny, impulsive little man, that it always makes me laugh to watch the lively twitching, backwards and forwards, of his pointed little Arab ears, whenever, in a riding party, any of my accompanying cavaliers' horses are imprudent enough to press beyond us, ever so slightly, in the canter. In a moment, poor "Sunbeam" arches his neck, snorts defiance, glances fiercely at his neighbours, and strains against the bit, till every vein in his body seems to tingle and swell with suppressed fury. His action, always high, becomes more and more *prononcé*. His hoofs seem to spurn the very ground, as *ventre à terre* he bounds up the hill, his tail standing stiffly out, a foe to all compromise! Of course, his neighbours increase the pace as "Sunbeam" increases his

own; and before we know where we are, we are racing away for dear life; and my sides ache from laughter at "Sunbeam's" impatient, jealous snaps of the teeth, to prevent being passed by his fleeter companions. Our favourite ride is round the Kloof. This roadway has been constructed by the military by the orders of old Sir Harry Smith, and is cut out of the base of the Lion's Head and Hill—which form the north-western boundary of Cape Town. It is about nine miles long, and is, to my mind, a more beautiful road than the far-famed "Queen's Drive," round the base of Arthur's Seat at Edinburgh. The road gradually ascends for three miles, and is carried by numerous curves and windings over a kloof, which separates the Lion's Head from Table Mountain, until you reach a tableland, whence you get magnificent and extensive views of the town and bay, and also of the broad Atlantic, stretching away into infinitude of space. You have thus within a few yards of plateau no less than four extensive prospects, as you glance at the four points of the compass; and I am not yet decided which view is really the most picturesque. The road then gradually descends for three miles more, skirting at a considerable height the rocky shores of Camp's Bay, until you finally reach the villa-crowned heights of Sea Point and Green Point, whence a sharp canter of twenty minutes will bring you back to the town again. Throughout the whole of this lovely drive the scenery is of the most diversified character, alike reminding you of the Glencoe Hills, the Via Mala, and the least rugged parts of the Simplon; and I am never tired of scampering up the Kloof to see the sun set, and admire the powerful contrast between the rugged features of the Lion's Head and the western triangular side of Table Mountain. Should a sharp south-easter be blowing heavily in the town, not a breath of wind will reach you on the solemn braes of the Kloof, though the clouds in heavy, fleecy masses will be pouring over the hills, and ruffling in stormy gusts the squadrons of marine cavalry, as they hoarsely come charging on to the beach of Camp's Bay, with trumpets braying, pennons waving, and their plummy crests foaming in the breeze. Ah! what delicious moments of satisfaction are those, when we view the whole horizon rendering homage to the sinking sun, and the glowing clouds seem symbolical of the perfect happiness reigning in the regions of the blest! Then comes a short, delightful, poetic after-glow. Darkness wells up from the sea like a rising river, and embraces us in its folds. As we pause upon these heights, the hum of insects and the chirping of crickets are

rendered shriller and keener by the mournful silence of the solemn solitude; the scent of the "avond bloemetjes" is fragrant in the air: and with careful rein and hushed remarks, we gradually pick our way back again to our quarters in the Castle.

It is curious how few people we meet on these charming heights. Beyond a few Malays returning from a fishing excursion to the rocks in Camp's Bay, armed with rods and lines of a portentous length, you seldom pass a soul. Of course there is no traffic,—it would be desecration: but still one would expect that this drive would have been the haunt of all the ball-room fairies, whom we meet with, however, in the more congenial grounds of the Botanical Gardens, decked in muslins and ravishing bonnets. These Gardens, I must tell you, are quite a feature in Cape Town life. They are not unlike Kew and Kensington, and generally are crowded with well-dressed people, to listen to the regimental band on fine days. They are placed on the right-hand side of the long avenue of massive oak trees which leads up to the private grounds of Government-house, and are kept in most admirable order by a thorough brither Scot, who is kindness itself to inquisitive strangers. There must be something peculiar in the air of the Cape, to make people so kind and disinterested, or else we are considered unusual specimens of humanity. When a party of officers got up a ball, not very many nights ago, all the rare exotics and hot-house plants, freshening the supper table, were gratuitously supplied by the superintendent of these Gardens; and you have only to express a love for scenery, and half of your acquaintance are ready to show you over the country, that you may see and admire.

Apropos of this, there are many fine trees growing here, derived from Australia, which I should think would suit your garden and lawn. For instance, the blackwood is a tall, pyramidal tree, not unlike a beech in its compact foliage, but infinitely more graceful and feathery in its branchings. It spreads out like a yew tree, and grows to a great size in twelve years. Many gentlemen plant a couple in front of their stoeps, as it always is in leaf, and a great deal handsomer than the poplars, which the Dutch residents brought with them from Holland, and still stick to conservatively. The blue-gums also seem thoroughly acclimatized to the Cape, and on the road to Rondebosch they rear their lofty heads in nearly every hedge and garden. You would be greatly charmed with the silver tree, of whose leaves I will send you a whole hatful next mail, that you may exer-

cise your ingenuity in working up their silky, velvety, leathery tongues of silver into Christmas ornaments, wreaths, and book-markers. I wish you could see the variety of wild flowers, and the excessive size and beauty of the waxy-leaved camellias growing in the open air: Fuschias, geraniums, and verbenas are as common as weeds; and the number and exquisite delicacy of the lilies and bulbs are only to be equalled by the fantastic modelling and colouring of the native heaths. Even the very commons are gay with the oxalis tribe. But a truce to these rambling sentiments, ere I drive you into the desperation born of hopeless envy. \* \*

8th September.—Our shopping, you will be pleased to hear, is very complete. “Fletcher’s” is our Cape “Marshall & Snelgrove,” and they will supply you at their mammoth establishment in Keizersgracht with anything in haberdashery, from a button to brussels lace. Their shop, or series of shops, comprises the sale of everything essential to household expenditure, except bread, meat, and drink; and the mixture of articles is very “bizarre.” Then there are cheap Jacks, who almost take your breath away by the astounding manner in which they advertise their wares, previously purchased for a mere bagatelle at the public auctions, which are held every Saturday on the Parade grounds: and what is very curious, many of these articles are really very good of their kind. We see the effect in the wonderful variety of hue and material in which the native women array themselves. Shawls and prints gay enough to startle the primitive colours out of the field, give an animation and sparkle to the streets of Cape Town, that might be otherwise wanting in our so-called “snuff-and-butter” brethren of the south. The Malays, especially, are very fond of rich personal adornment, and affect a peculiar mode of dress, somewhat in the style of the mezzotinto engravings of our grandmothers, where the waist was placed under the arm-pits, and the roundness of the barrel-like figure was created out of innumerable highly-starched petticoats, or series of gowns. A Malay beauty trusts largely to the smoothness and glossy sheen of her well-greased hair. She smears it well with cocoanut butter, brushes it tightly from her forehead, *à la impératrice*, and twists the back hair into coils so tight, that she looks as if she could never shut her eyes again. She either minces upon neat satin “bottes,” or clatters upon “caparrans” (a species of wooden buskin), and it is marvellous how firmly they can keep their footing upon these comical pattens: her shoulders are draped *à la Marie Antoinette* by a



very vivid-patterned kerchief; and a big gold skewer through her ebony chignon completes her holiday bravery. The *tout ensemble* is very picturesque and highly odorous!

On the other hand, the Malay swells, especially on Fridays, which is their Sabbath, shave their heads scrupulously, and never go uncovered. They always keep their scalps warm with bright cotton kerchiefs, and wear over them a triangular pagoda style of hat, manufactured out of straw in the Colony. Vest, coat, and trowsers are of cloth or merino, and seldom of the same tint. I have seen them in green, blue, yellow, brown, and plum colours, and such little linen as they use is unexceptionably white and clean. The impression they make at first sight is very agreeable; their manners are quiet and gentlemanly, their voices soft and musical, and they are remarkably sober and industrious, with serious, sedate countenances. Our groom, Achmat, gets £3 a month and finds himself, and he manages, too, on that to support a wife and two little miniatures of himself; so that it is quite clear he must be thrifty in his housekeeping. \* \* \* \*

I hear a good many ladies rail against their servants, and here, as in England, mistresses get much trouble out of their "followers;" but, after all, they are a great deal better suited than they will admit. The native servants, at all events, don't drink; they are extremely civil, and are very much attached to their young charges; and if you don't object to their colonial dishes, I consider the cooking to be a great deal better than plain roast and boiled, of which I am heartily tired. Their chief fault seems to be forgetfulness of orders; and they are very fond of holidays. Scarcely a month have we had Achmat with us, and he has already asked permission to attend three funerals of relatives and a couple of weddings; and if we were to refuse, he would simply take French leave, and his successor would follow in his footsteps. Considering the fact that these Malays were once all slaves, it is not to be wondered at that they now enjoy their freedom, and have resolved to banish from their faces and thoughts all trace of anxious servility. You never see them weep. They are forbidden by the Koran to mourn their dead; and like the Epicureans of old, they esteem that man happiest who bothers himself least with his own concerns or those of his neighbours. \* \* \*

We have only been to two balls as yet, one given by the Artillery and one at Government-house. The latter was very crowded; and although the rooms are large and the Governor's aides-de-camp most attentive to strangers, still

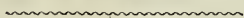
to find partners for 300 people, all wanting to dance at the same time, must have severely tried their courtesy, and made it very difficult for us to see much of the dresses or criticize the company fairly. One thing struck me at once, and that was, the absence of giggle and *gaucherie* amongst the daughters of the middle-class gentry there assembled. The naval "bucks," as usual, were here, there, and everywhere, and slightly boisterous in their hearty appreciation of fun and supper; but otherwise the behaviour of every one was everything to be desired. Certainly, the Cape girls are indefatigable waltzers; and they had the good sense to dress in nice, becoming, fresh tarlatans and gauzy gowns, instead of vieing with each other in expensive silks and satins. Many of the chaperons and married women were, of course, disposed on the benches running round the ball-room, but except in the fact of being more richly and carefully dressed, they seemed to me to be not a whit less fresh and lively than the frisky youngsters in the lancers or galop. The climate is so dry that ladies soon lose that peachiness and bloom of skin peculiar to colder countries, but they do not age so rapidly, and I think, on the whole, they have a very good time of it. The music was alternately played by a military brass and by a native string band, and I greatly preferred the latter.

The Governor, Sir G——, is very fond of seeing young people enjoy themselves, and appears to thoroughly appreciate his popularity with the fair sex. He mixes freely in the crowd, and has a kind word for every one; and it is easy to see how completely he identifies himself with the mixed races over whom he has been called to rule. Everybody speaks well of him, and you never hear an ill-natured remark levelled against the Viceroy's Court and its doings.

I must now break off, and trust by next mail that I will have a long budget of home news from you, upon which to comment and grow sentimental.

Yours truly,

S. G. B.



## A LIFE'S LABOURS IN AFRICA.

## IN TWO PARTS.

## II.

THE good influence exerted by Robert Moffat and his coadjutors at Kuruman was not confined to the people immediately around them. Native newsmongers communicated to the more interior tribes something of the character of the Christian teachers. Their kindness and purity of heart, their wonderful skill, their unflinching courage and noble bearing were extolled, according to native phraseology, in what may have been extravagant terms, conveying to the savage mind the idea that they were something more than ordinary men. Intelligence of this sort reached the Matabele King, Umsilegas, or Moselekatze, as he has been generally named, then occupying the country now known as the Transvaal Republic—a very Napoleon among the aborigines, who numbered his warriors by thousands, and was cruelly despotic, owning no law but his own capricious will. He was curious to know something more of the white men, whose fame had reached him, and towards the close of 1829, dispatched two of his trusted councillors, “Intunas,” to visit Kuruman and make themselves acquainted with the manners and instructions of the teachers. They were kindly received by the Missionaries, who showed them marked attention, exhibiting to them everything that was calculated to interest them, and especially endeavoured to explain and impress upon them the simple truths of the Gospel. These men were savages, pure and simple, but a natural politeness and dignity in their deportment showed that they were persons of influence and authority amongst their own people, although they maintained entire silence on the subject. When the time for their departure arrived, rumours were current that some of the Bechuana tribes through which they had to pass on their way homeward were meditating their destruction. This caused great uneasiness to the minds of the Missionaries, who taking into consideration the reported warlike character and overwhelming force of the Matabele, trembled at the possible consequences of the ambassadors of such a power being butchered on the road.

After much deliberation, Moffat resolved to convoy them through the several tribes from whom danger was apprehended. The task was one attended with considerable

risk—there were perils from wild beasts and wild men to be encountered on the many hundred miles of desert country to be traversed. But the Providence which directed Moffat's steps on this remarkable journey preserved him from the one, and, with the influence of his own good name, secured for him from the other kindness and welcome. Having accompanied his charge to near the borders of their own territory, from whence they could proceed without danger, he desired to leave them and return to his work at Kuruman. The strangers, however, pleaded with him that as he had shown them so much friendship, he must go and experience that of their king, who, they declared, would kill them if they suffered their guardian to return without having seen him. "Yonder," said one of them, pointing to the blue mountains on the distant horizon, "dwells the great Moselekatze, and how shall we approach his presence if you are not with us? If you love us still, save us, for when we shall have told our news he will ask why our conduct gave you pain to cause your return; and before the sun descends on the day we see his face we shall be ordered out for execution because you are not. Look at me and my companion, and tell us, if you can, that you will not go. For we had better die here than in the sight of our people." This appeal overruled all Moffat's objections, and he resolved to accompany them to their king. The country they were travelling through far surpassed that which they had left. Wooded mountains and richly verdant valleys, having delicious rills of running water, charmed the eye, reminding the Missionary of his own native hills and dales. But the ruins of villages—dilapidated walls, heaps of stones and rubbish, mingled with human skulls—told a ghastly tale. These were evidences that at a time not long passed away, thousands of people—the Bakones and Baretze—had occupied these luxuriant glens, which the extirpating invasions of the Matabele had left inhabited only by game and beasts of prey.

When they reached one of the cattle outposts of Moselekatze's dominions, the deference paid to the "Intunas" whom Moffat accompanied showed that they were men of distinction, and at every village they passed as they approached the great Chief's residence they were received by increasing demonstrations of pleasure. Messengers had gone before them to announce their approach to the king, and no sooner had they arrived than he was prepared to receive them. The place of reception was a large cattle-fold, capable of holding ten thousand head of cattle. It was lined by a



thousand warriors, wearing kilts of ape skins, their legs and arms adorned with the hair and tails of oxen, and their heads with feathers; behind their shields, which reached to their chins, they stood motionless as statues—their glistening eyes and white teeth only animate. After some minutes of profound silence they commenced a war song, and from behind the lines out marched Moselekatze, followed by a number of men bearing baskets and bowls of food, which were placed at the Missionary's feet. The barbarian monarch, whose prostrate vassals addressed him as the "Great Elephant," "Lion's Paw," "God of Cattle and Men," and other extravagant titles, was a dark, tonsure-headed, broad-faced, rather corpulent man of goodly stature, who could be capriciously cheerful and good-natured and cruel and despotic by turns. He shook hands with Moffat, invited him to partake of entertainment, and to rest wherever he pleased. He seemed anxious to exhibit himself and his nation to the best advantage, and assembled warriors from his various villages to the number of ten thousand to display his martial glory in a war dance and sham fight. He was rather surprised that such an exhibition did not astonish and delight the Missionary, and wondered still more when he was told by him that it was sinful to carry on unprovoked war and kill men as he was doing; that there was an invisible God who frowned on the perpetrators of such cruelties and destroyed their power, and that unless he restrained himself and his people from causing bloodshed, his might would be broken and the bones of his warriors mingle with those they had themselves scattered over the desolate plains around his dominions. Bold words these to have uttered in the face of a sovereign whose first court requirement was that the sound of his own praise, his glory, and power should never be out of his ears—whose word was law, and whose uplifted finger made his greatest nobles tremble in his presence. But Moffat was one who never feared the face of any man, and he did not flinch from upholding the standard of Christianity even in the very stronghold of Paganism.

During the ten days over which his stay with Moselekatze extended, he obtained a great deal of information respecting the Matabele, their manners and their customs; and heathenism never appeared to him more repulsive than in the ferocious, horrid, and cruel practices which he heard of and sometimes witnessed among them. He endeavoured to convey to the mind of their monarch some ideas of the blessings of peace, the fruitful effects of industry,

and the comforting hope of Christianity ; and these lessons were at times received with apparently great interest and attention, although generally the movements of his warriors or droves of sleek cattle possessed charms to him infinitely more attractive than the "news" of the Missionary. On the whole, however, Moselekatze took kindly to Moffat, and, barbarian though he was, showed that he was capable of feeling and manifesting gratitude, which is said to be a rare virtue among his race. Placing his hand on the Missionary's shoulder one day, he addressed him by the title of "Father," saying: "You have made my heart white as milk. I cease not to wonder at the love of a stranger. You never saw me before, but you love me more than my own people. You fed me when I was hungry, you clothed me when I was naked, you carried me in your bosom, and your arm shielded me from my enemies." On Moffat's replying that he was unconscious of having done him any such service, the king at once pointed to the two ambassadors who were standing by, saying: "These are great men. Umbate is my right hand. When I sent them from my presence to see the land of the white man I sent my ears, my eyes, my mouth. What they heard I heard, what they saw I saw, and what they said it was Moselekatze who said it. You fed them and clothed them, and when they were to be slain you were their shield. You did it unto me. You did it unto Moselekatze, the son of Machobane!" To his untutored, savage mind the generous conduct of the Missionary came as a new revelation. Himself an Ishmael of the Ishmaelites, constantly at war with the neighbouring tribes, he was unacquainted with acts of mercy or deeds of kindness. And now there dawned upon his darkened soul a sense of self-sacrificing and disinterested action such as he had never experienced before. Admiration, and something of a friendly affection for his visitor was implanted in his savage heart,—an admiration and affection which, as we shall see, lasted for a lifetime, and proved of incalculable advantage to the interests of Christianity and civilization in the intercourse which took place between them afterwards.

At this time, the main part of what is now known as South Central Africa was a *terra incognita*. Beyond the twenty-sixth degree of south latitude no white man had penetrated. Early in the century two English gentlemen, Dr. Cowan and Capt. Donovan, had passed beyond Kuru-man with the object of reaching the Portuguese possessions on the East Coast ; but for years they had never been heard of, and it was supposed that they were murdered by

native tribes, although it has since been pretty well ascertained that they died of fever near the Limpopo River. Moffat's visit to Moselekatze, and the reports of some traders who had returned from the North, excited considerable interest in Cape Town, and the members of the Literary and Scientific Society, which existed in that day, started a project for equipping an exploratory expedition into the interior, with a view to obtain a knowledge of the geography, the inhabitants, and the products of the country. The enterprise was liberally supported by the colonial public, and in 1834 the exploring party started under command of Dr. Andrew Smith. On reaching Kuruman they found Moffat prostrate from fever, the effects of overwork at translation and printing in the hot season of the year. As soon as he recovered he readily consented to guide and accompany the expedition to Moselekatze's dominions. Dr. Smith, in his published report, gives an interesting account of the friendly reception and kind treatment which they then received from the Matabele king, and testifies: "Nothing could exceed the respect shown by him for Mr. Moffat, a circumstance which was exceedingly pleasing to me, inasmuch as I knew it was most abundantly merited." While Dr. Smith and his staff were roaming over the country, making acquaintance with its natural productions, the Missionary stayed with Moselekatze, endeavouring to win him over to the acceptance of Christian teachers, pleading for the poor and oppressed, and again and again urging upon him to relax some of the stern and cruel laws under which his subjects suffered. Before returning to Kuruman, he was gratified with obtaining the king's consent to a mission being commenced among his people. This was communicated to the brethren of the American Society, Messrs. Lindley, Wilson, and Venables, who were ready to enter upon this field of labour, and in 1836 they opened a station at Mosega. The history of that mission is one of suffering and disaster. Scarcely had they settled down and commenced their work, when nearly all the party contracted fever, and one of them, Dr. Wilson, lost his wife. At this time, too, the emigrant farmers trekking from the Colony during the exodus of 1836, had come in contact with some of the Matabele warriors, who were stationed by Moselekatze along the banks of the Vaal River to prevent any inroads upon his territory in that direction. Scenes of massacre ensued which chills one's blood as we read of them. Scattered parties of the farmers were butchered, and their flocks and herds, and sometimes even their children, were



carried off. Flesh and blood could not stand this. Friends and relatives mustered together, forming a commando of about 200 men, under the leadership of Gert Maritz, an old Graaff-Reinet burgher, and attacked the valley in which Mosega lay, killing, it is said, 400 of the Matabele, securing a large quantity of cattle, and leaving nothing but ashes behind them. The American Missionaries had to retire with the victors,—they had now no field for their labours, and they dreaded the vengeance which the exasperated despot might deal towards any of the white race. But Moselekatze was otherwise occupied. In addition to the attacks of the farmers, a large commando of the Natal Zulus of the Chief Dingaan came upon him from the East, and terrified at their approach he fled with his people to the country north of the Limpopo, in latitude 20° S.,—where, for the present, we leave him.

During Moffat's temporary absence from Kuruman, the interests of the mission at that place were assiduously attended to by Mr. Hamilton and Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, as well as by his own faithful helpmate, Mrs. Moffat. Large additions to the number of church adherents were made, and schools were well attended. The people made such advances in civilization that the Missionaries invited Mr. Hume, a trader in whom they had implicit confidence, to take up his abode there for the purpose of supplying the demands for British commodities. New churches were formed amongst the outlying villages of the Bechuanas, and native assistants who could read and teach were stationed there to instruct them,—valuable auxiliaries for preparing the people for further advances in knowledge. So far things were cheering and encouraging. But one great desideratum pressed on Moffat's mind,—that the natives had not the Bible in their own tongue. At the outset of his labours he had experienced considerable difficulty in acquiring the language of those amongst whom he was placed. There were no qualified interpreters to aid him; so he had patiently to learn a few words at a time until he could string some sentences together and make his wishes known. He had now, however, succeeded in mastering the language, and, still more, had even reduced it to writing, and with some difficulty he was able to translate portions of the Gospel of St. Luke and some other Scripture lessons and hymns, which he read to the people in their own tongue. But he saw that it was essential to the prosperity of the mission that the whole of the Scriptures should be translated into the Sechuana language,—which, under certain modifications, is the language



of the interior of Africa. He doubted his own powers, fancying that his early education had not been such as to qualify him for the duty, and appealed to the Society in England to send some one out specially to undertake it. But no help came, and the necessity for the work becoming more and more pressing, Moffat himself resolved to enter upon it. For many years he applied every spare moment he had to translating; the intervals between preaching, teaching, ploughing, working at the forge or at the printing press, were devoted to it, so that he became almost a stranger in his own family. At last he had the satisfaction of completing the New Testament and Psalms, of which 6,000 copies were printed by the Home Society on his visit to England in 1843. It was during his brief visit to the mother country at this time that he published his well-known volume of "Missionary Labours and Scenes in South Africa,"\* a work which, together with his public addresses in London and elsewhere, kindled an active sympathy in the minds of the people of England in favour of missionary operations abroad. On his return to his station at Kuruman, with Livingstone, Ross, Inglis, and Ashton to reinforce the mission, the work was prosecuted with renewed vigour and marked success. Urged by Livingstone and his other coadjutors, Moffat applied himself to the translation of the Old Testament. It was a labour of years; but he went on with it as he had leisure, daily and nightly, until he completed the last verse. What his emotions were at this time he has himself thus feelingly described: "I could hardly believe that I was in the world, so difficult was it for me to realize the fact that my work of so many years was completed. Whether it was from weakness or overstrained mental exertion, I cannot tell; but a feeling came over me as if I would die, and I felt perfectly resigned. To overcome this I went back again to my manuscript, still to be printed, read it over and re-examined it, till at length I got back again to my right mind. This was the most remarkable time of my life, a period which I shall never forget. My feelings found vent by my falling upon my knees and thanking God for His grace and goodness in giving me strength to accomplish my task." What Morrison did for the natives of China, and Carey and Marshman for the races of India, Robert Moffat has done for the tribes of South Central Africa—placed in their hands the word of God in their own language; and if his life's labours had only attained the

\* It has reached a circulation of 30,000.

accomplishment of this great task, it would entitle him to the lasting gratitude of Christendom.

While engaged in this work of translation, and when he had got through the Book of Kings, the health of Mr. Moffat suffered considerably. The directors of the Society at home were afraid he was killing himself, and urged him to re-visit England, or enjoy holidays at some of the seaports of the Colony. But he declined these invitations to ease and idleness, and decided to try the effects of change of air by looking up his old acquaintance, Moselekatze, who was known to occupy the country northwards of the Limpopo. Two travellers, Messrs. Chapman and Edwards, were proceeding in that direction in June, 1854, on a hunting and trading expedition, and he joined the last-named, who undertook to go to Moselekatze's town. It was a journey of some six hundred or seven hundred miles from Kuruman. There was no road or track to guide them, and they had to have recourse to their compass in threading their way through prairies of long grass and dense forests, over fallen trees, rocky ravines and hills, in a north-easterly direction. At length they met with some natives who were subject to the Matabele king, and whom they sent forward as messengers to the nearest village to announce that Moffat (or Moshitu, as they pronounced it) of the Kuruman was seeking Moselekatze. Although those who heard this message had never seen Moffat before, they were familiar with the name, and assured him that the king had long been inquiring after him, and would receive him with delight. A week afterwards they reached Matlokotloko, the residence of Moselekatze. They were not greeted with the martial display which took place on the occasion of the first visit which we have already described. The once vigorous and active king was somewhat aged, lame in the feet, and unable to move, from a dropsical affection caused by his immoderate beer-drinking. As Moffat approached him, he grasped his hand, gave him an impressive look, then drew his mantle over his eyes, and wept. Nearly twenty years had passed since the barbarian monarch had seen or heard of the Christian Missionary; and now, though he was before him and he heard his voice, he could not get quit of the impression that it was a vision. "Surely I am only dreaming that it is Moffat." During the interval of time that had passed, he said, he had often desired that he might once again see "the man of the pure heart;" and had made many endeavours to find out whether he was alive, and where he was, and he regarded his present visit as something

miraculous, for in his sickly condition he required help and healing. Under Moffat's medical care, and by the enforcement of strict regimen, he recovered; and was soon able to walk about. His people still seemed to adore him, and sing his praises as a demi-god. His power was fully as great as ever it had formerly been—for on settling in this part of the country he effectually subjugated all the neighbouring tribes, and his dominions extended northwards to the banks of the Zambezi. Moffat found that the advice which he had given Moselekatze during his previous intercourse with him had not been altogether lost, for the officers who attended him as well as those of lower grades assured him that the rigour of the government had from that time been greatly modified, and this accounted for the universal pleasure which the Missionary's visit seemed to produce.\* But great as the king's esteem for him appeared to be, he had much difficulty in obtaining his permission to preach to the people. While he professed his admiration for the Word of God, he cunningly insinuated that though it was good for the great and wise, it would do no good to the Matabele, who were great rogues. After much importunity, however, the king relented, gave his consent to the assembling of his people to hear the words of the teacher, and even himself attended. The 24th of September, 1854, was a red-letter day in Moffat's life. He had at last obtained that which he had long prayed for, the opportunity of addressing the Matabele,—who had never heard a word of Christian instruction in their lives,—on such subjects as Creation, Providence and Redemption, Death and Immortality. And during the continuance of his visit, this privilege was unreservedly accorded him.

Before Moffat had left Kuruman, his son-in-law, Dr. David Livingstone,—who while pursuing the missionary work at Kolobeng, in consequence of the attacks of some of the Transvaal farmers on that station had been compelled to set his face northward to look for a new field for his people,—was now engaged in his memorable journey across the continent of Africa. If he returned safely from Loando,

\* While Livingstone was on the banks of the Zambezi, he learned from the natives there that the English had come to Moselekatze, and told him it was wrong to kill men; and that he had replied he was born to kill people, but would drop the habit; and since the English came he had sent out his men, not to kill as of yore, but to collect tribute of cloth and ivory. This report referred to Moffat's mission. The statement is interesting, as showing that though imperfectly expressed, the purport of the Missionary's teaching had travelled over the country.—*Vide Livingstone's "Zambezi and its Tributaries."*



it was desirable that supplies should reach him at Linyanti, the chief place of the Makololo tribe, northwards of the Matabele. Moffat had laid his plans to endeavour to get Moselekatze to aid him in this undertaking, although it was a difficult matter, as the Matabele and Makololo were hostile to each other. At first he proposed to undertake the journey himself, with the hope of meeting Livingstone if he had returned from the West Coast. To this, however, Moselekatze raised many objections, as the road lay through the fatal tsetse and fever swamps; but finally he agreed to give a sufficient number of men to carry the goods and papers for Livingstone as far as Linyanti. A selection of the men best acquainted with the country was made, who were repeatedly instructed what to do, and placing the bags, boxes, &c., on their heads and shoulders, with their shields and spears in their hands, they marched off on their journey, through perhaps as wild and desolate a region as can well be found, to go through forests, over mountains and morasses, to the country of those who were their enemies. They performed their duty very faithfully, leaving the goods on an island near the Zambezi Falls, where the Makololo took charge of them, and where Livingstone found them nearly a year afterwards. Towards the end of October, Moffat took his leave of Moselekatze. The king pressed him to prolong his stay, pleading that he had not seen enough of him, that he had not yet shown him sufficient kindness. "Kindness," Moffat replied; "you have overwhelmed me with kindness, and I shall now return with a heart overflowing with thanks." Leaving him a supply of suitable medicines to keep his system in tolerable order, and admonishing him to give up beer-drinking and to receive any Christian teacher who might come as he had received him, the Missionary took his departure. By this journey his health was much improved, his intercourse and friendship with the people of the interior were cemented and extended, and he looked forward with hopeful assurance to the early extension of Christianity to those distant regions. —

Dr. Livingstone's visit to England in 1856, after his unparalleled walk from Loando to Quillemane,—from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Indian Ocean—gave a fresh impetus to the Mission cause at home. The elevation of the natives of Africa was the great object he aimed at enforcing upon the public mind: to him, "the end of the geographical feat was the beginning of the missionary enterprise." Even the ancient Universities of the mother country were moved to unusual enthusiasm by his appeal, and sent forth their representatives to battle with the heathenism of



Central Africa; while the London Missionary Society redoubled their generous exertions, and resolved to extend their labours by establishing Missions among the Matabele and the Makololo. Moffat in his home at Kuruman received the news with great gladness. It reached him just as he had finished the translation and printing of the Bible; and although now advanced in years, and beginning to feel the eventime of life approaching, he at once, with all the ardour of youth, set out again for the country of the Matabele, in order to obtain Moselekatze's consent to the settlement of the Missionaries among his people. His journal, published in the *Missionary Chronicle* for 1858, is as interesting as any published narrative of travel; but our closing space forbids any details of it. He was cordially received by Moselekatze, who agreed to all he proposed, but insisted that he should come with the Christian teachers and remain for some time with them. On returning from this journey, he visited Cape Town, where he met Livingstone (whom he had not seen for six years), then on his way to the Zambezi, to prosecute his geographical search, and to choose a site for the ill-fated University Mission in the Shire Valley; and a few months afterwards, in 1859, he had the pleasure of welcoming his own son, John Moffat, who, with Messrs. Price, Thomas, Sykes, and Mackenzie, had arrived from England to labour among the Makololo and Matabele. Here also he received the hearty co-operation of Sir George Grey, then Her Majesty's High Commissioner, who warmly encouraged the proposed plans for extending Christianity and commerce to the interior tribes, and who arranged with him for establishing a postal communication with the Zambezi, *viâ* Kuruman. Having completed all the preparations which human foresight and control could devise for the success of the enterprise, Moffat started off with the Mission party for their destination. At Kuruman they divided—one branch under the direction of Mr. Helmore, an old veteran who had been stationed many years at Lequatlong, advancing north to the Makololo,—whose melancholy fate will be remembered as one of the most sad and touching stories of missionary disaster. The other branch proceeded to the Matabele, accompanied by Moffat, under whose auspices and presence they received a kindly welcome from Moselekatze, who seemed unabated in his attachment to him. Here his son, John Moffat, with others, has been labouring until a year ago, when he moved to Kuruman, to succeed his venerable father in the charge of

that station. This mission to the Matabele is now the furthest outpost of the London Missionary Society; it is in a prosperous state; and, although Moselekatze has been "gathered to his fathers," it has found favour with his successor, Nobengulu, and his people, who are, next to the Zulus of Natal, the most important nation of South Eastern Africa.

At the commencement of the present year, Moffat closed his life's labours on this continent. His own and his loving helpmate's failing health, and the affectionate solicitations of the directors of the Home Society, induced him to accept the invitation to return to England. It must have cost him no ordinary effort to leave the scene of so many years of unwearied toil, and the people who had learnt to respect and revere him. But he had the gratification of witnessing the realization of that faith and hope which had often cheered him in the early days of his missionary career, when amidst the paganism surrounding him he sang Williams' hymn:

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,  
Look, my soul, be still and gaze!  
All the promises do travail  
With a glorious day of grace.

The dark heathenism which enveloped the country on his first entering it has broken and lifted before the light of advancing Christianity. Kuruman, itself the creation of his own hands, is now, as it has always been, a bright "oasis" to every one visiting the far interior. Its gardens and vineyards yield supplies which oft recruit the fever-stricken traveller and trader; and its stores relieve many a missionary and people around, in times of scarcity and drought. Its church, its schools, its printing office, its workshops, its dwellings, testify to the complete transformation of the community from savage to civilized life. The regions beyond, which no individual dared traverse before, may now be passed through without fear of molestation. European manufactures to the amount in value of over one hundred thousand pounds annually are interchanged with the natives, who previously knew not what Commerce was. And among the various tribes of Bechuanas, Bakwains, and Bamangwatos, up to the Matabele, a goodly band of earnest courageous men and women are preaching and living Christianity,—setting an example of consistent moral conduct to the savages around them,—treating them with kindness and relieving their wants—teaching them agriculture and the simple arts,—imparting religious instruction, and inculcating peace and good-will.

## GÖTZ VON BERLICHINGEN AT AMORBACH

GÖTZ or GOTTFRIED VON BERLICHINGEN (Berlachingen, Berlingen, or Berling), surnamed "Iron-Handed," is most generally known by means of Göthe's dramatization of portions of his life, particularly those connected with the War of Peasants.\* Hero of romance, as he mainly appears to us in Göthe's work, he is yet, of course, a strictly historical character; and of this we even have evidence here at the Cape. In fact, we possess a document which fixes the precise day on which the leaders in the War of Peasants were at a certain place in Franconia. This evidence is furnished by an inscription at the end of an old manuscript in the Grey Library. The manuscript to which the inscription is attached is in itself a very curious volume. Written in the fourteenth century, it contains lessons from the Gospels, and is highly illuminated with very quaint miniatures, and initials in gold and colours. The present binding of the volume is evidently original, and the word *Amorbach*, which appears four times on the stamped cover, indicates that the volume formerly belonged to the Convent of Amorbach, in the Odenwald, situated between Erbach, Waldthurn (or Waldürn), and Miltenberg. This Convent, of course, no longer exists, and Amorbach is now the residence of the Prince of Leiningen, a near relative of Queen Victoria's.

That the Convent of *Amorbach* (or *Ammerbach*) was visited by the leaders of the insurgents during the Peasant's War is clearly shown by several passages in Götz von Berlichingen's autobiography. For example, on page 206 of the Nürnberg edition of 1775, Götz mentions that the Abbot of the Convent of *Ammerbach* gave to each of the captains of the peasants one or two cups (supposed to be silver gilt), and wished Götz also to take two. The latter, however, maintains that he left his on the table; and that when he afterwards bought some of these cups from the peasants with money lent him by Leonhard von Thün, he found that they were merely brass gilt. And, with regard to a complaint by the Abbot of Ammerbach that he lost at this time a quantity of plate, Götz says he learned from good authority that at the Abbot's death the plate was found beneath the bed on which he died.

\* Göthe's drama has been translated by Sir Walter Scott (Poetical Works, 12.)



Whether or not this statement was well founded, we are not in a position to say. But an additional accusation is brought forward against Götz in the inscription contained in the Lectionary in the Grey Library, and the charge therein made fixes, at the same time, the precise date of his presence at *Amorbach*. A parchment leaf attached to the end cover of this volume bears, in a hand of the first part of the sixteenth century, the following inscription:

*“Anno do. 1.5.25. facta est desolacio huius libri auro argento, gemmisque tecti in uigilia Philippi & Jacobi a quodam nobilitaris (sic!) titulo insignito Götz de Berlingen nomine, & alio rusticane fecis antesignano Georgio a Ballenbergk lanio arte, factis uero & actibus homine perfido, latrone, & proprii honoris prodigo, cleri, nobilitatis, ac proprii domini contra evangelicas tocus quoque naturalis legis sanctiones, persecutore infestissimo, ecclesiarum insuper & religiosorum locorum devastatore & exterminatore atrocissimo.”*

“In the year 1525, on the eve of Philip and James, there took place the spoliation of this book, which was covered with gold, silver, and jewels, by some one who was made conspicuous by the title of nobility, Götz of Berlichingen by name, and another leader of the rustic mob, George of Ballenbergk, a butcher by his trade, but in his deeds and actions a perfidious fellow, a robber, careless of his own honour, a most inimical persecutor of the clergy, nobility, and of his own lord, contrary to the ordinances of the gospel and those of every natural law; also a most atrocious spoiler and destroyer of churches and all religious places.”

This fixes the 30th April, 1525, as the day on which the leaders of the insurgents in the War of Peasants were at *Amorbach*. That the inscription is genuine, is to us beyond doubt. It is copied also in a hand of the eighteenth century on the first page of the Lectionary, which was originally blank.

The brass ornaments which are now on the cover, are so evidently out of keeping with the general style of the book, with the golden letters, fine illuminations, and gilt edges, that this alone renders it probable that they are mere substitutes for former more precious ornaments. Yet the style of these brass clamps, &c., is not a modern one, and it is probable that they date from the period immediately following the spoliation.

It is probable, however, from the very tenor of the denunciation, that Götz had nothing to do with this spoliation, but that it was the work of *George of Ballenbergk*; the *Metzler*



(i.e., butcher) of Göthe's drama. Götz von Berlichingen, as the nominal captain-in-chief of the insurgent peasants, was of course, to some extent, held responsible for all their misdeeds. We know that Götz was four weeks with the insurgent peasantry, and he must have been at Amorbach almost immediately after he had accepted the captaincy; for, having met the peasants' army first at *Gundelsheim*, he was on the following day, at *Buchen*, forced to put himself at their head. Thence they proceeded through *Amorbach*, *Miltenberg*, &c., on their way to Würzburg.

W. H. I. BLEEK.

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## LITERARY REVIEW.

OUR space this month is so limited that our remarks must be restricted to one or two passing notes. And first of these is the announcement of the lamented death of Charles Dickens. We shall not now attempt to form an estimate of his genius, or of the loss the world has sustained by his decease, or of the rich treasures in the shape of pure genial humour and artistic portraiture of human life and character in their quaintest, oddest, and most charming forms, which he has left behind him as a bequeathment to generations yet unborn. To one special and distinguished eulogy in particular his fame may well lay claim, and that, too, in striking contrast with most of the satirists and humorists of former times,—that throughout all his books, from first to last, there is not a line to indicate a profane scoff or jeer at aught that is sacred, and not even a trace or taint of impurity or coarseness in the remotest degree.

MARK LEMON, too, is dead. By his name he has been comparatively but little known. But as the Editor of *Punch* for more than forty years, he has been the medium for diffusing mirth and merriment, broad humour and fine-edged satire, wherever the English language is known. As impersonated in *Punch*, he had all the sarcastic power of a Rabellais and all the rich humour of a Falstaff, without a particle or taint of the coarseness or grossness of either. The portrait of him which appears in the *Illustrated London News* of June 4 shows how admirably he was adapted in facial and corporal form to represent the character of Falstaff, which he did with such illustrious success in London last year. But to those who had the privilege of acquaintance with him in his privacy of retirement at Crawley, in Sussex, the man stood out in rich human geniality of feeling as something quite distinct from the mere satiric hunchback of Fleet-street. One of his most intimate friends, and now his successor, Mr. Shirley Brooks, has given the following graphic and most interesting picture of Mr. Lemon in his capacity as *Punch* :

"Few Saturdays passed without my visiting him in the Editor's room in London. Here was Mark Lemon to be seen at his best, with one exception. His very best was at the head of his own table, with a large and loving family party around him, and perhaps two or three who were not of his house, but who were soon made to feel as if they were. In the Editor's room he was a man of business; but if business were ever combined with pleasure, it was in the hands of Mark Lemon when he was in health and spirits. He did everything in the cheerfullest way,—approved the article, amended the paragraph, and paused over and passed or condemned the epigram, transposed the initial pictures, tossed a laughing remonstrance at a peccant contributor, or a tremendous compliment at one who had done his duty, suggested the cigar as substitute for a visitor's talk when the printer wanted instruction, stopped everything to tell a good story, and got deep into work again before the laugh was over; and when the immediate business of the number was done, shut up books and drawers in the most thunderous manner, and with the sternest glance (his acting was admirable), and then, affecting to unbend from regal state, blandly commanded 'some slight refreshment.' It all reads flatly enough, I dare say, but he was

The merriest man  
Within the limits of becoming mirth  
My conversation ever coped withal.

When fairly unbent—when he was delaying no man's business by indulging in his own pleasure (a matter in which he was singularly scrupulous, taking thought even for the humblest persons engaged in bringing out work)—when he had 'fired' an approved cigar, taken his first refreshing taste of the iced liquor, and expressed with a laughing eye his opinion that the world was a vale of tears, and that the majority of persons in it were detestable (the exact reverse of his real faith), Mark Lemon began to be himself. Then the flood of story, the recollection of old folk, the imitations of actors, the well-remembered quotation, and the yet more welcome bit of original humour came freely forth."

To all this we only add a single reminiscence illustrative of the honest, outspoken, and even religious character, of the editor of *Punch*. Some twenty years ago *Punch* had been writing, squibbing, and caricaturing severely against the extreme of sabbatarianism. A very worthy Presbyterian clergyman of our acquaintance in the North of Scotland felt deeply pained at these attacks, and in the faithful innocence of his soul wrote an earnest epistolary appeal to the Editor of *Punch*, bewailing the wickedness to which the said editor was lending himself. Mr. Lemon received the letter and replied to it, and did so in a spirit which reflected equal credit upon himself and his correspondent. Instead of indulging in a cynical scoff or sneer, he thoroughly appreciated the frank honesty and sincerity of his unknown correspondent, and with all the outspokenness of one conscientious gentleman writing to another, he explained the real reason of Mr. *Punch's* attacks on the extreme sabbatarianism which our North Scottish friend had deemed so peculiarly sacred.

*Lothair* has been received at the Public Library by the last mail steamer. A perusal of it certainly does not justify the high anticipations we had formed of it from the eulogistic reviews of it which appeared in the leading organs of the English Press. That it abounds in brilliant epigram, and frequently displays powers of subtle thought, is, of course,

inevitable in any work, whether speech, or pamphlet, or novel, proceeding from the subtle brain of Mr. Disraeli; but as a work of fiction it fails in the very first requisite—true creative, vivifying power. The characters as they appear from page to page and volume to volume, are either lay figures or mere sketches and caricatures of well-known public men. There is an artificiality and stiffness about them which detracts painfully from the interest of the story—which, again, of itself is forced and unnatural to an extreme degree. *Lothair* will certainly not add greatly to the literary laurels of the author; and, indeed were it not for the adventitious fact that Mr. Disraeli is an ex-Premier of England, the work would not have excited a tithe of the attention which has been bestowed upon it. That attention, however, has not all been on the eulogistic side. The review of *Lothair* in *Blackwood* is one of the most extraordinary productions issued from the press for many a day. To say that it condemns *Lothair* and vilifies its author is to say nothing. The article is without exception the most abusive, truculent, unjust, and, we might almost add, indecent that has appeared within recent times. That a literary critic like *Blackwood* should condemn *Lothair* for its literary faults and failings would be reasonable enough; but the tone and tenor of this article throughout betray a fierce maliciousness of personal feeling against the author which is simply disgraceful and atrocious. The only thing which can for a moment be compared with it is the furious invective of O'Connell many years ago. Mr. Disraeli had upon a certain occasion let off against O'Connell some of his epigrams in prose. At the next "Repeal" meeting in Dublin the Agitator thus retaliated:

"You must have heard that a Jew fellow of the name of Disraeli has been calumniating me. The fellow came to me once to get him into Parliament, and because distrusting the scoundrel I declined to do so, the wretched political apostate now abuses me. But what better could be expected from a miscreant of his breed? You may not, perhaps, be aware of it, my friends, but it is nevertheless an ascertained historical fact that the name of the blasphemous thief on the cross was Disraeli!"

The special significance of the criticism we are now referring to arises from the fact that *Blackwood* is the recognized literary and political monthly organ of the Tory party. Eighteen months ago the *Quarterly* turned against him, and in the scathing sarcasms of the Marquis of Salisbury condemned Mr. Disraeli as the traitor of the great Conservative Surrender. *Blackwood* now follows suit, in apparent indication of a fixed resolve to depose him from the leadership of the Tory party. So much the worse for the party and the better for him. For many long years, while figuring as the leader of the Conservatives, he was in reality their slave; and of him, with far more truth than of Burke, it might be said that "he gave up to party what was meant for mankind." Should he at last in his old age be cast adrift—as Canning and Peel were by the same party cast adrift and reviled before—we may look for a new development in the career of Mr. Disraeli, which, to say the least of it, will be as startling and sensational as any that preceded it.

# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE GEOLOGY OF THE DIAMONDIFEROUS TRACTS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

BY DR. JOHN SHAW, COLESBERG.\*

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### NO. 1.—THE MIDDLE VAAL REGION.

IN the month of February, 1869, my friend W. B. Chalmers, Esq., Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate of Clanwilliam, published in the *Graham's Town Journal* statistics of the various diamonds (as far as I remember, 121) which had come under his notice when he was Civil Commissioner of Hope Town. About the same time I had the privilege of publishing, through the columns of the same paper, an account of the geological structure of the Vaal region along the line where diamonds were found. Both articles were called forth by Mr. James Gregory's† denial of the veritability of the discovery of diamonds on various grounds, mainly geological and mineralogical, after a journey of exploration in the region.

Since that time the finds of surface diamonds have increased; the stretch of country supposed to be diamondiferous has extended; and at the present moment systematic digging and washing for diamonds are being carried on with an enthusiasm which success alone can have created, by upwards of 1,000 white men in different parts of the Vaal region, but principally at Klipdrift, near Pniel.

When one sums up the whole history of the diamondiferous tracts, and goes back to the gloriously providential accident which brought the first diamond through varying

\* To those who may not happen to know Dr. Shaw personally, or his credentials to write with authority on such subjects as are treated of in this paper, we may state that he is Gold Medallist in Geology of the University of Glasgow, and a late Member of Council of the Natural History Society of Glasgow, &c., &c.—Ed. "C. M. M."

† A dealer in elementary mineralogical specimens in London.



fortunes, nearly four years ago, into the hands of Dr. Atherstone of Graham's Town (a gentleman so worthily associated with the natural history of South Africa), we cannot but with pride state that our Colony has the full honour of the grand discovery, and that she owes nothing to the enterprise and knowledge of the various emissaries who have come to the country as investigators and prospective appropriators. We hope, therefore, that our Government will see that the colonists of South Africa may have their individual rights conserved and recognized as far as possible; that they may enjoy the full benefit of a discovery, which seems to have turned up at the necessitous moment to resuscitate our failing prosperity,—a discovery with which the colonists themselves have been identified from the very beginning.

In the month of December, 1869, I published in the *S. A. Magazine* a "Note" on the geology of the Vaal, as far as I had then investigated its banks. I am now in a position to give a more complete account from further observations made during my vacation in the month of July last. I find I have nothing to modify in that notice; for up the whole course of the Vaal to Hebron, where the half-caste squatter Barend Bloem's tribe is located, there is the same general development of trappean, metamorphic, and conglomerate rocks. I shall have occasion to show that the surface soil is different in various parts; but in regard to the geological structure, there is evidence, wherever diamonds have been found, of the character which I have now stated.

In the "Note" I said that I had found *granite* in the form of nodules in a trap conglomerated water-worn boulder in the bed of the Vaal. Nowhere could I then discover any granite formation. Nor, indeed, was I able to trace the boulder in question to its source. I have, however, succeeded at last in finding a trap conglomerate (almost a breccia) on the Pniel side of the Klipdrift Diggings; and this rock has mainly imbedded in it granite fragments, some, too, of considerable size, none of which are, however, very apparently water-worn.

I detected no pure granite formation; but syenite is, however, developed extensively, and seems to be the base of the whole system of rocks at Klipdrift. A very singular rock appears in the shape of isolated boulders on the summits of kopjes, and especially of the celebrated Old Kopje. This I take to be *graphic granite* (*binary granite*), or what Dana would call *granilite* (consisting solely of quartz and large crystals of felspar).

Above the syenite is the *trap conglomerate* in some places;

in others are *amygdaloids*; and, protruding through these again, basalt, assuming everywhere the hexagonal structure, and arising up in some places into insulated and compacted columns. The basalt forms the features of the landscape, and as far as eye can see you have an uninteresting and unpicturesque repetition of trappean kopjes.

In some of the kopjes there are the remains of stratified rocks,—clay-slates, sandstone, chalk (or something very like it), which are evidently the last vestiges of a vast series of sedimentary strata, which formerly covered the whole present contour; but have gradually given way to denudation and cataclysm, leaving the monumental basalt, which was infused into them and moulded there.

Such is the character of the present rock system at Klipdrift, and with a few additions (mainly supercumbent) of the whole rock series of the Vaal.

On the summits of the kopjes, and, as a matter of course, in the crevices between the basaltic boulders, is an alluvial gravel. In this are found the diamonds, and on the surface some have been found,—indicators, as in the Old Kopje of Klipdrift, of the wealth beneath. The pebbles of *sandstone*, *quartzite*, *crystalline sandstone*, *granite*, *clay-slate*, *agate*, *peridot*, *tourmaline*, *iron pyrites*, *garnet*, *garnet spinel*, &c., &c., which compose this alluvium, are all roundedly polished and water-worn, and are imbedded at Klipdrift in a brownish fatty earth.

The question is, whether this alluvium is lately or ultimately such? Did the majority of the pebbles exist in the form of a conglomerate, aggregated from the alluvium of a former age? Or have the kopjes at no very late period been the bed of the river?

It is my opinion that the water-worn gravel has been under the influences of, running water prior to the last great changes which formed the present landscape. The greater number of the water-worn pebbles and boulders are of the basalt of the kopjes. Many of them are a crystalline sandstone similar to that which I have already described\* as lying above the basaltic hummocks at Sitlacomie's village. Others are water-worn fragments of clay-slate, sandstone, &c., of the sedimentary rocks which still exist in the kopjes. The agates, tourmaline, peridot, and garnets are undoubtedly from some supercumbent conglomerate sandstone which has yielded to denudation, and no longer exists at Klipdrift, and also to a considerable extent from the amygdaloidal trap

\* "Note,"—December, 1869, of the *S. A. Magazine*.

everywhere prevalent. I have in my possession from the Vaal a single fragment of red sandstone containing garnets, but I have not succeeded in tracing this to its source.

It therefore will be sufficiently apparent that there must have existed at a remote geological period a series of metamorphic and sedimentary rocks, which lay above the present rock system of the region; and that, through successive disturbances and persistent denudation, these have been worn away, forming in great part the alluvial soil of the present surface. In some favoured spots remnants of this series still exist,—as in the clay-slaty, crystalline sandstone and conglomerate sandstone of Sitlacomie's village; in the thin layers of clay-slate, sandstone, micaceous sandstone of some of the kopjes now worked for diamonds; and generally in the fragments of sedimentary rocks scattered over the surface along the whole Vaal valley.

I am decidedly inclined to think that the diamonds have not been washed down from some higher region. I shall have occasion to show in another article that the Free State possesses an independent diamondiferous centre, and that there no river has existed at any time, for there is no evidence of water-wearing, and the soil is not alluvial. Diamonds have been discovered two hours' distance from Potchefstroom, and all down the Vaal to its junction with the Orange River, and thence to ten hours' distance below Hope Town. This is a stretch of at least five hundred miles. I believe that the diamonds have come from some rock which may have now vanished, but which existed formerly throughout the whole region. I shall, however, defer a full discussion of this question to my second paper.

In concluding at present, I have to make some observations on the position of the gravelly soil which is now being washed for diamonds. The old diggers (and, of course, their opinion is generally followed) are in favour of the summits of kopjes. They have tested this belief (or rather formed it) from their experience of the old kopje. How can it be explained that the soil is alluvial, and yet deposited far above the influences of the river? For two or three miles inland (I did not investigate beyond this), there is everywhere on the heights, moreover, the same deposit.

There are certain facts which enable me to point out the geological history of these kopjes. The summits are all basalt. This has been protruded through the amygdaloidal and conglomerate traps. At a subsequent period, however, there must have been another elevation, for the blocks and columns radiate from a centre, so that the crevices are

wedge-shaped, or expanding outwards to the surface. This subsequent upheaval was evidently not simultaneous throughout the whole region, but successive, and, therefore, the bed of the stream was changed from place to place. The present bed of the Vaal cannot be an old one; and the whole surface of the country, as far as the alluvial soil extends, was at different previous times under the wearing and breaking influences of the river.

Granting, then, a series of rocks such as we have described undergoing water-wearing by the ancient Vaal, which by intermittent and successive upheavals was compelled continually to change its course, and the presence of alluvial gravel on the summits of kopjes far and wide is easily explained.

In the hollows no gravel is apparent, because a thick covering of sand, the accumulations of present denudation, lies over the gravel. Diggers do not care to undertake the labour of carrying off this surface sand at present. In time this will be done, and I am convinced there will be found then more diamonds than on the kopjes. And when the day comes that the bed of the stream will be searched by deflecting the water in canals through the many flats which abound in the valley of the Vaal, a superior diamondiferous gravel will be worked. From all, indeed, I saw, and for the reasons I have now advanced, the present diamond mining of South Africa is only trifling in comparison to what it should and will ultimately be.

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## LIFE AT THE CAPE.

[BY A LADY.]

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### LETTER II.

Camp's Bay, 21st September, 1861.

\* \* \* \* It is too bad! Here has the mail come in, and not a line from you to tell how all the old folk at home are getting on in our absence! Considering that we are only a month's voyage apart, I think you might have been a little more considerate to the poor exile, and done your utmost to cheer her melancholy star. \* \* \* \* And yet, after all, I dare say, I am a great deal better off and



happier at this present moment than you probably imagine. I am staying here for a week with a most delightful family, to whom our friends in Yorkshire were good enough to give us letters of introduction, and from whom we have received such unaffected acts of spontaneous kindness as we never can repay.

Naturally, you will ask: Where is Camp's Bay? and what are you doing there? and what on earth can make the ——— family take such an interest in your amusement? To all of which I reply: "Wait a bit *mon ami*, and you will hear in good time!"

Camp's Bay, then, is a most lovely and sequestered little bay, within six miles' ride from Cape Town, and ought to be the future Brighton of the Cape. It lies at the back of Table Mountain, is almost deserted, and beyond the smoke ascending from a couple of farm-houses and the patches of corn near some shepherds' huts, bears scarcely any trace of man's presence. It was, nevertheless, once the favourite sea-side residence of Lord Charles Somerset, from whose admitted good taste and judgment, in planting trees and breeding horses, the Cape has derived incalculable benefit. Here the queer old Viceroy was wont to recruit his wasted energies, and obtain some freedom from that care and worry which are always incident to a public man's life; and here, too, he laid the foundation, it is said, of much of the ill-fame that is never altogether absent from the *roué* and the despot. Be this as it may, Camp's Bay House is now shorn of its former glories, and is almost hidden from riders on the Kloof Road by the thick plantation of stone-pines which shelters it from the rude blasts of the south-east winds. The ———'s still say that in November month the wind blows with such violence as to pluck their cabbages out of the ground, and toss their garden soil into clouds of fine dust; but though all stories of this kind should be taken *cum grano salis*, I am afraid the bay is very open indeed to the assaults of hurricane gusts, and to fierce tornados from the overhanging cliffs.

What brought us here was simply this;—Rosalie contracted an obstinate cold, and Dr. B. (a very kind, pleasant little man, as all good doctors ought to be) strongly advised us to get away from the Castle ditch, avoid medicine, and get her change, either to Camp's Bay or to the Somerset Strand, with plenty of sea-bathing and fresh milk, &c., &c., &c. When we mentioned our letters to the ———'s, he kindly offered to see them upon the subject, and next day we got a hearty invitation to bring the little maid with us, as soon as we liked, if we were not afraid of

roughing it. As Dr. B. would hear of no denial, James rode over, and was so charmed with the hearty manner of his reception, that we did not hesitate in forty-eight hours to plant ourselves on the hospitality of people, who only knew us by the good offices of others in no way related to them; and I have never once regretted the tremendous boldness of that step, so very significant of colonial ways and means. Behold us, then, fairly settled in our *impromptu* home, surrounded by good books, pictures, and abundance of music to add zest to the secluded life and charming solitude of this delightfully healthy spot! The house itself is a long range of barrack-like rooms, opening by French windows to the ground, and capable of accommodating with ease three or four families. The court is gay with flowers, and the verandahs are fragrant with honeysuckle and monthly roses; but the wind sadly deranges any attempt to get up a conservatory, the cherished ambition of our accomplished and amiable hostess. Every morning, since I got here, I have been up by five o'clock to see the weird-like effects of dawn breaking on the hills, and after the refreshment of a delicious cup of strong coffee, to take the youngsters down to bathe. How you would enjoy the long stretch of hard, smooth, white beach, where the waves come gently peeping over the edge, and then hoarsely retiring again among the rocks! Here the children join hands in the tiny, clear waves, and dance about most joyously; but I don't allow them to stay too long in the water, as it is intensely cold and *stinging with brine*, and they are all the colours of the rainbow when they emerge. But after five minutes' scampering on the beach, and half an hour spent in hunting for shells, crabs, and seaweed, or any of the hundred-and-one delights that abound here, as they do at Bournemouth or at Ilfracombe, the big bell summons us to breakfast, and we hurry up with *such* appetites, that I am sure we must be trenching sadly on the hospitality of our kind hosts; but they never seem to think we can take *half* enough to please them. Old Mr. ——— has been a great traveller in his day, and tells us wonderful stories of his experiences on the frontier and in the Free State, in days when life in the Colony was much less settled than it is now; and it is a great pity his family cannot induce him to put on paper some of the more exciting memoirs of his own youth. He is a fair specimen of what a good colonist should be—wiry, persevering, full of pluck, not daunted by trouble, and yet with a sly leaning to the resources of literature, where least you would expect it. As for his wife—fancy Aunt M——

with a dash of E——'s bashfulness, and you can easily imagine how well we get on together. \* \* \* \*  
 There is a fine fir wood behind the house, which ought to be a great blessing during the approaching hot months, and where we retire every morning after the gentlemen of the family have driven over to Cape Town on business—or else bask and simmer in the pleasant sunshine under the verandah; alternately working, reading, or chatting, but wasting most of my time, lying idly back in my chair,—*blinking at the flies*, and drinking in the quiet beauty of the scene. Such colouring!—such shifting shades of green and purple,—such very green waves and such very white sands; such very bold, big black rocks and boulders—breaking the skyline, and causing the spray to be dashed over them in lofty sheets of vapour,—that one's eyes become fairly dazzled with the excessive purity of the fresh air and sunshine! No need for careful toilet, no unnecessary anxiety as to boots or gloves! We have no neighbours within a mile of us, and if we had, they would not care a bit! This is a free country, and we can do what we like—so we *just please ourselves*, and enjoy the *dolce far niente*, reckless of Fashion, and only waiting on Health. Whenever a tiny wreath of smoke blots the blue horizon, we all run for telescopes; and for another hour watch its gradual growth and progress, as if our lives depended on it—till at last some long-looked-for steamer heaves into sight, and passes so close that we can distinctly make out people on the deck. We hoist a red flag—dip it, and hoist it up again, and of course our salute is courteously acknowledged in the same fashion. Small coasting vessels are frequently sighted by us, and a regular fleet of fishing boats are ever on the move in the offing. We hear, too, of porpoises and whales, but have seen none as yet. \* \* \*

23rd September.—Yesterday afternoon, being Sunday, we took a glorious stroll up the hills behind us, and so over to the “Round-House” Gardens—(which are famous for their almonds and fruit trees, and a great resort for Cape cockneys on high days and holidays). In the course of our walk we gathered heaps of wild flowers, as their numbers and luxuriance are simply irresistible. Out of great bunches of a heathery shrub, (which I am told is rather uncommon elsewhere, but which here abounds with its white and fragrant little *stars*,) aided by *waxy* evergreens, the bright blue wild lobelias, a lovely *mauve* flower that grows in masses, pipettes of *woolly scarlet* heath, a frond or two of scented geranium, and a handful of the long trailing sprays of a creeper called

"*Love lies bleeding*"—in a few minutes, we soon made up bouquets enough to brighten every room in the Castle! Don't you envy us our belongings? \* \* \* \* Then, just as the sun was about to dip, we sat us down to rest on the margin of the Upper Kloof Road, and then witnessed such a glorious sunset as I never shall forget. Barred with ragged streaks of cloud, the glowing sun kept revolving through them like a fiery globe at white heat, scorching them into flame, and leaving smirches of blood in the sky as it rolled on its downward path, dyeing the rosy heavens with the reflection from a sea of glory. Soon piles of little clouds flushed into gold, crimson, pale olive, and bronze, rapidly changing and fusing into purple and pink, and a most wonderful, delicate *greenish* hue, which I had always believed to be an impossible tint in cloudland, and only to be seen in dreams of heavenly bliss. Half fascinated with the scene, I was fairly astonished at the singular effect of such a sunset upon the surrounding mountains. They appeared to be *red hot and almost transparent*,—so thoroughly were the rocks and buttresses fused in the haze and *sunny* dust of reflected light. However, night came rushing upon us at such a tremendous pace, that we soon had to leave so much beauty, for fear we might lose both our supper and the path, if we did not hurry quickly home. These effects only last a few minutes; but then what enjoyment is there not crowded into these exquisite moments! The flashing and flushing of warm colour in the sky produce an extraordinary impression, and are quite as lovely in their way as the Aurora Borealis in your colder North. \* \* \* \* \*

25th September.—To give you an idea of the *open-air* life we are just now leading, I don't suppose any one in the house is ever without his or her hat on, except at bed-time and at meals. The children are up to their eyes in seaweed and shells, and getting burned as brown as berries. As for myself, I could not really work, if I were flogged for my laziness; and it is much better fun making friends with the four-footed pets of the house than cultivating the mysteries of crochet. These dogs are respectively called "X," "Y," and "Z," from some strange freak of fancy as to the shape of their legs, and are clever enough to use up the whole alphabet in tricks. "Y" is especially "spry" at getting into mischief, and made us laugh immensely to-day by coolly capsizing his young mistress when starting for a ride. Just as she was hustling the steady old cart-horse across the sands, with the whole posse of dogs running ahead to chase up the "*sand-hoppers*," poor "Y" suddenly squatted down



in her path, to think, and scratch his ears for refreshment—reckless of consequences. Of course, the old horse went head and heels over him, and sent his fair rider sprawling; and it was comical to see the old rogue come trotting home sulkily, his thick lips hanging, and every bit of curl frightened out of his tail. Equally as a matter of course, little Miss — picked herself up, backed her steed against a rock, and scrambled into her saddle again, as if nothing unusual had happened. And it is in this way, I presume, Cape girls acquire their confident seat on horseback, alternately falling and picking themselves up. Nothing can be more primitive, and it must be capital exercise. In fact, no better plan could be devised than putting a young girl on to a rough but quiet old screw, picked up for a few pounds at last Saturday's sale, and taking it for granted that the two will jolt themselves into harmony with each other. \* \* \* Mr. —'s Scotch groom was even more primitive in his stable management than the average English emigrant. On the previous Monday he applied for the place, vacant by his predecessor having taken it into his head that Camp's Bay was *too* retired; and in answer to all inquiries as to his special fitness for the post, Sandy could only give one answer: "*He could na just say he could do this or that, but he was willing; and he was a 'hondy mon!'*" So he was engaged on a month's trial, and told to go and saddle up the pony for Miss — at once. In about ten minutes he led the creature forth, with the pommel of the saddle *facing the tail*, and the clumsy watering bridle doing duty for curb and snaffle. The poor fellow looked much discomfited at the peals of laughter that greeted him from all sides; and scratching his head in a very contemplative manner, while the error was being rectified, sagely observed "Well, he *had* thought there was summut queer, but he could not be expected to know *everything*." However, I have no doubt Sandy will soon be clever enough, if he will only take his correction in good part, and abstain from being argumentative.

We had a further specimen of his knowledge of horses yesterday, when it was arranged that we should take the dog-cart and drive in to town, to see the Horticultural Exhibition. After breakfast, we had the horses brought to the door, but nothing could induce one of them (a stumpy grey cob) to budge an inch from it. There we sat like a couple of sacks, while everything suggested was being tried by turns. Sandy's bright idea it was to "span in" the old riding pony in front of the jibber, and haul him off his legs;

but as it would have been easier to harness him in his place altogether, that idea was abandoned. He then proposed to take off the brute's bridle, and *let him fancy* he was at liberty to run away up the hill, the steepness of the road being quite sufficient to stop him when out of breath; but as this would have involved an unnecessary dash of danger, that also was put aside. Eventually, the "hondy mon" tied a riem round the right fetlock, got a purchase round a fir tree, and aided by shouts, whipping, and Highland anathemas, succeeded in getting up the steam! How we did rock and roll about, to be sure!—the road being very narrow, the sides very steep, and no rails or wall to prevent one being toppled over by a sudden swerve! Fortunately, Mr. — was a good whip, and brought us back again all safe; but I think you would have laughed had you met us careering along on that lonely spot—the Kloof Road.

The flowers exhibited were very good of their kind, but I missed the roses we are elsewhere accustomed to. Azaleas, and camellias, and calceolarias attracted the most attention; and there were some beautiful stands of cut flowers—both hot-house and wild. The exhibition yard was thronged with well-dressed people, and altogether we spent a very pleasant day, criticizing the horses, the sheep, and the vegetables. Later in the year, I am told, there will be a capital show of fruit. \* \* \* \*

26th September.—We were roused up earlier than usual this morning by the merry sounds of music and loud voices before our bed-room windows. While we were sleeping early bands of Malays had arrived to spend the day in our neighbourhood and enjoy themselves in their own simple *al fresco* fashion under our very walls. There were at least fifty of them gathered together on the beach, hunting up dry bushes, collecting driftwood, and starting fires for coffee-making. The older men dispersed themselves about the rocks to catch soles and "klipfish," while the younger and more enthusiastic fry incontinently laid themselves out for dancing and a thorough day's enjoyment. How the fiddles did squeak, and the drums and big violoncellos keep thumping away and droning out the most inspiring strains! In and out, round and round, backward and forward, surged the crowd; footing it and capering, backing and filling, stamping time, and slapping hands and thighs as the music and the measure kept steadily increasing in pace and fury! Never were there seen more indefatigable dancers! The American Nigger "breakdowns" were fools to them; and I am sure they richly deserved the appetite and meals which the sea-

breeze and the bay were likely to procure them. Through the whole livelong day these people were dancing on the sands, and if ever musicians deserved their beer, these native fiddlers did! Mrs. ——— sent to ask whether they wanted anything; but beyond a little salt, and a few onions and a bucket or two of fresh clear water from the well, they were absolutely independent of us. In fact, we profited by their presence, as they sent us some excellent “soles” in exchange; and these “soles,” let me tell you, are most delicious eating.

After luncheon, yielding to the invitation of the boys of the house, and hoping to escape the noise and romping of our vivacious visitors, I accompanied them in the boat to an inlet of the sea a little further on. We took a big net with us, and when we arrived at the fishing grounds it was startling to look over the boat's side and gaze through the clear water upon the abundant animal and vegetable life surging and teeming in the sands and over the pebbles beneath us. The water was as smooth and as translucent as a looking-glass, and it was highly diverting to watch the net sink slowly and steadily down some twenty feet or so till it rested upon bright shells and gleaming sand, and to note the curious way in which the fish swarmed over and around it, evidently lost in astonishment at the strange black thing suddenly arrived in their domain; but presently one little bold “klipfish,” gleaming in bronze armour, came nibbling at the bait, and soon communicated its pleasant flavour to his anxious friends, for in less than five minutes hundreds of these colonial “whitebait” (who would be delicious but for their numerous spines) swarmed into the toils, and richly rewarded us for our trouble in bringing them to grief. Our landing was not quite so easily effected as our embarkation. By the time we returned the rising tide had submerged the greater part of the rock from which we had started, and the freshening breeze took a mean advantage of us, and caused two innocent-looking waves to break completely over us and our boat, and drench us most ignominiously. However, all is well that ends well; and the Malays came readily to our assistance, and speedily got the seine and its contents to shore.

And now our visit is drawing to a close. I cannot tell you how sorry I shall be at having to say good-bye to-morrow. Rosalie is looking ever so much better, and I am sure I can never repay the ——— family the deep debt of obligation under which they have placed us during our stay. Money can never measure the delight of receiving disinterested services

from thoroughly good people; and it is a delight to me that by singing and sketching I have been enabled to impart some slight degree of pleasure and entertainment to friends who are *so* charming in their manners and gifted with such great natural refinement. \* \* \* \* \*

## PIRATES IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC.

### A REMINISCENCE OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

THE days have happily passed away, and it is to be hoped for ever, when the passage between the tropics was unsafe for the navigator,—when, having escaped the hurricanes of the Indian seas, and weathered the stormy Cape of Good Hope, the richly-freighted merchantman had to dread the violence of the rover, waiting for his prey either within the belt of calms or cruising among the variables near the Equator. Civilization has had but little to do, I think, in staying the bloody barbarism of the pirate's life. The history of the past few years too painfully shows that crime, in all the refinement of cruelty, keeps pace with the advancing strides of modern civilization. The suppression of slavery on the West Coast of Africa has been the main instrument in driving from the sea those fiends in human shape, whose brutality seemed to be only inflamed by the submission of the defenceless. The slave trade has too frequently been the basis of piracy, and furnished in the annals of crime some of the vilest monsters that have ever lived. We hear now and then, even in these days, of acts of piracy committed in the China seas, or among the islands of the Malayan Archipelago; but such deeds of violence on the high seas, and on the very highway of commerce, as were enacted some forty years ago are now unheard of. In those days, nearly every skipper had to tell of hair-breadth 'scapes from suspicious-looking craft, and many a gallant vessel was recorded as a "missing ship," whose fate was afterwards learnt from the lips of the dying pirate. The pillaging of the *Morning Star* in 1828, and the barbarities committed on her crew and passengers, were the theme of all seafaring men, as well as of thousands of others whose occupation was not on the great waters; and when, two years later, the atrocious act of piracy and murder was committed on the *St. Helena Schooner*, it called forth increased activity in the dispatch of cruisers to all the suspicious parts of the African coast, both



east and west. It was my lot to be voyaging about the close of the year 1827; and though then a youngster, I can well remember with what interest I sat and listened to the tales of horror told by our Irish captain to the passengers around him, of whom we had a goodly number on board, and among them some for the Cape, a Mr. George Reynolds, Mr. Smith, &c.; and many an anxious wish was expressed by all that the good ship *Walsingham* had arrived at her destination. The announcement "sail in sight," which to voyagers now-a-days causes so much pleasant excitement, was received with very different feelings by us, when, with the break of day, a strange sail was observed on the lee bow standing towards us. The distance between us was soon run down, and the stranger proved to be a smart, rakish-looking brigantine, with a large number of men on deck and a long gun amidships. She was at once suspected as a pirate, but all doubt was removed when the sound of her gun came booming across the sea and she showed the colours of one of the South American Republics. It was a time of no little anxiety with us, but it demanded prompt action. Captain Bourke, our commander, soon resolved to trust to the sailing qualities of his old West India packet rather than "the tender mercies of the wicked which are cruel." A fresh breeze springing up ahead, the *Walsingham* was allowed to pay off, and the order to square away being heartily responded to by crew and passengers, the good ship was speedily bowling along before the wind under all the sail she could carry. On this point of sailing the *Walsingham* had the advantage, and every hour's chase only lengthened the distance between the schooner and its hoped-for prey. A second, then a third, gun told us of his good intentions, which were politely unheeded, and before the sun went down the *Walsingham* had escaped—escaped to lay her timbers, not long after, on the beach in Table Bay. A few days after this adventure, we stood in for Anno Bon, a small but unfrequented island near the Gulf of Guinea, to fill up our water-casks; and we learnt that the rover had been here before us, and had treated the inoffensive inhabitants with great cruelty.

On the morning of February 21, 1828, the English bark *Morning Star*, on her voyage from Ceylon to England, crossed the bloody track of the pirate ship *Defensor de Pedro* near Ascension. Only a few days previously, after plundering many vessels, Benito de Soto, her commander, and his fiendish crew had boarded an American brig. Having taken out of the brig all the valuables they could find, they

hatched down all hands in the hold, except a black man, who was allowed to remain on deck, to afford in his torture an amusing exhibition to the pirates. They set fire to the brig, then "lay to," to observe the progress of the flames; and as the miserable African bounded from rope to rope, now climbing to the mast-head, now clinging to the shrouds, now leaping to one part of the vessel and now to another, their enjoyment seemed to rise to the highest pitch. At length the hatches opened to the devouring element, the tortured victim of their fiendish cruelty fell exhausted into the flames, and the horrid and revolting scene closed amidst the shouts of the miscreants who had caused it. It was with the cry of the murdered Americans still ringing in his ears that Soto caught sight of the English ship pursuing, unconscious of danger, her homeward voyage. The *Morning Star*, besides a valuable cargo, had on board several passengers, consisting of a major and his wife, an assistant surgeon, two civilians, about five-and-twenty invalid soldiers and three or four of their wives. The record is now before me, and I shall quote from it as far as may be necessary to complete the narrative of this piracy—the particulars of which were taken from the lips of one who, sailing unwillingly under the pirate's flag, witnessed against Benito de Soto when the hour of retribution came. At first the *Morning Star* was supposed to be a French vessel; but Barbazan, who was himself a Frenchman and the mate of the *Defensor de Pedro*, assured his captain that she was British. "So much the better," he replied; "we shall find the more booty." He then gave chase of his plunder, from which he was about two leagues distant. The *Morning Star* had hoisted a press of canvas as soon as the chase began, but when the pirate had sheeted home her studding-sails she very quickly brought the bark within the range of her long pivot gun. Soto, who had sullenly watched the chase thus far, now ordered a blank gun to be fired and the English colours to be hoisted; but finding this had not the effect of bringing to the *Morning Star*, he cried out, "Shot the long gun and give it her point blank." The shot, however, fell short. The gun was then loaded with grape, and the pirate captain took the match into his own hand. Waiting till he was abreast of his victim, and then directing the aim himself, and ordering a man to stand by the flag to haul it down, he fired with an air that showed he was sure of his mark. The Columbian colours were then hoisted, and the *Morning Star* was hailed to lower her boat and for her captain to come on board with his papers. The grape shot had left its mark on

the unfortunate vessel, and one of her scamen lay wounded on her deck. The two vessels were now within fifty yards of each other, but the English captain had lost none of his courage, and he determined not to strike his colours nor heave his ship to. Resistance, however, was felt to be useless, even if any could be made. The *Morning Star* had not a single gun on board, and no small arms that could render resistance availing. The tears of the women and the prudent advice of the passengers overcoming the captain's resolution, he permitted himself to be guided by the general opinion. One of the passengers volunteered to go on board the pirate, and a boat was lowered for the purpose, while the hope was cherished by those on board the bark that by his exertions he might at least avert the worst of the dreaded calamity. No sooner, however, had the passenger reached the deck of the *Defensor de Pedro*, and it was learned that he was not the captain, than he and the boat's crew were brutally beaten, and sent back to the bark with a message that if the captain did not come on board at once his vessel would be blown out of the water. This report at once decided the captain how to act. Without hesitation he stepped into the boat, taking with him his second mate, three soldiers and a sailor boy, and proceeded to the pirate. On going on board that vessel, along with the mate, Soto, who stood near the mainmast with his drawn cutlass in his hand, desired him to approach, while the mate was ordered by Barbazan to go to the forecastle. Both obeyed and were instantly cut down. Six picked men were now ordered to descend into the boat, amongst whom was Barbazan. To him the leader addressed his orders, the last of which was, to take care to put to death all in the prize and then to sink her. The six pirates who proceeded to carry out this savage command were all armed alike,—each carried a brace of pistols, a cutlass, and a long sharp knife.\* Their dress was composed of a sort of coarse cotton checkered jackets and trowsers, shirts that were open at the collar, red woollen caps and broad canvas belts, in which were stuck the pistols and the knives.

To no better hands could the sanguinary errand have been entrusted than to these six men; and as the boat in which they were neared the *Morning Star* the terror of the women on board was excessive. They clung to their husbands in despair, and vainly sought from them that protection which they could not afford. All, however, hoped that the pirates' object might be plunder only; but they were soon undeceived. The pirates rapidly mounted the side,

and as they jumped on deck commenced to cut right and left at all within their reach, uttering at the same time the most dreadful oaths. The females, screaming, hurried below, to hide themselves as well as they were able, and the men fell or fled before the pirates, leaving them entire masters of the deck. The chronicler to whom I am indebted for the particulars of this piracy remarks: "Unless the circumstances be closely examined, it may be wondered how six men could have so easily overcome a crew of English seamen supported by about twenty soldiers with a Major at their head; but it will not appear surprising when it is considered that the sailors were altogether unarmed, the soldiers worn-out invalids, and more particularly that the pirate carried a heavy long gun, ready to sink her victim at a shot. Major Logie,\* fully impressed with the folly of opposing so powerful and desperate an enemy, therefore advised submission as the only course for the safety of those under his charge; presuming, no doubt, that something like humanity might be found even in the hearts of the worst of men. But alas! he was woefully deceived in his estimate of the villain's nature, and felt when too late, that even death would have been preferable to the barbarous treatment he was forced to endure." But I have digressed. The pirate having now complete possession of the vessel, the work of plunder began. Every drawer and locker was ransacked, and every portable article of value heaped up for the plunder. Money, plate, nautical instruments, clothing, and seven packages of valuable jewels which formed part of the cargo were carried on deck by a few of the crew, who had for this work been pressed into the service of the spoilers. For two hours was this cruel work carried on, under the directions of Soto, who from the deck of his vessel gave the order. The clothes of the passengers were stripped from their backs and the male passengers driven forward. As Major Logie ascended the companion ladder, he entreated in vain to be allowed to remain with his wife. He was hurried away with the rest and battened down in the hold, racked with feelings that I cannot describe. The females were locked up in the round-house on deck. Satiated with plunder the pirates sat down to regale themselves with eating and drinking served by the steward of the *Morning Star*, who, at the risk of his life, was forced to this duty. More than once had he a pistol placed at his head, and a more terrible group of demi-devils, the steward afterwards declared, could

\* A brother, I believe, of the late Mr. Logie, of Claremont.



not be well imagined than commanded his attentions at the cabin table. It was with feelings of satisfaction that he heard his dismissal, and found himself bolted below with his fellow-sufferers. With passions excited by drink, the ruffians ordered down the females, and the screams of these helpless ones were heard in the hold by those who, under other circumstances, would have died to save them, but who now were powerless to aid them. Their lives were spared,—and these outraged women were yet to be the saviours of the ship and of the survivors of the crew. So much time had been taken up by the pirates in their hellish orgies that Soto had become impatient for their return, and his voice was heard recalling them. Hastening to obey the call of their chief, the pirates stayed not to carry out his instructions to put to death all on board the English bark, but contented themselves with fastening the women in the cabin, and heaping heavy lumber on the hatches of the hold, and boring holes in the planks of the vessel below her water-line, so that by thus destroying the whole at one swoop, they might make up for lost time. They then left the *Morning Star* fast settling down to her fate. After long and strenuous efforts, the females contrived to open the cabin door, and when they came on deck it was almost dark, but they could see the pirate ship far in the distance with all sail set. The liberation of their husbands and crew was their next concern; and creeping towards the hatch they called upon those below to unite their efforts in forcing it up, while they removed the lumber that was above it. They succeeded, and their joy was great, only, however, to be dashed again from them, when they discovered that the ship had six feet of water in the hold! By dint of labour the vessel was kept afloat; but she could not be managed, as the pirates had disabled her by cutting the rigging and sawing through the masts. The next day, however, the hopeless passengers and crew were taken off the *Morning Star* by a ship that had fallen in with her and were brought safely to England.

But to return to the pirate ship. The sun had long set on that day of dark deeds when Benito de Soto heard that, contrary to his orders, the passengers and crew's lives had been spared by his minions who had boarded the prize. On learning this, his frenzy was at its height. He immediately turned his hands up, and the course of the *Defensor de Pedro* was once more laid on the track of the *Morning Star*. But it was too late, not a trace of her could be seen. The search was abandoned, Soto consoling himself with the belief that the *Morning Star* was many fathoms deep down in

the Atlantic, away from the cognizance of all Admiralty Courts

I have stated that the slave trade was to a large extent the basis or the nursery of modern piracy. So it was with Soto, a chapter in whose history I have given. The *Defensor de Pedro* was fitted out in 1827 at Buenos Ayres for a slave voyage to the coast of Africa, manned by a crew of forty men,—French, Spanish, Portuguese, and others, chiefly renegadoes, who were prepared for any work that might be required at their hands. Having arrived on the African coast and taken in a considerable number of slaves, the captain went on shore to complete his cargo, leaving his mate in charge of the vessel. The mate seeing no particular reason why he should not possess himself of the ship, made Soto his confidant in a design he had formed for running away with her and commencing pirate. Soto readily embraced the proposal, and having armed a strong party of their comrades with swords and pistols, they forced into a boat all who would not join them, and cut them adrift. A strong gale coming on shortly after, it is most probable that all perished. As the schooner flew away from the coast with the rising gale at the rate of ten knots an hour, and uproar and confusion reigned on board, Soto fell into the same train of reflections as had passed through the brain of his new commander; and as his rival lay asleep, Soto put a pistol to his head and deliberately shot him. He soon justified this act to the crew, and promising them a rich golden harvest was chosen their chief, and the pirate's course was thenceforth entered upon.

I must now briefly advert to the end of this monster's career. Satisfied with his success after the plunder of the *Morning Star*, Soto steered his course for Europe. On his voyage he fell in with a small brig, and plundered her. Acting upon the principle that "dead men tell no tales," he sank the vessel with the crew, with the exception of one man, whom he took along with him on account of his knowledge of Corunna, whither he intended to proceed. On approaching that port, faithful to his principles of self-protection, he addressed that unfortunate man as he was standing at the helm, with "My friend, is that the harbour of Corunna?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," rejoined Soto, "you have done your duty well, and I am obliged to you for your services." He then shot the man, and flung his body overboard, took the helm himself, and steered his vessel into his native harbour, as if he had returned from an honest voyage. Here he disposed of a part of his ill-gotten booty, and

having provided fresh papers, got under way for Cadiz. He had a fair wind until he came in sight of the coast near that city. It was coming on dark, and he lay to, expecting to make the anchorage in the morning, but the wind shifted to the westward, and suddenly arose to a heavy gale,—it was dead on the land. He luffed his ship as close to the wind as possible to clear a reef of rocks, and beat out to windward, but his leeway carried him toward the land. The gale increasing, and the night becoming pitchy dark, the vessel struck on the breakers, and quickly went to pieces. Loud were the cries for mercy now shrieked out by these villains, who had steeled their hearts and deafened their ears to that cry so often in vain addressed to them. They were spared only, however, to meet death in a more dreaded form but shortly afterwards. They took to the boats, and landing at Cadiz, gave themselves out to be cast-away seamen of an honest trading vessel. But suspicions as to their true character soon were roused, and some six were thrown into prison; some fled to the Caraccas; but Soto and one other made their way to Gibraltar. For a time Soto managed to frequent the slums of Gibraltar, but was at last thrown into prison also, and eventually was hanged. All his comrades in crime, with the exception of one, whose fate was never heard of, perished on the gibbet. There can be but little doubt,—at least, there never has been any in my mind,—that the pirate ship which chased the *Walsingham* was the *Defensor de Pedro*; and but for the good sailing qualities of the former vessel, it is more than probable that the writer of this narrative would have had to walk the plank, which, under the most favourable circumstances, would have been to him a matter of some difficulty.

The piracy committed on the *St. Helena Schooner* has by some been associated with the villains that took the *Morning Star*. This could not have been the case. Although Soto was not executed until early in 1830, yet he had been in prison nearly eighteen months, awaiting the cumulative evidence that was being brought against him by the untiring efforts of the English Government; and at the time of the *St. Helena Schooner's* capture, his bones had been for some months bleaching on the tenter hooks at Gibraltar, as a warning to pirates. The horror with which the inhabitants of St. Helena received the first intelligence of the capture of the schooner, and of the murder of most of her crew, is very fresh in my memory still. It was late in the evening when either H. M. S. *Ariadne* or *North Star* brought up from the coast the sad news.

The schooner was owned by the East India Company, and as such she was looked upon by the islanders as an institution of their own,—St. Helena at the time being one of the Company's possessions. For some years, the schooner had been running between this Colony and St. Helena, and the names of the captain and officers are familiar to many now living in Cape Town; in fact, the vessel may be said to have belonged to the Cape as well as to St. Helena. Some repairs and a thorough overhauling being necessary, the *St. Helena Schooner* was ordered home. Capt. James Fairfax, than whom a more genial-hearted fellow never lived, preceded the vessel to England, leaving her in charge of Mr. Harrison, the first officer. When on the point of leaving for her homeward voyage, the flag-ship *Sybilie*, Commodore—afterwards Sir Francis Augustus—Collier arrived at the island from the West Coast, and was placed in quarantine, having the coast fever on board. The *Sybilie* had lost a large number of officers and men, and as she could have no communication with the shore, a cruise to the south was recommended, in the hope that the health of the frigate's crew would be thereby re-established, and on her return to the island she might obtain pratique. Under these circumstances, Commodore Collier felt it necessary to apprise the squadron of this change in his original plan, and requested the St. Helena Government to allow the schooner to proceed first to Sierra Leone with his dispatches, directing the ships of the squadron to meet him at Ascension. The request was acceded to; and on the last day of March, 1830, the *St. Helena Schooner* left the roads, taking one passenger from the island—Dr. Waddell, a surgeon of the St. Helena artillery—who had endeared himself to a large circle of the residents of the place. Carrying with her fresh south-east trades, she had nearly run her distance to the Line, when on the morning of the 6th April—one week after leaving her moorings—in lat. 1°40' south, long. 9°50' west, a strange vessel was made out standing towards the schooner. A peculiarity in her rig attracted the attention of the boatswain (Oxley), and he told his shipmates what he thought the stranger would prove to be. A noble specimen of the English sailor was this same boatswain,—upwards of six feet high, with the frame of a Hercules and the gentleness of a child. He gave a good account of himself shortly after, when in closer quarters with the pirates. The stranger was soon within hailing distance from the *St. Helena Schooner*, and hoisted French colours. She was felucca rigged; upright stem, rising above the rail two or three feet; one mast in midships, raking forward;



small jigger and mizenmast abaft. She had a long gun in midships, and was pierced with five ports aside; painted black, and carried a carver-built boat on her quarter, pulling six oars. Such was the description given of the pirate by the survivors of the *St. Helena Schooner* to the cruisers that went in search of her. A demand from the pirate to Capt. Harrison to come on board the felucca and to bring his papers with him was quickly responded to. After carefully scanning the schooner's papers, the pirates sent Harrison back to his ship accompanied by six of their crew, well armed. When Mr. Potter, the second officer of the *St. Helena Schooner*, saw what customers he had to deal with, he proposed to resist, and would have fired into the boat as it came alongside. But Capt. Harrison implored him not to do so. It is more than probable—and the opinion was generally expressed at the time by those who knew old Fairfax—that had he been in command of the schooner, he would never have left her deck, but would have fought her while he had a shot left in her lockers. She was well manned and armed, as all the E. I. Company's vessels were in those days. The mischief was, however, done, and the pirates were allowed to board. A second boat from the felucca brought more men to the schooner, and the work of plunder and murder began. The crew of the *St. Helena Schooner* were driven below and sentinels placed over them, while the ship was pillaged fore and aft. Capt. Harrison and Dr. Waddell were the first to suffer. Lashed back to back and pinioned together by a cutlass thrust through them, they were thrown overboard. Mr. Potter, the second officer, to avoid the assassin's knife, sprang overboard and was drowned. Then came the slayers on to the boatswain; but armed with a handspike which he had managed to secure, he laid three of his assailants dead at his feet before he fell. The murder of seven more Europeans and four native Africans (Kroomen) quickly followed. The carpenter, steward, and three of the crew managed to secrete themselves, and escaped the slaughter of their comrades. The pirates then cut away the masts and attempted to scuttle the schooner, but not succeeding in this they sailed round and round the devoted vessel till nearly dark, firing into her between wind and water, when the felucca left her to sink. After the pirate had left, the remainder of the crew plugged the holes as well as they could, jury-rigged the schooner, and steered for Sierra Leone, where they arrived on the 1st May. On her arrival at that port a 9-pound shot was taken from the schooner's side, and she was placed in the

hands of the Naval authorities there. Capt. Gordon, of H.M.S. *Athol*, at once dispatched a man-of-war to St. Helena with the sad news, and the squadron was ordered to cruize in search of the felucca. The *Espoir* and *Helicon*, brigs of war, which shortly after put into St. Helena, were soon again under way in quest. The *Ariadne* would also have gone upon this service had she not been required for other work. That noble fleet of ships belonging to the East India Company known as the China ships having, owing to the opium dispute, been detained idle in the Chinese ports for several months, a spirit of insubordination had crept in among their crews, which resulted in open mutiny. It was at that time, while the *Ariadne*, Capt. Rennie, was lying in St. Helena roads that several of these splendid ships rounded Munden's Point in a state of mutiny. These were the *Lowther Castle*, *Lord Lowther*, *Rose*, *Inglis*, *Vansittart*, and others, in all ten or twelve, which as they came severally to anchor were cheered by the others. On board of two of these ships courts-martial were held by the Governor and Council of St. Helena, and the ringleaders were flogged by the boatswain of the *Ariadne* and his mates. The *Ariadne* conveyed the whole home, and it was a splendid sight to see this fleet leave the island. The dread of the pirates in the Atlantic induced Capt. Clarke,\* of the brig *Diamond*, to put himself under the protection of the convoy; but before sundown, the swift-sailing ships had left the slow-going brig, solitary and unprotected, to pursue her homeward voyage.

I add another instance of anticipated piracy, which, however, proved happily a case of false alarm. In 1828, the *Pero*, brig, Captain Rutter, was on her voyage from England to St. Helena. When about the Line, one Sunday, a sail was made out far astern. It was about 10 in the morning when she was first seen. She gained rapidly upon the *Pero*, and was discovered to be a beautiful schooner with raking masts. The captain was greatly alarmed, and could ill conceal his anxiety. He was an old man, and his anxious gait and countenance as he walked the deck soon awakened the alarm of the passengers, and on being pressed, he confessed to his apprehensions that she was a pirate. The schooner was still gaining rapidly upon the brig. She hoisted no colours. She was soon abreast of the *Pero*. All were in a state of alarm about the vessel. The schooner sailed round the brig, as if playing with the anxiety of her

\* Capt. Clarke was killed a year or two subsequently, by being thrown out of his buggy behind the Castle, in Cape Town.

passengers and crew. She still persisted in hoisting no colours. At last, up went the American flag. And coming close alongside, the captain, a noble-looking fellow, six feet high, standing at the gangway with the speaking-trumpet at his mouth, asked: "What ship is that?" "The *Pero*, from England to St. Helena," faltered old Captain Rutter. "What ship is that?" said he. "The *St. Lawrence*, from New York," was the reply. "Where bound to?" "To St. Helena." There was a feeling of great relief among the passengers. Not so, however, the Captain,—"D—n the fellow," said old Rutter, "I knew he was an enemy, and he will spoil my market." "Will you report us?" said the Yankee skipper, ironically, and veering round, soon left the *Pero* far behind her. On her arrival at St. Helena, the *Pero* found the *St. Lawrence* had been anchored ten days in the roads; and Captain Lawrence, her commander, not satisfied with spoiling old Rutter's market, was constantly quizzing him about his alarm, and said he deserved all he suffered for not having invited him on board to enjoy the company of the many ladies he saw on his deck.

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## JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

### II.

#### THE RURAL POPULATION.

A halt at Linde's, on our way to Swellendam, introduced me to a fine specimen of the Cape gentleman-farmer. His frank and genial bidding to outspan and come in is accepted; and a goodly dinner is spread. The courteous reception makes the visitor feel uncertain whether an offer to pay would not be an insult. A passing inquiry about the price of forage for the team elicits a smile and a dignified bow from the host, with the assurance that I shall always find a welcome. Similar courtesy awaited us at Stormsvley; and next morning, without having drawn, for many days, on the exchequer for a penny, except to pay the tolls and ferry, we drove up the long, picturesque street which constitutes the town of Swellendam. Stretching for some two miles along the base of the Langeberg range, Swellendam offers gardens and trees to the eye, wearied with the monotonous scrub of the Ruggens. The deeply-cleft ravines, dense with forest and undergrowth, tempt the botanist and the cabinet-maker. Moulton, a tradesman here, was making a beautiful cabinet,

of native woods; and the dusky girls were bringing in bunches of the Cape tea-plant. This tea is sold in the shops, and is largely consumed in the district; but the strong flat taste is repugnant to those accustomed to the real Souchong, flavoured with a dash of Orange Pekoe. What a listless apathy there is about a South African village! On a summer's day, "the very houses seem asleep!" Churches and schools attest the progress of Christianity; but the stranger must look long for the evidence of industrious or provident habits among what is by euphemism called the *labouring* class. Passing by the English parsonage one morning, I saw a dozen or two adults and children waiting for the daily dole. I did not stop to see indolence rewarded; but I regretted that parsons were not made of sterner stuff. It could not be said of these, "A beggar begs who never begged before."

The Breede River valley, to the north-westward, embraces the divisions of Robertson and Worcester, to which a brief *détour* from the great coast-road enabled me to pay a visit. The Cogman's Kloof, through which the road from the valley leads to Montagu, lying behind the mountain, arrests the eye by its bold, perpendicular heights, hemming in the traveller. The rocks are gorgeously tinted by water and weather; and what is happily for us a streamlet, but sometimes a destructive torrent, meanders at their base, the road crossing and re-crossing it. A solitary tenant cultivates here a patch of garden-ground,—a lonely refuge for an old soldier who had fought under Napoleon's eye. The inaccessible crags, with their soaring pinnacles, tell a harrowing tale. A youth fell from the summit, which he had reached from behind, over towards the kloof, but falling from this height was wedged in a cleft on the mountain face; the eye could hardly discover him, seized in agony amid the beetling precipice. It was seen that he lived. A day and night of toil to liberate him passed, in vain; he lived, and the father's hand fired the shot that brought release to the boy. A nobler parent he than Brutus, "steeled against his own heart's blood."

Every one knows the fertility of Montagu soil; the wine, brandy, and raisins are in high repute, and the grapes are of fabulous size. A call at Messrs. Barry & Nephews will show that some enterprise is at work, if only in distilling.

To my mind, Worcester is the most delightful village in South Africa for a visit. The good hotel and its soothing influences prepare the eye and the heart to find a charm in everything; wide streets, with gushing streams on either



side; gardens well stocked with fruits; the soft rosy tints that flush the background of mountains as the evening closes in; the Magistrate's palatial residence, that dates from the aristocratic days of Lord Charles Somerset; the well-known public schools,—all claim a visitor's notice. The schools of the Rhenish Missionary Society, attended by five hundred children, have been erected and handsomely furnished by the coloured people. Unapproached by any collegiate or school buildings in the Colony for appearance, convenience, and accommodation, these schools bear testimony to the energy and devotedness of the missionary, who exercises a marvellous influence over his congregation. The success of this work within the limits of the town is a living testimony against the exclusive system of missionary stations. But we must leave the raisins of Goudini and the hot-springs of Brande Vley, where the shrewd farmer saves himself the trouble of "cooking the water," and scalds the hair off his porkers in Nature's own cauldron.

A visit to the prettily-lodged hamlet of Lady Grey and other parts of the Robertson division reveals the great productive resources of these inland districts. In an ordinary season, food-supplies are far in excess of the demand, and the prices fall to nominal rates. Plenty of food, even with scarcity of cash, is not a bad tale to tell to the starving crowds of the great European cities; but such immigrants as those cities would furnish would probably starve anywhere. A market is what our producers want, and a ready way of access to it. It is a daring speculation to send a load of produce through Cogman's Kloof to Cape Town. The chances are that, what with low prices, bad roads, exorbitant tolls, and servants who need supervision, the farmer is out of pocket by his stroke of business. People say the farmer gets poorer year by year. The truth is, the farmer now-a-days spends more money, purchases more comforts, loves to see his house better furnished, buys a piano and etceteras for his daughters, among whom the pedlar foists his jewellery and nick-nacks, cheap, but dear at any price, takes his trip to Cape Town to see the sights, travels by rail, and lodges at hotels. He may be less burdened with gold; but he and his family are improving intellectually and socially.

No visit to these districts would be complete without making the acquaintance of the pastor of the Dutch Church at Swellendam, who has done so much in his long, active life for the education and general improvement of the youth of his large parish. *O! si sic omnes!*

What a pretty site is occupied by the missionary village,

Zuurbrak! As you come upon it, nestling under the mountain, all Nature's handiwork—the beetle-browed mountain, with grassy base, the luxuriant undergrowth on the water's margin—throws into unfavourable contrast the ill-kept huts and the gardens of the inhabitants. This is one of the stations of the London Missionary Society, which was the first English body to enter on the task of christianizing the natives. Latterly, the Society has loosened the bond which connected the stations directly with itself, and the experiment was either too sudden or premature. Apparently, the mission work is in a languishing state, and an organic change is either contemplated from within or expected from without. The people, whose habits are no more industrious than those of the coloured races generally, find it enough to do if they maintain the missionary,—and a sorry maintenance, I fear, it is. Certainly, they do little for their own improvement, or for the decent clothing or instruction of their children. The schoolmaster must have starved if the susceptible feelings of the Mother Society had not been awakened to make him a special allowance, though only *pro tem*. This excessive poverty is strangely at variance with the luxuriant and romantic aspect of the neighbourhood; so I thought, as I drove out to Moodie's farm. Nature is not in fault.

The name of Moodie is well known in Cape chronicles. A scion of that family, at his farm Grootvadersbosch,—“Phœbus!—what a name!”—gave us refreshment, and put us on the road to Riversdale. These divisions—Swellendam and Riversdale—lie beyond the western climatic region, where the rain falls regularly when north-west winds prevail in the winter season, from April to August, and are just on the verge of the range of the south-east rains, which should begin to fall in September. The period of rain-fall is more or less uncertain, and long-continued drought year after year has told seriously against the material progress of the farmers, among whom I met many men of unusual intelligence and enterprise. Where neither milk nor butter, nor even water fit to drink could be obtained on one of my journeys at any price, I found after one good season plentiful supplies,—fresh butter at sixpence per pound, and rivers full. The croaker says, “How can a country prosper with such sudden vicissitudes—such a train of miseries—drought, locusts, rust, horse-sickness, &c.?” I always feel disposed to rejoin, “What a wonderful elasticity there is in the Cape! We are no sooner down to the *nadir* of bad luck than we rise to the *zenith* of prosperity!” ’Twas pitiful to see the Vet

River shrunk to a dribbling thread of water. The village looked arid and sad. I turned my steps to the pretty little English Church. The solemn liturgy and hymn seemed in keeping with the melancholy of the village. To one absent from home it is one of the highest pleasures to linger within the precincts of the church, and amid the associations of the place to hold communion, in thought and in word, in the same prayer and psalm, with those far away :

As for some dear familiar strain,  
Untir'd, we ask, and ask again ;  
Ever in its melodious store  
Finding a spell unheard before.

The scarcity of water for our horses, even if *we* could drink some stronger liquid, caused some anxiety. A letter of introduction from the Dutch clergyman secured me a sumptuous lodging at La Grange's, and a share of their *aqua pura*. The attachment of the Dutch-speaking population to their pastor is hearty and devoted. When he travels on his house-visiting excursions, carts and horses and all creature comforts are at his service, and a well-furnished bed-room is set apart for his Reverence. So far so good. A man whose parish is as big as Yorkshire needs something more substantial than good wishes when he leaves his home for weeks at a time to make pastoral visits ; and next to the *predikant* fares the lucky traveller who bears his passport.

It is a dreary tract from Riversdale to that bugbear of travellers—the unbridged Gouritz River, which receives the drainage of the formidable Olifant's River, and others equally ill-famed ; and between its ugly chasms of banks rolls down a flood of turbid pea-soup-like water.

The aloes, which they tap, are a conspicuous feature in the landscape, with their bare stems, some seven to eight feet high, doing duty as sentinels over the waste. Rumour tells (*credat Apella*) how an army of these in an Eastern district, their long spikes of scarlet flowers aiding the deception, routed a marauding horde of Kafirs, who saw a red-coat in every aloe.

It was with no little pleasure that we reached the port and town of Mossel Bay, lying snugly under a steep sandy ridge, well-covered with wild evergreens and grass, encroaching on the very beach.

Bluff Cape St. Blaise reminds me how records tell of Vasco da Gama landing here, at Angra San Blas, the old name, and of another Portuguese captain, who called a year or two later in search of his dispatches, concealed in an old shoe. In those days letters for inquiring friends were left, as

at Table Bay, hidden usually under marked stones. Our excellent postal arrangements—which those only who traverse the bridgeless roads and desolate Karoo can properly appreciate—constitute now the most active element of civilization. With frequent interchange of correspondence, by post and telegram, and a quickening of social intercourse, we may get rid of the lethargy which creeps over the denizens of a place where “it seems always afternoon.” Whilst the balmy sea air blows on our faces, blistered with wind and heat, even Anglo-Saxon energy succumbs :

“ We have had enough of action, and of motion we ”—

only the shrill notes of the post-horn can awaken us to the calls of duty. Even the villagers are astir to hear the news of the world.

The mission of the English Church at Mossel Bay is one of the most successful institutions of the many which the Bishop of Cape Town has initiated. A well-trained teacher, of native descent, now in holy orders, kept the mission-school, —a model of order, cleanliness, and discipline. The coloured people have assisted largely in the erection of a school-chapel ; and with results such as these, the fruit of a few years, there is hope for the future of the coloured race. No Church that depends on the irregular importation of exotic clergy and teachers can take deep root in the affections of the people ; hence the strength of the Dutch Reformed Church. The English Church is sensible of this one cause of her weakness. Colonists are not generally wealthy enough to send their sons to Europe for school-training or for a theological course ; the home-grown article is apt indeed, to be undervalued, whilst the teacher and clergyman from Europe bring a certain prestige with them. Yet we must be content to import new blood now and then, for the highest posts only ; the agency for the Church and the school must be, as a rule, reared and trained in colonial institutions.

No visitor can leave Mossel Bay without enjoying and recording the boon of fresh sparkling water, plentifully distributed by pipes through the Municipality. Those who know the custom in most villages of dipping the water, even to drink, from the open furrow, in which not the cleanest of pans and pots are constantly immersed, hope that this example may be contagious. All honour to the representatives of the great mercantile firms here, who are as hospitable to the stranger as they are zealous for the improvement of their town, in schools, water supply, and all sanitary appliances.

The least observant traveller must be struck with the



peaceable deportment of the mixed native population of the Western towns and villages, though few probably probe into the causes of the security in which they live or travel in so thinly-peopled a country. The elements of social order so thoroughly permeate the character and training of the lower classes that beyond petty occasional troubles, arising from a drunken broil, nothing breaks the long silence of a night in a village; and where picking and stealing do occur, it is generally found to be the handiwork of an imported tramp, who makes a clumsy raid here and there on ill-guarded premises, as he flits about in his restless career. The foundation of this observance of order must certainly have been laid by the habits of prompt obedience and self-restraint to which the slave-parents of the present generation, of necessity, conformed; still the effects of school training and missionary influence must not be undervalued; and those who are apt to infer from the *silent* operation of such causes that there is no adequate return to the State for the public funds expended on the elementary instruction of the poor, may well be reminded that the silent testimony, borne by the general good behaviour of the masses, is the most trustworthy and eloquent apology of those who look on the school as the handmaid of individual and public security.

That industrial occupations of a higher type, and involving some mechanical skill and persistent attention beyond the handling of the spade, have not found a place among these people, is due to many causes besides natural inertness and the comparative facility of keeping body and soul together in so temperate a climate. The springs of our industrial machinery must be set in motion and directed by the employers of labour, who, unfortunately, are in most cases unfitted for the task, either by school-instruction or training. All that expertness of manipulation, fertility of invention, quickness of observation, patience in inductive reasoning from multiplied experiments, which distinguish the skilled artisan of Europe, are the results of long training under a master-mind. The great works of the Table Bay Breakwater and the Alfred Docks have trained and drilled some hundreds of ordinary labourers to an aptness which renders their labour-skill of high value; but every one knows that this is due to the personal and intimate experience of the Engineer, even in matters of detail, who brings every appliance of his own keen observation to bear on the economy of labour. Watch an ordinary field-labourer and one of Mr. Andrews's picked men, filling a wheelbarrow or excavating a bit of stiff soil. Why, there is as much difference in the

skill and the execution as if you put a common hack from a Kalk Bay fish-cart alongside a roadster bred and trained at "The Oaks."

Our weak point is that the up-growing farmers' sons are not being trained to be *skilled* employers of labour. If Cape farming is to be improved (an hypothesis identical with "if the Cape farmer is to earn his bread and hold his ground,") he must first be taught *what*, and *when*, and *how* to do, before he can successfully employ labour.

Isolated as most of the farms are, no system of elementary schools can thoroughly provide for the instruction of the children of the agricultural population. The small salary and the rough, lonely life deter men of parts from the post of teacher on the farm; and, at the best, the children can only be expected to acquire a moderate facility in reading and writing, with perhaps a smattering of colloquial English and of commercial arithmetic.

What we want is to get the lads away for two or three years from the unobservant, listless existence of a back-country farm, and to train them where all their faculties will be awakened and kept awake. An agricultural boarding and industrial school (not an agricultural *college*) is wanted in one or two favoured districts of the Colony, where farmers' sons from twelve to about seventeen years of age should be drilled in some of the various departments of husbandry, growth of cereals, grasses, and other artificial food for cattle, management of stock, and particularly dairy-husbandry, wine-farming, and cotton-culture according to the capabilities of the situation; sufficient time being allowed for the acquisition of the essentials of education, to which some knowledge of agricultural chemistry should be added before a lad leaves the school. A well-conducted farm, with convenient arrangements for the supervision and training of a batch of some thirty to forty boys, who are to do their share of manual labour, and so lessen the cost of their maintenance, is all that is required to begin with.

Combination and co-operation are wanted to give effect to such an effort for the practical instruction of our Cape farmers' sons. No Utopia is projected. Plain wholesome diet and steady practical work, combined with that rubbing of mind against mind which is the basis of honourable rivalry, would elevate the young farmer to a position from which he could skilfully and successfully direct the labour of his underlings. A thorough knowledge of the English language, so as to be able to profit by whatever is written on each branch of husbandry, and to understand the use of

agricultural machines, with a sufficient aptness in smith's work to mend them, would be some of the greatest advantages of such a farmers' boarding school. To some of my rural entertainers these ideas are not new,—they have been talked over at many a farmer's supper-table; and I am told that no lack of boys would be found for such an institution if the total cost of a boy did not exceed £20 per annum.

Δ.

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### MY WIFE.

Do you ask what kind of wife  
Must be partner of my life?  
Friends, if this you wish to know,  
See her character below!

Not too sharp and not too flat;  
Not too lean and not too fat;  
Not too dark and not too fair;  
Not too squat and not too spare;  
Not too sweet and not too tart;  
Not too soft and not too hard;  
Not too shy and not too bold;  
Not too warm and not too cold;  
Not too dull and not too quick;  
Not too thin and not too thick;  
Not too red and not too pale;  
Not too firm and not too frail;  
Not too free and not too prim;  
Not too gross and not too slim;  
Not too high and not too low;  
Not too swift and not too slow;  
Not too keen and not too mild;  
Not too tame and not too wild;  
Not too wise and not too mad;  
Not too gay and not too sad;  
Not too smooth and not too rough;  
Not too lithe and not too tough;  
Not too short and not too long;  
Not too weak and not too strong;  
Not too frank and not too sly;  
Not too pert and not too shy;  
Not too meek and not too vain;  
Not too smart and not too plain;  
Not too naïve and not too shrewd;  
Not too kind and not too rude;  
Not too glib and not too mute;  
Not too blunt and not too 'cute.

Such the maid must be my wife,  
Loving partner of my life.

The celebrated Dutch poet, Jacob Cats, of whose style we translate the specimen above, was born at Brouwershaven, in Zeeland, on the 10th of

November, 1577. He was educated for the law, and rose to eminence in his profession. When nearly fifty years of age, he devoted himself to public affairs, and his country showed its appreciation of his services by conferring upon him its highest honours. While spending some time in England, in early life, for change of air, he acquired the language, and pursued his studies at Oxford and Cambridge. He again visited London in 1627. The war between England and Spain had caused great injury to the commerce of the Netherlands, and the object of his mission was to obtain some security for their trade in the Mediterranean, as well as compensation for past losses. Charles I. bestowed upon the Ambassador the order of St. George, and with this empty honour his country had to be satisfied.

During the period when he enjoyed the dignity of Pensionary of Holland, it fell to his lot to welcome Marie de Medici and the Queen of England to the Low Countries.

He had reached his seventy-fourth year, when misunderstandings with the English Government rendered an embassy again necessary, and Cats was dispatched to the Court of the Protector. He set forth the grievances of his country in an elegant Latin address, in the hearing, doubtless, of Cromwell's Latin Secretary. It would be interesting to know if Cats and Milton knew each other apart from politics, and fraternized as poets. His mission was again a failure, and on his return home his public life closed. On an estate at Zorgvliet, near the Hague, he occupied the remainder of his days in the tranquil pursuits of literature and the cultivation of his farm. More highly favoured than many whose lives have been spent in the service of their country, he enjoyed all the blessings that should accompany old age. "Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," were his to the very last.

" Age sat with decent grace upon his visage,  
And worthily became his silver locks;  
He wore the marks of many years well spent,  
Of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience."

He had nearly completed his eighty-third year when he died in 1660.

As a poet, he was a most voluminous writer. His easy versification, rich and quaint humour, and homely lessons entitle him to be styled emphatically, "the poet of the people." In their estimation, his writings hold a place next to that of the Sacred Scriptures. No Dutch poems have passed through so many editions and been so widely read as those of "Father Cats." They have stood the test of two centuries, and though their language is somewhat antiquated, their popularity does not decrease.

He published his "Emblems" in 1627, and "*Spiegel van denouden en Nieuwen Tijd*" in 1635. His scenes from domestic life are sketched with a free hand in his "*Huwelijk*" and "*Trouw-ring*." In his days, men called a spade, a spade. At Zorgvliet he produced numerous works, such as "*Country Life*" and "*Thoughts of an Octogenarian*," which the English student of Dutch literature will do well to peruse when he attains the same age, and not till then.

R.



## A KAFIR SCENE AT THE KNYSNA.

THAT individual is not to be envied who cannot appreciate the beauty of the scenery in some parts of the western portion of the Cape Colony, after having ridden through them. I have known some to place themselves on a hill or at the head of a ravine, having before them a landscape quite capable of vieing with any in the world,—the mountain, the forest, the lake,—and still be no more enchanted by the view than were the horses upon which they rode. This, however, is not always the case; and I suppose that as many are not blessed with an ear for music, so others are not endowed by nature with vision capable of valuing the beautiful. Men, therefore, are rather to be pitied than blamed when they are unable to enjoy the loveliness of the world in which they live. The natural scenery of South Africa is, indeed, of varied character,—ranging from the flowery hills, blue lakes, and dark-green forests of the Knysna, to the desolation of the brown and stony Karoo; and only those who have lived in both can venture to explain so formidable a contrast. But this is no intention of mine now, but simply to recall an incident which occurred as Alick and I were riding some months ago along the borders of one of the fine lakes which stretch in a chain-like way between the Knysna and George. We cared only to reach Hollywood Farm before dark, and, having plenty of time, were enjoying one of those most pleasant afternoon rides which a southern autumn, on the evening of a fine day, is so well able to afford.

“ Who has not felt 'mid azure skies,  
 At glowing noon, or golden even,  
 A soft and mellow sadness rise,  
 And tinge with earth the hues of heav'n ?”

Occupied with my own thoughts, I led the way, and we had just emerged from a patch of entangled forest, and were winding our course along a sandy track, fringed with heath and everlastings, and so well known to the over-worked oxen of the poor woodcutter, when suddenly a most horrid yell reached our ears. It came from a distance ahead, and was accompanied by what sounded to me like a clattering of sticks and the beating of a very bad drum. An old wood-wagon passed us shortly after, groaning under its heavy burden, and I inquired of the driver what it all meant. He pointed with his finger towards a small green hill some distance off, and mumbled something about Kafirs and thieves, which we did

not exactly comprehend; so turning our horses out of the beaten path we made our way through the scrub in the direction of the noise. Suddenly a great gathering of red Kafirs appeared before us. The scene was something very striking, and for the moment I could scarcely believe my eyes, but fancied myself somewhere in those benighted regions of Africa of which Livingstone writes, and not in a parish where Church and mission schools had been at work for so many years. It was the feast of circumcision in Kafir fashion. First of all appeared a large concourse of women, standing in a circle, with bodies bare down to their waists, but girt about the loins with red blankets. Their necks and arms were ornamented in the accustomed native way with rings and beads. In the centre of the circle was stretched the immense raw hide of a bullock, which each performer held tightly between the thumb and the finger of the left hand. In their right they waived thick sticks of about four feet long, and as the hide acted the part of a capital drum, at a given note in the monotonous time they were shouting most diabolically, down came the sticks with a whop which seemed to cheer the very hearts of the company. The stroke fell about every other second, and the perspiration streamed freely down their faces and bodies, as they had been keeping up the din from noon, only to cease with the setting of the sun.

This, however, was simply the musical portion of the ceremony. A short distance off reclined the elders upon the grass, the patriarchs occupying foremost posts. There they squatted in skins and blankets, with chins well planted between their knees, and eyes turned with intense eagerness towards the youths, who, after all, proved to be the individuals chiefly interested. These rising young men, three in number, certainly seemed to me to have to undergo a large amount of responsibility before being allowed to enjoy the privileges of full manhood. Wriggling in all manner of ways, danced these three sprightly youths before their stern superiors. Not a stitch of clothing, with the exceptions I shall mention, adorned their graceful figures. Their polls were thatched with the largest reeds obtainable from the margin of the neighbouring lake, and which tapered up to a point reaching some three feet above their skulls, giving them an appearance of being about nine feet high. The thatch descended to their chins, so as to eclipse their faces totally, but the back of the head was left exposed. The upper part of the body was spotted over with white clay, closely imitating the leopard's skin. Encircling the lower was a

short skirt of palmiet, cut neatly round, and which just sufficed to cover the loins of the dancer. These reeds it seemed to be the performer's ambition to rattle as loudly as possible by means of the powerful muscular action of the hind-quarters, and he who did it best was deserving of most honour. From the knees to the feet the white clay made me at first conclude that they wore ladies' stockings. In the right-hand quivered an assegai, while the left raised aloft what appeared to be the entrails of a sheep. Near the kraal a new hut had been erected for the occasion, in which remained for weeks, unseen, a number of young women, *i.e.*, until the close of the feast, when the hut was to be burned down, and all the clothing within it.

With their faces turned towards their fathers, these untaught savages had been twisting about throughout the heat of a bright day. It had been already carried on for several weeks, and would close at the change of the moon. The howling of the women, with the clattering of sticks, and the booming of the gigantic drum, together with the shouting of the old men as they exhorted the youths—who seemed like so many demons—to fresh exertion, sent a thrill of horror through me as I turned and rode away. And yet it was no unprofitable sight. One was struck with the amount of trouble and labour they went through to perpetuate the customs of their nation, and the expense it must have been to some before they could entertain the multitude of visitors; for the feasting was sumptuous, and a host of men and women had forsaken their several employments in the country to attend for six weeks this very merry festival! I could not help remarking to my companion as we proceeded on our journey, that if those who professed to believe in greater things had but one tithe of the zeal and energy of those whom they despised,—if civilized men were but as united in the propagation of revealed truth, and as ready to execute its precepts as these blind ones were to perpetuate their dark customs,—nay more,—if we, in our generation, were but half as wise as they, and would sacrifice for our faith what they appeared so anxious to offer up for theirs, then would the face of our land change, and a light would arise which would soon drive away the darkness of so gross a superstition.

E.

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## EURYDICE TO ORPHEUS.

“ O better for us both hadst thou not come !—  
 Here in dim Hades I abode at rest,  
 My joyless life fed by deep memories  
 Of thy last look of love unutterable,  
 When Death, unpitying, with an iron hand  
 Drew me from out the heaven of thine arms,  
 And led me to these sad and sunless shades.

“ A brief while since, this passionless Obscure  
 Astonished thrilled to those all-perfect tones  
 Which thou alone canst waken in the lyre,  
 And like a wind-swept field of ripening corn  
 The thin souls swayed to the unwonted sound,  
 And all the dusk became a stream of sighs  
 Bearing thee onward to dread Pluto's throne.  
 And I—I only—knew the notes divine  
 And thee the god-born player ; but I strove  
 Vainly to find a voice wherewith to stay  
 Thine entrance to the presence, rashly sought,  
 Of the Inflexible.

“ I followed close,—  
 My love of thee o'ershadowed by cold fear  
 Of what might chance,—until that awful seat  
 Of blackest marble, redly interlaced  
 With veins of fire, from deepest gloom stood out  
 A denser darkness ; on the height whereof  
 The crowned face of Pluto loomed supreme,  
 And by his side the pale Proserpina  
 With woeful eyes reproached the lagging Hours  
 That held her from the longing Ceres' arms.

“ Then, as straight onward thou and music moved,  
 With joy I saw an alien tenderness  
 Glow on those brows immortal ; strange delight  
 Stole unawares into the sombre heart  
 That governs Hell, and filled with throbbings sweet  
 The spirit of Proserpina. Thy foot  
 Paused on the first step of the ebon throne,  
 And towered erect thy stature like a god's,



While with full eye thou frontedst Pluto's frown,  
And from the lyre there rang one closing chord  
That pulsated throughout the dim expanse  
With wild intensest pathos of appeal.

"O swift upon my heart there flashed a sense  
Of all thy music meant! It was for me—  
For me, thy lost Eurydice,—that Hell  
Echoed thy dauntless footsteps and the notes  
That changed it to a palace of delight.

"When silence had devoured that utterance  
Of quenchless love, the voice of Pluto spake;—  
'Orpheus—for none but thou couldst make the lyre  
A thousand times more eloquent than speech,—  
Ask what thou wilt, and take as god from god.'

"'Pluto,' thou saidst, 'I ask Eurydice,  
Reft from me by the hateful serpent's tooth,  
And dwelling now in this thy drear domain.'

"The great deep gaze of Pluto lit on me,  
Piercing through all the shadowy throng of souls;  
And some strange tumult inly troubled me,  
As on that day among the Thracian flowers,  
And in the hearing of Ægean waves,  
When first I knew that thou wert surely mine.  
But though I strove to reach thee, I was stayed  
As by a triple chain, and sadly ware  
That thy swift-searching vision saw me not.

"And then the voice of him who rules the Shades  
Spake yet again;—'Eurydice is thine,  
All-daring Orpheus, and will follow thee  
Now to the upper air. But curb thy love  
Until again thou look upon the sun,  
For if thou turn to feast triumphant eyes  
Upon her beauty in this nether realm,  
Know well that thou wilt never see her more.'

"Obeisance made for Pluto's kingly grace,  
Ah! with what gladsome mien didst thou address  
Thy step heroic to the upward way,  
The while thy hand caressed the living lyre

Into rich melody, subdued but full  
Of passionate joy in Love that conquers Death.  
And I, drawn onward by those magic tones,  
Nor unattended by the envying souls,  
Followed as in a dream. The way was long,  
And girt with utter blackness, till at length  
From far came rays of white and wavering light,  
Paining the fragile ghosts, who shrunk away,  
And left in lonely progress thee and me.  
Still, as light gathered, grew my strength and hope,  
And nearer, nearer drew my steps to thine,  
And closer, ever closer seemed the bliss  
Ineffable of re-created love  
In the dear home of unforgotten Thrace,  
Until I saw the low-browed arch that gives  
Upon the living World—

“Why ceased the sound  
Of thy prevailing lyre? O why the cry  
‘Eurydice, Eurydice!’ that fell,  
In the same instant as thy yearning glance,  
Upon me shuddering, shrivelling back at once  
To death and darkness from the verge of life!

“O woe is me! Thy madness was in vain—  
Thou didst not see me. In thine eyes divine  
There gleamed blank horror at the formless void  
In which I stood unseen. O lord and love!  
Most hapless Orpheus, wilt thou slay thyself,  
So gaining a poor right of entrance here,  
Where all is vague and barren of delight,  
And we should meet unknowing and unknown?  
Was ever grief like unto thine and mine?  
Is there no way of comfort? I will pray,  
With prayers infinite, Proserpina  
To bear with her to Enna my lorn sprite,  
And cast me loose upon Sicilian winds,  
Which thence may waft me to thee! I will cry  
To ruthless Pluto till I wrest from him—  
Even from him—some unimagined means  
To end our more than mortal misery;—  
Glad if he only grant I cease to be!”

Ω.

Cape Town, August, 1870.

## AFRICAN FOLK LORE.

BY W. H. I. BLEEK, PH.D.

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I.

To those who have investigated the subject, the evident age of many a story now current is at first astonishing. There are doubtless many stories continually appreciated by new hearers or readers, which have existed as such for hundreds, nay, thousands of years. It is, in fact, possible that stories may have come down to us which were first told in those so-called pre-historic times when the art of smelting any metal was still unknown, and when stone implements were the only ones in use. There is a remarkable vitality in stories, which enables them to outlive not only generations, but the greatest changes in the mode of life, and even in the language of a people. Peculiarities of mental constitution, of course, not only render nations very different with regard to the stories which they produce, but also in their capacity for receiving and reproducing those imparted to them by other races. Yet, neither difference of race nor of language offers an absolute bar to the spread of such stories as have an innate vitality. It is sometimes astonishing to find tales reappear in the remotest corners of the earth, which possess the very same structure, and bear traces of being originally identical, but which yet have so much local colouring as to render it quite evident that they have not been transplanted in modern times.

It is only of late years that attention has been drawn to the masses of traditionary literature (or folk-lore) which are to be found in every nation. A very small amount, only, of what can in this way be collected, has as yet been brought to light, and the sifting of this material has only just begun. It is too early, therefore, to fix those principles by which it can be ascertained whether a story is indigenous to a tribe, nation, or race; or whether it has been floated over to them from abroad. We have no doubt that the principles will be discovered by which it can be decided whether, when the same tale occurs among different peoples, they have both derived it from a common source, as an inheritance which has come down to them with a language of common origin, or whether it has more latterly been borrowed by the one people from the other. At present, we can hardly do more than establish the identity of tales occurring among different nations; and

even this task requires a good deal of caution and judgment. It may surely be, that similar ideas have arisen in the minds of different people, and have been embodied in stories of a similar character; and it requires, therefore, something more than a mere similarity, either in structure or tendency, to make us assume that two tales have a common origin. It was a remark made by the late Mr. Justice Watermeyer, that the natural propensities of animals being so much alike, the fables which portray them must also be expected to bear great resemblance to each other. This is unquestionably true; yet many of the similarities between the fables met with among the Hottentots and those of our Reynard the Fox are apparently too characteristic to be explained in this way. These fables are, indeed, in so many points almost identical, that many people (*e.g.*, Mr. Tylor, in his "Researches into the Early History of Mankind," 1865, p. 11) see herein a proof that they are of recent introduction, "are likely to have come" from the Dutch settlers, or are due "to European or Moslem influence."

We firmly believe that this opinion is only to a certain extent applicable. We think that there is clear evidence that a literature of fables existed among the Hottentots before the advent of Europeans, and that this very circumstance made them so ready to lay hold of those fables which they could learn from the Dutch and North-German settlers, or even from the Mohammedan slaves. By and by, when the material has more fully been brought together, and the folk-lore of all the different African tribes collected, sifted, and compared, it may be possible to ascertain something more definitely regarding the origin of each of these Hottentot fables, and to distinguish the original, and the lately introduced or invented, from each other. At the present moment, we are but groping in the dark, even where we seem to see most clearly.

When publishing the English edition of the Hottentot fables, it appeared to me very clear that the fable of the "White Man and the Snake" (which is there given in two versions) was of European origin. Yet a third version, which I owe to the kind communication of the Hon. Theophilus Shepstone, Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal, renders this view again doubtful, and at least shows how widely spread among the Hottentot tribes is a story essentially the same. The version which Mr. Shepstone learnt from a Hottentot is as follows:

A Baboon was once seeking his food on a hill among the stones, as is the manner of baboons. On turning over one



of the stones to look for insects, he uncovered a Snake, and the latter, annoyed at the disturbance, at once attempted to bite the Baboon. The Baboon, in much alarm, apologized for what he had done; but the Snake was angry and would bite the Baboon, who strongly remonstrated and continued to apologize. But the Snake would not listen. During this state of affairs a Jackal came trotting along, and suddenly found himself in the presence of the disputants, when both consented to refer the matter to the Jackal's decision. The Jackal not liking either of the litigants, but fearing the Snake most, required as a preliminary to his hearing the case, and to enable him to form a correct opinion in the matter, that each should place himself in exactly the position occupied when the cause of dispute happened. The Snake thereupon went to her place, and the Baboon placed the stone over her. The Jackal asked if she could get out. The Snake tried, and said she could not. The Jackal inquired a second time, to make himself sure; the Snake tried again and said "No." Whereupon the Jackal said to the Baboon, "I think we had better leave the case as it stands;" and both went off their respective ways.

Mr. Shepstone rightly calls this version "both witty and true to nature," adding that "the habits of the three creatures are so correctly described." It is decidedly simpler than either of the two other versions, both of which add one or two other animals (the Hyena, or the Hare and the Hyena), which are appealed to before the Jackal, and decide in favour of the Snake. Mr. Shepstone's version is also devoid of the moral that lies in the other versions, in which the Snake's ingratitude is punished by the Jackal's device; for, the Snake is, in these, anxious to be liberated from the stone which oppressed her.

Now, is this simpler version of the fable more original, and the fuller ones merely modernized by the introduction of the traits belonging to the European version? Or is the former merely an abbreviation and Hottentot adaptation of the latter? We hesitate how to answer.

There can, however, be no question that fables in which animals play the most prominent part, and in which the jackal's cunning is particularly illustrated, are so common among the Hottentots that it is impossible to ascribe them all, or even the majority of them, either to intercourse with Europeans or to modern invention. They crop up plentifully wherever the Hottentots are met with. Some of those which are told are, indeed, of such a nature as not to bear production before ears polite, as their very point consists in

what to us would be objectionable. Yet enough of such as cannot be objected to, remain to prove the truth of our assertion. For example, the following fable, communicated by Mr. John Sanderson, of Natal, was told to a friend of his by a Hottentot wagon-driver :

The lion owed the Jackal a grudge for having played him some trick ; so the Jackal took care to keep out of his way. One day, however, the Lion came upon him suddenly, in a place at the foot of a rock, from which there was no escape. In a moment the Jackal rushed up to the rock, placing his forepaws against it, and calling out lustily to the Lion for help. "What is the matter?" said the Lion. "Matter!" replied the Jackal, "don't you see the rock is falling? Come here and hold it, while I fetch a stick to prop it up." The Lion did as he was bidden, and the Jackal made his escape.

From the literature of fables, which seems originally to belong to the Sex-denoting languages (as, *e.g.*, the Hottentot, Semitic, Indo-European or Aryan, &c.), but which is of scanty and insignificant indigenous growth in the Bantu languages (Kafir and their kindred),—we will now turn to those household stories, or nursery tales, which are met with abundantly both in the Bantu and in the Sex-denoting languages.

One of the most common nursery tales is that in which some person (generally a child) lends or gives something,—finds, on asking it back, that it has been eaten, broken, or lost, and receives something else as compensation for it. This exchange is usually repeated six or seven times, with different endings. Four African versions of this tale are known to me,—one from Damaraland, another from Natal, a third from Madagascar, and a fourth from Sierra Leone.

These stories generally become almost tiresome by the repetition of the whole previous history at each new exchange. But a comparison of them will bring to light some remarkable coincidences.

The Damara version, translated from a manuscript in OTYIHERERÓ (written by natives, and preserved, in a copy made by the Rev. J. Rath, in the Grey Library), has been given at the end of "Reynard the Fox in South Africa" (pp. 90—94). We give here a corrected translation, which follows the original more closely :

There was a little girl who had an *eëngi* (pronounced *a-inghi*, some kind of fruit). She said to her mother: "Mother, why is it that you do not say, 'My first-born, give me the *eëngi*?' Do I refuse it?" Her mother said, "My

first-born, give me the *eingi*." She gave it to her and went away, and her mother ate the *eingi*. When the child came back she said, "Mother, give me my *eingi*!" But her mother answered, "I have eaten the *eingi*." The child said,

"Mother, how is it that you have eaten my *eingi*,  
Which I plucked from our tree?"

The mother then gave her a needle.

The little girl went away and found her father sewing straps (*oS'ongonda*, worn by the men round the loins,—they are with rich people 200 feet and more in length) with thorns. So she said, "Father, how is it that you sew with thorns? Why do not you say, 'My first-born, give me your needle?' Do I refuse?" So her father said, "My first-born, give me your needle." She gave it to him, and went away for a while. Her father set on to sew, but the needle broke; when, therefore, the child came back, and said, "Father, give me my needle," he answered, "The needle is broken." But she complained about it, saying:

"Father, how is it that you break my needle?"

Which I got from my mother:

My mother who ate my *eingi*,

Which I had plucked from our tree?"

Her father then gave her an axe.

Going further, she met the lads (who were in charge) of the cattle. She found them busy taking out honey, and (in order to get at it) they cut down (the trees) with stones. She addressed them: "Our sons, how is it that you use stones in order to get at the honey? Why do not you say, 'Our first-born, give us the axe?' Do I refuse, or what do I?" They said, "Our first-born, give us the axe." So she gave it to them, and went away for some time. The whole axe broke. When she came back, she asked, "Where is the axe? Please give it to me." They answered, "The axe is broken." She then said:

"How is it that you break my axe?"

Which I had received from my father,

Who had broken my needle,

Which I got from my mother:

My mother who had eaten my *eingi*,

Which I had plucked from our tree?"

And they gave her some honey.

She went away again, and met a little old woman eating insects (*oS'ona* = pediculus), to whom she said, "Little old woman, how is it that you eat insects? Why don't you say, 'My first-born, give me honey?' Do I refuse or not?" Then the little old woman asked, "My first-born, give me

honey." She gave it to her, and went away. The little old woman managed to eat all the honey; and when the child came back and said, "Little old woman, give me my honey," she answered, "I have eaten the honey." So she (the child) said:

"How is it that you eat my honey?

Which I received from the children of our cattle:

Our children who had broken my axe,

Which had been given me by my father:

My father who had broken my needle,

Which was a present from my mother:

My mother who had eaten up my *eingi*,

That I had plucked from our tree?"

The little old woman gave her food, and she went away. This time she came to the pheasants who scratched the ground; and she said, "Pheasants, how is it that you scratch the ground? Why don't you say, 'First-born, give us food?' Do I refuse, or what do I?" They said, "First-born, please give." So she gave them, and went to stay somewhere else. When she came (back) and said: "Bring the food," they said, "We have eaten the food." She then said:

"How is it that you eat my food?

Which I had received from a little old woman,

Who had eaten up my honey,

That I had got from our lads of the cattle:

Our lads who had broken my axe,

Which had been given me by my father,

Who had broken my needle,

Which was a present from my mother,

Who had eaten my *eingi*,

Which I had plucked from our tree?"

The pheasants flying up all pulled feathers out.

She then, walking along, met the shepherd boys (children of the sheep); she found them plucking out hairs from the sheep skins (in order to use the hairs for their arrows). So she asked them, "How is it you pull at these skins? Why do you not say, 'First-born, give us the feathers.' Do I refuse, or what do I?" They said, "First-born, give us the feathers." She gave them and went away; but all the feathers broke. When she returned, and said, "Give me my feathers," they answered, "The feathers are broken." Then she said:

"Do you break my feathers?

Which I received from the pheasants,

Who had eaten my food,

Which had been given me by a little old woman?"

They gave her some (sweet) milk.



She went again on her way, and found her own handsome (he-dog) gnawing bones. She said, "Our dog, how is it that you gnaw (those) bones?" The dog answered "Give me milk." She gave it him, and he drank it all. Then she said to the dog, "Give me back my milk." He said, "I have drunk it." She then repeated the same words which she had spoken before; but the dog ran away, and when she pursued him, he scampered up a tree. She climbed also up (after him), but the dog jumped down from the tree. She wanted to do the same, but could not. Then she said, "Our dog, please help me down." He answered, "Why did you pursue me?" and ran away (leaving her up the tree). That is enough.

Side by side with this we will first place the MALAGASY version which is also in the Grey Library, in an important manuscript, hitherto unpublished, which was kindly presented by the venerable Mr. James Cameron.\*

It is said that *Ihotofetsy* once went to a forest, and there he got some *laingo*.† He took this and placed it in a basin

\* Mr. Cameron, in a letter dated Antananarivo, 28th November, 1865, says, "I have the pleasure of sending you by this mail (care of the Colonial Postmaster, Port Louis, Mauritius) a manuscript in Malagasy, with a translation into English. These stories have been handed down by tradition from time immemorial. I am not aware that they have ever before been written. The Malagasy copy was written down from the lips of some who were supposed to know the stories well, by a young man who was a teacher in one of the schools. I have divided the whole into chapters, and prefixed contents to each chapter, and have also added a few notes.

"In some countries, robbers, highwaymen, and others of that class have often some generosity or other redeeming feature about them; but *Ihotofetsy* and *Mahaka* are thoroughly and only bad from beginning to end. I can get no information as to the author or the time it was composed. Some of the stories are probably very old, and it is not unlikely that some of them may be of a more modern date, and by inferior hands, but they are true Madagascar tales.

"Some of them at least were known to the former Missionaries; but they feared that as examples they might prove injurious to youth, if made public. The entire story, however, shows the ultimate detection and punishment of crime, as well as the success of the rogues in committing it.

"I beg to direct your attention to Chapter No. 5, which has a striking resemblance to the Damara Tale No. 42, in "Reynard the Fox." An intelligent Native to whom I read the Damara tale, said, 'The stories are one, but the land is different.' It is just possible that both may have a common origin. In the Damara tale we have a picture of primitive simplicity. In the Madagascar one we have a picture of a bad man influenced by the love of gain,—the ruling passion of the present Malagasy."

† *Laingo* (pronounced *laingu*), a plant, the tender stem of which when rubbed well on the teeth makes them quite black; but after a day or two the black crust is rubbed off with grains of unpeeled rice, when the teeth are left of a pure white.—J. C.

belonging to *Rafotsibè* (the great fair lady) and went away. He came back after a while and went into the house of *Rafotsibè* and said "Where is my *laingo*?" And *Rafotsibè* said "I have used it." *Ikotofetsy* said, "I can never consent to your using my *laingo*. It was from the forest I brought the *laingo*, and now the *laingo* is used by *Rafotsibè*; I cannot submit to that." Then *Rafotsibè* said, "If you cannot consent, come then let me give you a small needle in place of it." So she gave him a needle in place of the *laingo*.

Then *Ikotofetsy* took the needle and went to a catcher of fish. And the catcher of fish said, "Well! can we make an exchange with your needle and small fish?" *Ikotofetsy* said, "Perhaps you will not give the fish?" The catcher of fish said, "We will give." Then he gave him the fish.

Again *Ikotofetsy* took the fish and went to people dwelling in a wood. And the dwellers in the wood said, "Well! can we make an exchange with your fish and an axe?" *Ikotofetsy* said, "Perhaps you will not give." Then the dwellers in wood said, "We will give." And *Ikotofetsy* agreed.

Then *Ikotofetsy* took the axe to the burier (of the dead). And the burier said, "Come! where is your axe for us to cut up beef?" *Ikotofetsy* said, "Only if my axe should break, remember, I can never consent to be the loser." And the people said, "Yes." Then the people struck the beef with the axe, and the axe broke. *Ikotofetsy* said, "I can't submit to this; the beef is mine." And so the people gave him a large quantity of beef.

*Ikotofetsy* took the beef and brought it to a very old man. And the old man said, "Well! can we make an exchange with your beef and my drum?" *Ikotofetsy* said, "Perhaps you will not give (the drum)." The old man said, "We will give." And so the old man gave the drum. And *Ikotofetsy* took the drum and went towards the market, and kept beating the drum all the way till he arrived at the market. And the people said, "O dear! Look at the drum of *Ikotofetsy*!" And all the people there in turns beat the drum in the market, and the people broke the drum. Then *Ikotofetsy* said:

"From the forest I brought *laingo*:

The *laingo* was used up by *Rafotsibè*;

*Rafotsibè* gave a needle:

The needle went to the catcher of fish;

The catcher of fish gave fish:

The fish went to the dwellers in the wood;

The dwellers in the wood gave an axe :  
 The axe was broken by the man that buries ;  
 The man that buries gave beef :  
 The beef went to the old man ;  
 The old man gave a drum :  
 The drum is broken by the people (in the market).  
 To this I cannot submit ;  
 And, therefore, the people are mine, *i.e.*, my slaves."

Now when the principal people in the market heard that, they went and told the King. And the King said, "Well ! if you have destroyed his property what can be done ? You must become his."

With great differences of detail between the Otyihereró and Malagasy versions, it is certainly remarkable that in both the first article obtained in exchange is a *needle* ; whilst that for which the needle is given, is in Otyihereró a fruit (*eíngi*), and in Malagasy a kind of plant (the *laingu*). There is even a curious similarity in these two names (*eíngi* and *laingu*), which in connection with the other coincidences is remarkable. The "axe," too, which in the Otyihereró version is given in exchange for the needle, occurs also in the Malagasy, although after an intervening "fish." The "axe" occupies, as we shall see, the same fourth position in the Zulu version as in the Malagasy, and the Zulu version also agrees with the Otyihereró in this, that the first of the things mentioned is an edible vegetable given to the mother, and eaten by her. The ZULU version is otherwise very different in its details. Unfortunately, the end of it is wanting in Dr. Callaway's "Nursery Tales," pp. 37—40.

*Uǃlakanyana* (the clever fellow of Zulu folk-lore, a small cunning man) went to a marriage dance ; on his arrival he looked at the dance ; the damsel danced. When the people left off dancing he went home. He came to a hill and found some *umdiandiane* (an edible tuber of which children are fond, rarely eaten by grown persons) ; he dug this up. On his arrival at home he gave it to his mother, and said, "Mother cook for me my *umdiandiane*. I am going to milk." His mother cooked it ; when it was done, his mother said, "Just let me taste what it is like." She eat, and found it nice, and eat the whole.

*Uǃaidshana* (one of the names of *Uǃlakanyana*, signifying a little red animal with a black-tipped tail) came and said "Mother give me my *umdiandiane*." His mother said, "I have eaten it, my child." He said :

"Give me my *umdiandiane* :

For, I dug it up on a very little knoll ;

I having been to a wedding."

His mother gave him a milk-pail. He took it and went away with it.

He fell in with some boys herding, who were milking into broken pieces of pottery. He said, "Take this, here is my milk-pail; milk into it, and then give me also some milk to drink." They milked into it. But the last boy broke it. *Ujaidshana* said,

"Give me my milk-pail :

My milk-pail my mother gave me ;

My mother having eaten my *umdiandiane* :

My *umdiandiane* I dug up on a very little knoll ;

I having been to a wedding."

They gave him an assegai. So he departed.

He fell in with some other boys, eating liver, they cutting it into slices with the rind of sugar-cane. He said, "Take this, here is my assegai; cut the slices with it; and give me some also." They took it and cut slices and eat. It came to pass that the assegai broke in the hand of the last. He said :

"Give me my assegai :

My assegai the boys gave me ;

The boys having broken my milk-pail :

My milkpail my mother gave me ;

My mother having eaten my *umdiandiane* :

My *umdiandiane* I dug up on a very little knoll ;

I having been to a wedding."

They gave him an axe. He departed.

He met with some women fetching firewood; he said, "My mothers, with what are you cutting your firewood?" They said, "We are not cutting it with anything, old fellow." He said, "Take this, here is my axe. Cut with it. When you have finished, bring it to me." It came to pass that the axe broke in the hand of the last. He said,

"Give me my axe :

My axe the boys gave me ;

The boys having broken my assegai :

My assegai the boys gave me ;

The boys having broken my milk-pail :

My milk-pail my mother gave me ;

My mother having eaten my *umdiandiane* :

My *umdiandiane* I dug up on a very little knoll ;

I having been to a wedding."

The women gave him a blanket. He took it, and went on his way with it.



He found two young men sleeping without clothing. He said, "Ah! friends, do you sleep without clothing? Have you no blanket?" They said, "No." He said, "Put on this of mine." So they put it on. They continually dragged it one from the other, for it was small: at length it tore. He said in the morning,

"Give me my blanket:

My blanket the women gave me;

The women having broken my axe:

My axe the boys gave me;

The boys having broken my assegai:

My assegai the boys gave me;

The boys having broken my milk-pail:

My milk-pail my mother gave me;

My mother having eaten my *umdiandiane*:

My *umdiandiane* I dug up on a very little knoll;

I having been to a wedding."

They gave him a shield. So he departed.

He fell in with some men fighting with a leopard, who had no shields. He said, "Have you no shield?" They said, "No." He said, "Take this shield of mine, and fight with it." They took it; and killed the leopard. The handloop of the shield broke. He said,

"Give me my shield:

My shield the young men gave me;

The young men having torn my blanket:

My blanket the women gave me;

The women having broken my axe:

My axe the boys gave me;

The boys having broken my assegai:

My assegai the boys gave me;

The boys having broken my milk-pail:

My milk-pail my mother gave me;

My mother having eaten my *umdiandiane*:

My *umdiandiane* I dug up on a very little knoll;

I having been to a wedding."

They gave him a war-assegai. So he departed.

What he did with that, perhaps I may tell you on another occasion.

It is to be hoped that we shall ere long get hold of the concluding portion of this tale in Zulu. In the meantime, a comparison of it with the two other versions (in Otyihereró and Malagasy) draws our attention to a remarkable fact, viz., that the exchange in all of them mainly concerns (besides articles of food) iron instruments, which are recommended to those who were previously without them. Besides the axe,

which appears in the three versions, in two of them (Otyihereró and Malagasy) a needle is given in exchange, whilst the third (the Zulu) introduces a knife (or assegai) and a war-assegai. From this, it appears to me probable that the composition of this tale dates back as far as the beginning of that period when iron began first to be used among these tribes, and when it superseded stone implements and other less durable substitutes. Trivial, therefore, as the story must appear to us, it becomes interesting as a relic of this past period in the literary history of the African nations.

Of the three languages in which versions of this story have been given above, two (the Zulu and Otyihereró) belong to the *Bantu* Family of languages, and may, therefore, have inherited the tale from a common ancestry. The third, the Malagasy, belongs to the *Malay-Polynesian* Family, which we, indeed, include with the Bantu and Gôr Families in the Class of Prefix-pronominal languages. But as the language of Madagascar has borrowed words from the opposite African coast, so tales may also have travelled across.

Essentially the same tale is also found in another Bantu language, which is spoken as far to the north-west as Sierra Leone. In TEMNE, Schlenker's Collection (1861) pp. 56—61, gives the following story :

There was once a child who set a trap under a root, and he caught a bird. Well, when he had eaten it, he returned and set the trap again, and he again caught a bird. He ran and loosed the bird, and carried it into the hut; but his mother drove him to the outskirts of the farm to go and drive birds away. And the child said, "Mother, roast me the bird." His mother said, "Yes." Well, when the child was gone, his mother killed the bird and plucked it, and went and roasted it, and ate it entirely. When the child came, and asked his mother for the bird, his mother said, "I have eaten it." The child cried, and said,

"Mother, give me my bird!

Mother, give me my bird,

Which I killed under the root,

At the waterfall, under the root."

Well, the mother gave him maize, and he put it on the top of the stump of a tree. Then when the white ants had eaten it (there), the child said to them :

"White ants, give me my maize!

White ants, give me my maize,

Which the Mother gave me.

The Mother ate my bird,  
Which I killed under the root,  
At the waterfall, under the root."

Well, the white ants made him earthen pots. He carried them to the brook at the waterfall, to scoop water with. And when the Waterfall broke those earthen pots, he said:

"Waterfall, give me my earthen pots!

Waterfall, give me my earthen pots,

Which the White Ants gave me.

The White Ants ate my maize,

Which the Mother gave me.

The Mother ate my bird

Which I killed under the root,

At the waterfall, under the root."

The Waterfall gave him a skate (a fish); and when the Hawk was taking it away, he said:

"Hawk, give me my skate!

Hawk, give me my skate,

Which the Waterfall gave me.

The Waterfall broke my earthen pots,

Which the White Ants made for me.

The White Ants ate my maize,

Which the Mother gave me.

The Mother ate my bird,

Which I killed under the root,

At the waterfall, under the root."

Well, the Hawk dropped a feather for him; and when the Wind carried it away, he said:

"Wind, give me my feather!

Wind, give me my feather,

Which the Hawk gave me.

The Hawk ate my skate,

Which the Waterfall gave me.

The Waterfall broke my earthen pots,

Which the White Ants made for me.

The White Ants ate my maize,

Which the Mother gave me.

The Mother ate my bird,

Which I killed under the root,

At the waterfall, under the root."

Well, the Wind made many country beans fall down for him. When Baboons had eaten the beans, he said,

"Baboon, give me my country beans,

Which the Wind made fall for me.

The Wind carried away my feather,

Which the Hawk gave me.

The Hawk ate my skate,  
Which the Waterfall gave me.  
The Waterfall broke my earthen pots,  
Which the White Ants made for me.  
The White Ants ate my maize,  
Which the Mother gave me.  
The Mother ate my bird,  
Which I killed under the root,  
At the waterfall, under the root."

Well, the Baboon said, "I have nothing to give." He tied the Baboon; and when he had tied him, he carried him into the town.

The ending here is most like that of the Malagasy version, but the story differs from it almost entirely in its details. In fact, it agrees better with the Otyihereró version than with any of the others. Firstly, in Otyihereró, Zulu, and Temne, the tale begins by making a child give something to its mother, which the latter eats. Secondly, both in Otyihereró and Temne, feathers are given by birds in one of the later stages of exchange. Thirdly, whilst in Malagasy and Zulu, the exchanges are all made by persons,—in Otyihereró the pheasants and a dog are introduced as actors,—and in Temne, after the mother, only impersonal beings follow (white ants, hawk, baboon, cataract, wind). Thus, in Temne, the tale assumes the character of a fable; and this change is probably due to the influence of the Sex-denoting languages;—an influence which has more or less strongly affected all the languages of the West African division of the Bântu Family.

It is remarkable that in the Temne version no mention of iron is made, and that the things given in exchange are, with the exception of the "feathers" and "earthen pots," only articles of food (bird, fish, rice, and country beans). This may be explained thus, that at the time when the West African division of the Bântu languages and the South African separated from each other, iron had not yet come into use. In that case, this tale must have been anterior to the reign of the Iron Age in Africa. But the general agreement of the South African versions renders it as yet more probable that the Temne is also on this point less original than they.

We have hardly a doubt that, when once the folk-lore of all the Bântu languages has been collected, in almost every one of them a version of this ancient tale will be found. It will probably then be possible to construct, by a comparison of these various versions, the original context of this tale



or song\* (for parts of it, if not the whole, must have been a song), as it was recited in the early times of its composition,—times which, from present information, we are inclined to place at the beginning of the Iron Age. This age, among the Bântu nations, cannot have been of very modern date,—since the art of smelting iron was found well developed among the nations of the Interior at the time of the first arrival of Europeans among them.

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## SECHELI AND HIS PEOPLE.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1852, the Chief Secheli, paramount head of the Bakwain tribe of Bechuanas, accompanied by a troop of his followers, unexpectedly appeared in Cape Town. The cause of the chief's visit was at once as novel and interesting as the contrast between those true sons of the desert and the busy scenes of commerce and luxury of civilization which then for the first time opened on their astonished understanding.

With the proclamation of the independence of the Transvaal Republic, the sudden release of the Boers from their allegiance to the British Government and their consequent acquisition of irresponsible power were followed by cruel disasters to the native tribes, whom the more distant Boers attempted to reduce to subjugation and virtual slavery; and in one of their raids upon the town of Kolobeng, after great slaughter of the adult inhabitants, about two hundred children were carried into captivity, including two of Secheli's sons, with their mother. (*Vide* Livingstone's Travels, Chapman, &c.)

The prestige of the English name had penetrated even to the remote regions of the continent, and the fame of British power, and generous efforts made towards ameliorating the native races, turned the eyes and hands of the oppressed nations of the interior imploringly towards the Colony. Fired with a praiseworthy zeal for the succour of his own people, Secheli determined on making appeal on their behalf in person; and setting at nought the distance to be overcome, and the difficulties of such an enterprise, he made the journey of nearly eleven hundred miles in order to plead his cause against the aggression of the Boers.

\* The rhythm of this kind of poetry consists (as in the Psalms of our Hebrew Bible) in the parallelism of the lines.

Failing, however, to enlist the practical sympathy he sought from the authorities at the Cape, his bold and confident spirit conceived the more ambitious project of laying his grievances before the Queen, and of asking help and redress directly at the hands of Her Majesty; but the chief's meagre resources were soon expended, and with the collapse of his means, his helplessness and inability to carry out his idea became apparent; and with a heart heavy by his failure, he returned with unwilling steps to his own country.

Secheli's first act on reaching his people was to collect the scattered population, and move westward to a more secure position, near an extensive range of hills, among the fastnesses of which he located his tribe, and where his principal town (Lōgāgen) now stands. The Quixotic visit of this chief to the Cape was not wholly unfruitful in good results. His keen perceptive faculties had marked the surroundings of the people with whom he had been newly brought in contact, and he mentally compared the civilized appliances and usages obtaining among the white people with the utter degradation and barbarism of his own tribe. Personally, he had received both kindness and attention in the Colony; but with the exhaustion of his means he became schooled for the first time in the value of material resources, and his active mind awakened to the sense of a power new to his experience—the power of wealth for what it can both do and procure; and limited as his opportunities had been, his shrewd understanding was impressed by evidence of the uses of wealth to foster industries, of the nature and extent of which he had never before even dreamed. Secheli had been nurtured in what at that time was the very heart of heathendom, where each individual found full engagement in collecting together the materials necessary to bare subsistence, the pressure of whose daily wants excluded even the idea of subjects upon which more advanced nations consider progress and civilization to depend; and the chief was attracted by the capability of riches to afford on the one hand unaccustomed luxuries, and on the other leisure to enjoy them, which his temperament lured him to covet alike for himself and his people.

Coincident with the extension of missionary enterprise, traders from the Colony began to make desultory visits among the native population for the purpose of collecting skins or feathers and occasional ivory; and Secheli holding supremacy over a large portion of the nomad desert tribes,

was quick to stimulate his followers to more eager search for the ostrich feathers, which traders sought in barter for their manufactured goods. Hunting parties were organized for the regions beyond Lake 'N'Gami and the Zambezi country; and the ivory brought down aided the material advancement of his people, whose present possession of commodious Cape-built wagons, and numerous horses for hunting purposes, prove the extent to which they have taken advantage of their opportunities; whilst by neatness and skill exhibited in the workmanship of members of Secheli's own family, his town has obtained a reputation for excellence in the manufacture of karosses superior to that of any other Bechuana tribe.

Perhaps one of the most singular impressions received during his brief sojourn in the midst of civilization, and carried back by Secheli, is recorded by Dr. Livingstone, who states, that having seen the convict gangs working on the public roads in the Colony, the chief, on his return, instituted this kind of punishment drill for the refractory and criminal among his own subjects. The sight of Secheli's delinquents at work on the roads about Lōgāgen must have induced in the mind of an observer much the same association of ideas as occurred to the shipwrecked sailor, who seeing a gallows erected near the shore upon which he had been cast away, involuntarily thanked Heaven he had been thrown upon a civilized country.

During the residence of Dr. Livingstone at Kolobeng, the active intelligence of the chief made him an apt scholar, and he learned to read and write in his own language with considerable facility. The destruction of that town by the Boers was the immediate stimulus, under which the Doctor, whose aspirations were directed towards the millions of untaught heathen in the regions beyond, put into execution his long-cherished idea of journeying further north; and Secheli—whose reminiscences of the period of wretched ignorance before the advent of the missionaries among his people, had led him to exclaim, "Oh, I wish you had come to this country before I became entangled in the meshes of our customs!"—anxious for the mental as well as moral improvement of his children, sent five of them to be educated at Kuruman, where they were kindly received and cared for by Mr. Moffat and his excellent partner. The writer has since seen a daughter of Secheli acting as amanuensis, writing from the dictation of the chief, dispatches to be sent to the heads of distant tribes.

Secheli's hospitality was a prominent feature in his character twenty years ago, and is noticeable at the present day, for though there are numerous white residents among his people, the stranger must still "come and eat." The idea of dining with a native chief may afford considerable play to the imagination, ranging through a bill of fare from scorched locusts, or eland "biltong," to hippopotamus pork; or, on the other hand, may pourtray unwashed hands, fishing out the dainty morsels from a huge wooden bowl used in common, or tearing in opposite directions at masses of half-raw meat. But the visitor to Secheli will be pleasantly relieved by finding a white linen cloth spread on the board, with the civilized complement of forks and spoons, whilst the chief himself does the honours in a black dress-coat; and on such an occasion he may have the opportunity of studying Secheli's respect for British power, since the walls of the room are hung with large-sized portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

As will readily be supposed, the transplantation of the amenities of civilized life into such untilled soil is occasionally followed by what the floriculturist terms "sports" of nature. It has become customary among the white residents at Secheli's to promote sociability by keeping up the usual Christmas festivities, and on the last occasion they assembled in a large residence built for one of the traders, in which calico festoons cleverly combined the interior light and elegant appearance of a marquee with the external fashion of a native pondok. Secheli lent the dignity of his presence; and his sable visage\* beamed in delighted anticipation of good things to come. Near him sat a subordinate chief who had come in from the desert wilds to do homage to the head of his tribe, and who appeared painfully conscious of the restraint imposed by his unwonted induction into civilized habiliments. The next best things were the "huge sirloin" and roasted turkeys brought from farm-yards of the not distant Marico. Most of your readers well know the collaterals of a Christmas dinner at the Cape, and the steady perseverance with which an appetite engendered by the bracing air of an English winter is there emulated. But it requires a forcible strain upon the imagination to conceive its parallel at midday—just on the border of the tropics, when even the thermometer is too lethargic to register the unusual degrees of temperature, and with

\* It was formerly customary to speak of him as "Black Secheli."



this, Christmas dainties placed before weather-beaten traders, and hardy hunters from the interior, whose life is one long period of fatigue and exposure. Certainly, the desire to do justice to unaccustomed luxuries, and the languidness induced by the sultry summer's heat, could never be placed in more painful contrast. However, perseverance overcomes more serious obstacles than a good dinner; though it ensues, as a physiological consequence, that internal elevation of temperature is inevitably added to the torrid zone of external atmosphere.

The countenance of the august Secheli was as replete with satisfaction as his forehead was bedewed with evidence of the great labour he had so successfully accomplished; whilst the stranger guest, having in vain invited cooling breezes by waving the native fan, formed of a jackal's tail, stealthily unloosed the fastenings of his vest, and, grown confident by this little liberty, finally discarded the trammels of civilization, and relieving himself of his coat, sought a greater degree of comfort in easy half-dress.

It was at this juncture the special cognizance of King Christmas, a steaming plum-pudding, appeared as a stimulus to renewed exertions; and conversation upon stall-fed beef and Smithfield prize cattle glided by easy transition to the proportions of 'Mtesa's wives, so graphically described by Speke and Grant, when a sudden commotion arose at the head of the table—whether arising from the conversation or the pudding did not transpire—but Secheli's country friend was seen to throw up his arms, and presently he emerged from the restraints of the dress that had remained to him, utterly regardless of the fact that in polite life either a "Eureka" or some equivalent is considered indispensable, whatever it may be in the retirement of private life among the Bechuanas.

Under the able direction of the present resident missionary,\* Secheli has persisted in constant endeavours for the permanent advancement of his people; and with the example before him of a commodious, well-built native church, and the trim verandah'd mission-house, has erected for his family a comfortable dwelling in the European style, with a pillared porch across its front; and when it is known that his establishment is furnished with colonial-made wardrobes and modern brass bedsteads, it will be perceived that Secheli admires the luxury and comforts of civilization as well as its more abstract benefits.

\* The Rev. J. Price.

Perhaps in no other town have we the same facility for tracing out the gradual development of civilization, side by side with the spread of Christianizing influences. It is most pleasing to witness the quiet decorum maintained throughout the Sabbath, and the orderly troops of well-dressed churchgoers; though an involuntary smile may arise at the sight of natives in "peg-top" clothing, or native ladies adorned with Tyrolese hats; yet even these are practical evidences of the substantial progress of the people as much as their possession of wagons, or ploughs, or household goods. We should not forget that during the early period of missionary labours, the chief offered himself as a candidate for baptism, whilst still retaining the numerous wives he had espoused in former years; and when an appeal was made to his self-consciousness of what would be right, he "having the Bible in his hand and being able to read it,"—by his voluntary abandonment of the state of polygamy, Secheli practically solved a problem that has proved a stumbling-block to and still puzzles the minds of many intelligent men.

The advanced ideas of the chief of these Bechuanas must necessarily excite our astonishment. In the country bordering the Kalahari, frequent and long-continued droughts often deprive the natives of the crops of maize upon which their hopes of subsistence depend; and Secheli shows an intelligent appreciation of the natural causes influencing the rain-fall, and preserves the brushwood and timber growing on his mountain with a strictness that may well command our admiration, and which might be copied to the advantage of even more enlightened communities.

Among a people whose material resources have to so great an extent resulted from the higher value of ostrich plumes obtaining during late years, everything pertaining to this source of wealth must needs occupy their attention; and at a time when the Cape Parliament has been only so recently busied legislating against the destruction of ostriches within colonial boundaries, it will occasion no little surprise that a native chief should have anticipated the necessity for some protective measure, and have carried it into execution, so far at least as to forbid the destruction of the female bird.

The value of such a measure must necessarily depend upon the question whether the ostrich is monogamous or polygamous, which neither the experience of hunters nor the observation of naturalists has yet decided. For whilst the first are too eager in the mere art of securing their game, the latter have to contend against the extremely shy

and wary habits of the bird, which afford but very rare and occasional opportunity of observation. The general idea is rather in favour of one female bird taking charge of a nest, the male assisting in the incubation, though Dr. Livingstone states that the anxiety of the female, and her aversion to risk a spot for a nest, will often lead her to deposit her eggs in the nest of another ostrich; and, what bears more particularly upon Secheli's policy, he further says, "the number of females being always the greatest, it is probable, that cases occur in which the females have the entire charge."

An interesting account of the incubation of some young ostriches, hatched in the Zoological Gardens at Florence, has been published by the Curator, Signor Desmaure; the eggs in this instance being the produce of two females. One female and male occupied the nest alternately during the day-time, whilst at night all three gave simultaneous protection to the eggs; but it is questionable whether this arrangement was not an accident of their captivity.

From the enormous quantity of feathers collected throughout the interior, the number of these birds annually killed must be prodigious, and as the dull-grey of the hen-birds renders their feathers greatly inferior in value to the splendid plumage of the male, there is not the same inducement for their destruction, and Secheli, by protecting the females, wisely takes advantage of probabilities in favour of their prolificacy.

From the particulars touched upon, though briefly, in this sketch, it will be perceived that remote native tribes, who are often classed under the general head of barbarians, are becoming awakened to a truer sense of their position; that with an improvement in their social relations, there is the desire to lay aside their former ignorance; and that a secure foundation is being laid for the permanent advancement of the people, fitting them to take a more connected part in the great scheme of human affairs.

H. E.

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## LITERARY REVIEW.

THE space at our disposal this month is so limited that we will not occupy a line of it with any remarks of our own—preferring, as we are sure our readers will, to fill it with three or four too brief extracts from the beautiful panegyrics pronounced upon the memory of Charles Dickens by his own most intimate friends—men distinguished in

literature themselves, but who looked up to the departed as the very type of what the true representative of English literature should be. Our first shall be from Mr. Arthur Helps :

There will be few households that will not desire to possess some portrait of Mr. Dickens ; but alas, how little can any portrait tell of such a man ! His was one of those faces which require to be seen with the light of life. What portrait can do justice to the frankness, kindness, and power of his eyes ? They seemed to look through you, and yet only to take notice of what was best in you and most worthy of notice. And then his smile, which was most charming ! And then his laughter—not poor, thin, arid, ambiguous laughter, that is ashamed of itself, that moves one feature only of the face—but the largest and heartiest kind, irradiating his whole countenance, and compelling you to participate in his immense enjoyment of it.

He was both witty and humorous, a combination rarely met with ; and, both in making and appreciating fun—which we may perhaps define as a happy product of humour and geniality, upborne by animal spirits—I never met his equal.

It need hardly be said that his powers of observation were almost unrivalled ; and therein, though it is a strange comparison to make, he used to remind me of those modern magicians whose wondrous skill has been attained by their being taught from their infancy to see more things in less time than any other men. Indeed, I have said to myself, when I have been with him, he sees and observes nine facts for any two that I see and observe.

As is generally the case with imaginative men, I believe that he lived a great deal with the creatures of his imagination, and that they surrounded him at all times. Such men live in two worlds, the actual and the imaginative ; and he lived intensely in both.

I am strongly confirmed in this opinion by a reply he once made to me. I jestingly remarked to him that I was very superior to him, as I had read my "Pickwick" and my "David Copperfield," whereas he only wrote them. To which he replied that I did not know the pleasure he had received from what he had written, and added words, which I do not recollect, but which impressed me at the time with the conviction that he lived a good deal with the people of his brain, and found them very amusing society.

His love of order and neatness was almost painful. Unpunctuality made him unhappy. I am afraid, though, some people would hardly have called him punctual, for he was so anxious to be in time that he was invariably before time. The present writer has this same fault, if fault it be, which was once the cause of a droll circumstance that occasioned some amusement to our friends. We were going to a railway station together. I planned to be a quarter of an hour before the time ; and he, who had the final ordering of the carriage, and who had not a proper belief in my punctuality, added another quarter of an hour of his own ; so that our conjoint pre-punctualities brought us to the station a good half-hour before the time. The time, however, that we spent together on that occasion, was well spent by me in listening to him as he discoursed upon the beautiful forms of clouds. \* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Dickens loved the poor. He understood them. He was wise enough to see how very needful recreation is for them ; and I shall never forget the delight with which he described to me, giving it with all those details that were with him fine touches of art, an entertainment that he had provided for the neighbouring poor in his own fields ; and how he had rejoiced at their orderliness and good behaviour. \* \* \* \*



It always seemed to me that he had a power of narration which was beyond anything even which his books show forth. How he would narrate to you, sitting on a gate or on a fallen tree, some rustic story of the people he had known in his neighbourhood! It was the very perfection of narrative. Not a word was thrown away, not an adjective misused; and I think all those who have had the good fortune to hear him recount one of these stories will agree with me, that it was a triumph—an unconscious triumph—of art. \* \* \* \* \*

The next is from Mr. Chorley, in a memorial article in the *Athenæum* :

No man who has ever drawn breath or taken pen in hand has done more to vindicate the dignity of the literary character than Charles Dickens. He had the ball of social success at his feet; and being endowed with every instinct for every enjoyment that luxury, or taste, or high breeding could minister, it is admirable to recall with what a quiet consistency, entirely distinct from irritable or arrogant insolence, he held himself apart from, and above, the temptations which the great world is only too eager to offer to every one who is new and brilliant and amusing. When "Pickwick" came out, that great wit Sydney Smith said in my hearing—"Three hundred soup-tickets!" But, from the first, as to the last, Dickens was not to be cajoled by the persons of quality who desired to make an exhibition of possibly the most original English writer of English domestic fiction who has ever been seen. He kept himself and his life apart, and for this reason it was, during a certain period, the fashion to misjudge him; as a writer vulgarly democratic, who had expressed pleasure in defying the privileged ones of the earth. He was even called "low-lived," because he did not hang on staircases, and make mirth for dinner-parties, and join in the exhausted humour of a society represented in the novels of the Regency period—happily dead and buried—by putting coronets on the heads of vapid characters, and by ransacking the dictionary of Court Jargon and Millinery for their dialogue. \* \*

His toleration was great for everything save falsity and oppression—one point excepted. He was too apt to assume that asceticism in religion must be hypocrisy. He was too unwilling to make allowance for narrower natures than his own, only kept to the rule of duty by the constraint of self-restraint, and those formalisms which he abhorred. In the very intensity of his own convictions, he was not always sufficiently forbearing towards those less deeply thoughtful, less profoundly gifted than himself, but possibly not therefore less sincere.

The next extract is from a charming series of reminiscences contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, the son of Dickens's old and cherished friend, Douglas Jerrold :

Dickens abhorred a sham with his whole soul. When he published his "Child's History of England," the mass took it for granted that the chapters which were appearing in the columns of "Household Words," were so much copy; and that the writing of it for his own children was only a common, and, to the world, warrantable artistic fiction. Such fiction was not possible to the greatest fiction writer of our century. I have his words before me, on this history: and the ink is yellowing fast:—

"I am writing a little history of England for my boy, which I will send you when it is printed for him, though your boys are too old to profit by it. It is curious that I have tried to impress upon him (writing, I dare say, at the same moment with you) the exact spirit of your

paper.\* For I don't know what I should do if he were to get hold of any Conservative or High-Church notions; and the best way of guarding against such horrible result is, I take it, to wring the parrot's neck in his very cradle. Oh Heaven, if you could have been with me at a hospital dinner last Monday! There were men there—your city aristocracy—who made such speeches, and expressed such sentiments, as any moderately intelligent dustman would have blushed through his cindery bloom to have thought of. Sleek, slobbering, bon-paunched, overfed, apoplectic, snorting cattle—and the auditory leaping up in their delight! I never saw such an illustration of the power of purse, or felt so degraded and debased by its contemplation, since I have had eyes and ears. The absurdity of the thing was too horrible to laugh at. It was perfectly overwhelming. But if I could have partaken it with anybody who would have felt it as you would have done, it would have had quite another aspect; or would at least, like a 'classical' mask, have had one funny side to relieve its dismal features."

There is a manuscript the world knows nothing about this day; and yet which has been for many years in existence, and in circulation among those who were native to the author's hearth. The life of our Saviour was written by Charles Dickens to guide the hearts of his children: and if ever a labour of love was done by that most affectionate nature, this was pre-eminently it. By the eloquent pages that now will shortly be put within the reach of every English and American household, the children of Charles Dickens were taught their first lessons of Christian love and Christian chivalry. With what patience and thoroughness he wrought out his creed in his home can be known only to the happy few who were privileged to live his life; and to study the splendid and unbroken harmonies which dwelt in the life within as well as in the life without. How far the ripples of his home-spirit rounded into the outer world will, I hope for the sake of that world, be drawn by the hand to which the solemn duties of biographer shall be presently confided. The circles broadened into far-off places from that vehement central vibration of love—and strangers stretched out their arms to Dickens, and weary men, unknown, sought his cheery and valiant temperament as balm and comfort.

When Ada, Lady Lovelace, was dying, and suffering the tortures of a slow internal disease, she expressed a craving to see Charles Dickens, and talk with him. He went to her, and found a mourning house. The lady was stretched upon a couch, heroically enduring her agony. The appearance of Dickens's earnest, sympathetic face was immediate relief. She asked him whether the attendant had left a basin of ice, and a spoon. *She had.* "Then give me some now and then, and don't notice me when I crush it between my teeth: it soothes my pain: and we can talk."

The womanly tenderness—the wholeness—with which Dickens would enter into the delicacies of such a situation—will rise instantly to the mind of all who knew him. That he was at the same moment the most careful of nurses, and the most sympathetic and sustaining of comforters, who can doubt?

"Do you ever pray?" the poor lady asked.

"Every morning and every evening," was Dickens's answer, in that rich sonorous voice which crowds happily can remember: but of which they can best understand all the eloquence, who knew how simple and devout he was when he spoke of sacred things: of suffering, of wrong, of misfortune.

Another occasion thrusts itself through a crowd of recollections. A

\* The Preacher Parrot.

very dear friend of mine, and of many others to whom literature is a staff, had died. To say that his family had claims on Charles Dickens, is to say that they were promptly acknowledged, and satisfied with the grace and heartiness which double the gift, sweeten the bread, and warm the wine. I asked a connection of our dead friend whether he had seen the poor wife and children.

"Seen them!" he answered, "I was there to-day. They are removed into a charming cottage: they have everything about them: and, just think of this, when I burst into one of the parlours, in my eager survey of the new home, I saw a man in his shirt-sleeves, up some steps, hammering away lustily. He turned: it was Charles Dickens, and he was hanging the pictures for the widow."

I had met him about the middle of May, at Charing Cross, and had remarked that he had aged very much in appearance. The thought-lines of his face had deepened, and the hair had whitened. Indeed, as he approached me I thought for a moment I was mistaken, and that it could not be Dickens: for that was not the vigorous, rapid walk, with the stick lightly held in the alert hand, which had always belonged to him. It was he, however: but with a certain solemnity of expression in the face, and a deeper earnestness in the dark eyes. However, when he saw me and shook my hand, the delightful brightness and sunshine swept over the gloom and sadness; and he spoke cheerily, in the old kind way—not in the least about himself—but about my doings, about Doré, about London as a subject (and who ever knew it half so well as he, in all its highways and byways?)—about all that could interest me, that occurred to him at the moment. And he wrung my hand again, as we parted, and the cast of serious thought settled again upon the handsome face, as he turned, wearily I thought for him, towards the Abbey.

That within a month he would be resting there for ever, buried under flowers cast by loving hands, and that the whole civilized world would be lamenting the loss of the great and good Englishman, I never, for one moment, dreamed. But I thought sadly of him, I remember, after we had parted. Nor was I alone, in this. He was walking with a dear friend of his a few weeks ago, when this one said, speaking of Edwin Drood—

"Well, you, or we, are approaching the mystery—"

Dickens, who had been, and was at the moment all vivacity—extinguished his gaiety, and fell into a long and silent reverie, from which he never broke during the remainder of the walk. Was he pondering another, and a deeper, mystery than any his brain could unravel, facile as its mastery was over the hearts and brains of his brethren?

In the *St. Paul's Magazine* there is another notice, written in his most genial style by the editor and distinguished novelist, Mr. Anthony Trollope. All of it we can refer to is the remarkable fact that Dickens, when commencing the *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, had a presentiment he might never live to finish it—so much so, that "when making pecuniary arrangements for its publication, he especially stipulated, by deed, that the publishers should be reimbursed for any possible loss that might accrue to them should he be prevented by death or sickness from completing his work—a stipulation which can hardly have been necessary, but which, as it betrays his own nervousness, so also gives evidence of his high honour and thoughtful integrity."

# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## MY FIRST JOURNEY.

I ANTICIPATED my first journey with such an amount of trepidation that I really felt ashamed of myself. I had been familiar with the saddle from boyhood; donkey, drayhorse, thoroughbred, all came alike to me. Brought up on the Great North Road in its palmy days, my joy of youthful sports was on the *box* to be, there, when Coachee was propitious, to hold the reins and wield the whip. When men seldom ventured on a journey by rail without first making their wills, I was a frequent traveller on the chief lines. Nor was my experience limited to *terra firma*. Up and down the Humber I had steamed with jolly old Captain Jacklin, and eaten innumerable breakfasts, laughing the while at Hessel Whelps. Had I not braved danger on the deep in a fishing coble off Flamborough Head; purchased three days' pleasure in the Isle of Man at the cost of two days' wretchedness; and long before the idea of steam communication with the Cape was conceived, encountered the perils and experienced the delights of an ocean voyage? "All in the Downs the fleet lay moored," one whole week, wind-bound, and no black-eyed Susan came on board to solace her sea-sick swain. The "deep and dark blue ocean" and I were on friendly terms in the Bay of Biscay, and I bade it "roll on," with an assurance of undying attachment. I paid homage to Neptune on the Line, where the good bark lay

"As idle as a painted ship,  
Upon a painted ocean;"

caught albatrosses with a secret misgiving that the curse of the Ancient Mariner might light on me also; and did not anchor in Table Bay without being convinced, by the unanswerable argument of a terrific gale, that Vasco de Gama was right in bestowing upon the promontory the name of *Cabo des Todos Tormentos*.



Neither was I quite inexperienced in South African travelling. The Cape Downs were familiar ground. I had crossed them by means of the Stellenbosch post-wagon in that remote era which preceded the Montagu formation, and traversed them in all directions in more recent times. Every cushion in Cutting's 'buses was known to me. And yet I shrunk from the thought of a journey from Brackenbury to the Bath.

It was not the loss of a comfortable residence, nor the separation from many valued friends, which I dreaded; but the sense of undivided responsibility, combined with a consciousness of ignorance and helplessness, which oppressed me. Two carriages, yclept ox-wagons, two and thirty quadrupeds with frightful horns, and six men with strange tongues, were to be under my sole control throughout a journey of six hundred miles, which mismanagement on my part might render unpleasant, if not disastrous. No landsman called to navigate a ship across the Atlantic, no novice set to drive a locomotive from Cape Town to Wellington, could be in much greater perplexity. The very names of things that would be in daily use were unknown to me. My Dutch vocabulary, copious as I imagined it to be, proved lamentably deficient in the technicalities of travelling. Literally, I did not know my right hand from my left, when *hot* stood for the one and *haar* for the other,—sounds intelligible enough to the most stupid bullock that ever bore the yoke. It is humiliating to have to confess one's inferiority to such an animal; nevertheless, it is a fact that I never acquired the correct use of them. Moreover, no man could be more ignorant of the way in which inspanning, outspanning, smearing, and other strange operations would have to be performed. It would be necessary for me, also, to know two-and-thirty beasts by name,—from *Achterveld* to *Langeveld* in the black span, from *England* to *Weiland* in the red. I must be able to give such a description of each ox as would suffice for its recognition in case of loss, as well as have such a thorough acquaintance with its temper and capabilities as would enable me to assign it a suitable place in the team.

In addition to all this, as three years, at least, were to be spent in the wilderness, hundreds of miles from shops or stores, a supply must be provided of all such articles as might be needed in a family or required in my particular vocation. This three years' stock,—tapes and tar, pills, punjums, and what not, had to be conveyed in the two lumbering vehicles aforesaid.

When I thought of all these things, no wonder that my

heart failed me. I did at last screw my courage to the sticking place, and succeed in putting a good face on the matter, so that my most intimate friends never suspected what amount of mental anguish I had suffered. As the day of departure drew near, the mole-hills which had loomed large as mountains in the distance assumed their legitimate proportions. As I maintained a discreet silence, while carefully noting all that passed, the shrewd Hottentots on whom we were in reality dependent for the comfort and safety of our journey neither doubted my wisdom, nor questioned my authority.

The kind brother who had preceded me at the Bath, and was to succeed me at Brackenbury, not only assisted me in the purchase of my three years' supplies, but presented me with various articles which he knew to be indispensable to a traveller's comfort. His two dogs, Nero and Cæsar, were not the least acceptable. On the eve of our departure, Mr. T—— undertook, with his accustomed kindness, the packing of the two wagons; and before entering upon the task, requested that all we intended to take might be brought together at once. I stood aghast as I contemplated the piles of boxes, bundles, and bedding which were accumulated, and which must be stowed so as to allow sufficient sitting and sleeping room in each wagon. Under Mr. T——'s experienced hand box after box, bundle after bundle disappeared, and yet there was room. Canvas bags, suspended on each side, contained such small articles as were in constant demand. Green baize curtains at both ends of the tent secured privacy when needed, and excluded the chill night-air. Water-casks, cooking utensils, tar-pots, spare gear, spade, axe, auger, &c., were lashed outside; and we were ready to start.

*5th October, 1855.*—The thrice repeated crack of the whip, which summoned the oxen to the yoke, brought together well-nigh all the inhabitants of OUR VILLAGE. Scores of men laid hold of the wagons and drew them into the street, where our preparations were quickly completed. Hundreds of honest hands were shaken; hundreds of times the inevitable word uttered. All hearts were too full to prolong the pain of parting, and on a hasty signal, the drivers' cheery voices cried "Trek!" "Trek!"—the long lash whirled round the heads of the cattle, and we were on our way to Great Namaqualand.

When we unyoked at noon, numbers were still with us, who had accompanied us in wagons and carts, or on foot. Children crowded around us, singing our old songs, and

breaking off to indulge the sincere, if short-lived, sorrow of childhood. It was not until we outspanned for the night, near Stellenbosch, that the last farewell was spoken.

What a night that first one was! To prevent their straying it was necessary to secure the oxen; some to the wagon-poles, others to the wheels, while the quieter ones were tied to the yokes. It was impossible to sleep. The strangeness and closeness of our quarters; the incessant movement of the cattle, some rubbing their heads against the wagon, others straining at the riems, one fighting with his neighbour, another bellowing with all his might; the busy thoughts that occupied our minds: all combined to keep us awake. At midnight, rain fell, and the hubbub increased. More than one of the brutes succeeded in breaking away; the men were aroused to go in pursuit, and all hope of sleep was at an end.

6th.—Having resumed our journey in pretty good time, we supplied ourselves with one or two necessary articles in Stellenbosch, where we had more kind friends to take leave of, and spent the remainder of the day between that place and the Paarl, admiring the beautiful scenery through which we rode, enlivened by cheerful homesteads and rich vineyards. We remained during the Sunday in a secluded spot near the town, remembering the day to keep it holy, and thankful for the repose of mind and body which it afforded us after the excitement of the preceding week.

8th.—I need say nothing of the well-known Paarl, whose interminable street, which seemed lengthening as we went, we slowly traversed. One provoking incident occurred. Crossing a stream in one part of the town, the *trek-touw* of the wagon we occupied became detached, and the oxen walking quietly along, left us in the water, much to the delight of gaping and grinning spectators, not one of whom came to the rescue. Our outspan was near the Berg River, where we had a visit from the Colonial Secretary, who inquired very kindly about our mission, and wished us God speed. I was glad that I had succeeded, before the honourable gentleman came, in making peace between two of our men, a Namaqua and a Damara, who had come to blows. The Berg River bridge being a lofty wooden structure with a light open railing, the red span, composed chiefly of young oxen, manifested a most decided objection to cross it. On both sides was danger. Each ox saw it on his own side, and sought to secure his safety at the expense of his neighbour. We came to a dead stand before we had proceeded many yards, and our position was somewhat

perilous. By great effort we kept the wagon in the centre of the narrow bridge until the trembling animals were unyoked. They were then quickly urged across by the impulsive power of a new terror in the shape of the lash. My black span, all experienced travellers, fearing nothing and sticking at nothing, were brought back, and the baggage wagon was extricated.

9th.—Where we spent the night I cannot tell. Five hours' drive in the morning brought us to Hermon, where we halted during the middle of the day. Our evening stage was continued until after eight o'clock. When we wanted to secure the oxen for the night, it was found that the herd had let them stray, and we were kept up until after midnight searching for the runaways.

10th.—After an early breakfast we rode on to Saron through an interesting country. One extensive *vley* was red with the flowers of a *Watsonia*, but charming as it looked, we were well bespattered with mud before we succeeded in extricating ourselves from the boggy soil. It is not as regards mountains only, that distance lends enchantment to the view. On approaching the village, the wagon-drivers pointed out several oxen far away on the hill-side, which they declared to be those of my coadjutor, who was also on his way to the interior. We were incredulous, as Mr. T—— had left Cape Town some time before we commenced our journey, but we soon ascertained that it was really he, and that he had been enjoying the pleasure of Mr. Budler's society for a couple of days. Saron presented the appearance of a thriving institution, having extensive Mission premises, a Church accommodating six hundred persons, a flour-mill, and a hundred and thirty decent cottages. We resisted the pressing invitation of the kind missionary to remain, and allowing Mr. T—— to take the lead, crossed the numerous streams known as the Four-and-twenty Rivers, and outspanned for the night under Honigberg.

11th.—As the heat increased, we found it necessary to travel as much as possible by night, and to permit our oxen to graze and rest throughout the day. This could not be accomplished without constant vigilance on the master's part, and henceforth I enjoyed the luxury of a night's rest only once a week. These night watches were cold and cheerless, and many an hour was spent "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy."

12th.—Reached Vogelvley early, where we killed a large puff-adder, and ate oranges *ad libitum*. Had to unpack the baggage wagon to get at the tar, which was leaking out.



We did not discover how much of it had been absorbed by our solitary bag of rice, until we reached our journey's end. Curry rice is quite orthodox; tarry rice may be wholesome, but is certainly not palatable.

13th.—A dark, rainy morning. One wagon stuck fast in the bank of a river, and had to be dug out. Pleasant occupation an hour before dawn.

We called at a farm under Piquetberg, hoping to see a countryman whose fame had reached us, and who, unfortunately, was from home. Joris possessed an inventive genius, and had set himself to solve the problem of aerial navigation. After long study and many experiments, the flying machine was completed, and a final trial was to be made. Assisted by his good wife, Joris conveyed it to the summit of a neighbouring hillock, and having adjusted the complex apparatus, took his seat. With her vigorous arm, Kaatje gave the necessary impetus, and Joris and his machine were fairly launched upon the air. Alas, for the aeronaut and his hopes of fame! Down, down, still down the engine descended, until it dashed into the depths of a filthy pool, to the dismay of a host of ducks and swine congregated there. Half smothered with fetid mire, struggling and spluttering, Joris called lustily upon Kaatje, who rushed to the rescue of her luckless spouse. Thus ignominiously ended the aerial career of a very worthy man; fit emblem of the fate of many an inflated simpleton who indulges his "aspirations to be great." Well for him if some *fidus Achates*, in the person of a faithful Kaatje, be at hand to drag him out of the mire into which his folly has precipitated him!

The fields around were beautiful; the roads exceedingly heavy. Our progress was slow, so that we did not reach Pieter's Fontein until nine o'clock. As it was Saturday, we took a half-holiday. When we could reach a spot on the Saturday forenoon, where grass and water were to be had, it was our custom not to proceed until after Sunday, that our servants might have time to wash and mend their clothes, and the Sabbath be free from interruption. Men and beasts alike benefited by the additional rest. On such a journey, especially with cattle which have already travelled hundreds of miles, we "tarry a while, that we may make an end the sooner."

It was noon before our fellow-traveller joined us. His overloaded wagons could only be got through the heavy sand by yoking two teams of oxen to each.

14th, *Sunday*.—No church-going bell was heard; no pews or pulpit awaited us; we met notwithstanding, and

worshipped under a wild olive tree. The remembrance of that "sweet day, so calm, so bright," still clings to us.

17th.—Though strangers, we met with a hearty welcome from the hospitable owner of the Uitkomst, and his wife, with whom we spent two days. On our departure, the fore part of the wagon was occupied with a pile of large loaves of bread, dried fruit, butter, eggs, &c., which our host insisted upon our accepting. I had well-nigh given offence by speaking of payment. His father had done the same for every missionary of every denomination, from the days of Schmelen and Barnabas Shaw, and as long as God blessed him with the means, he hoped to continue the practice.

21st, Sunday.—Spent the day in peace at Heerenlogement. After worship, visited the celebrated cave, and saw the names of many whom I knew. I sought in vain for that of Le Vaillant, who described the spot in his charming pages.

23rd.—As we descended the bank of the Elephants River, the pole of one wagon broke. We secured it as well as we could by winding the drag-chain round it, but the vehicle stuck fast in the middle of the river for upwards of an hour, and could not be extricated until we had attached a second span of oxen. Having passed through a treeless country for several days, the river, fringed on either side with willows and other trees, presented a pleasing scene. The heat was excessive during the middle of the day, which we spent with a kind family, relatives of our Uitkomst friends. In the evening, hoping to find a nearer and better road than the ordinary one, we experienced the proverbial fate of those who take a short cut when pressed for time. After three hours wandering, we had to return and start afresh in the dark, having narrowly escaped a very serious accident in descending a steep, pathless hill. On outspanning near midnight, our oxen strayed in the thicket which skirts the river, and were not recovered until two in the morning.

24th.—Resumed our journey at four o'clock, over barren hills where not a blade of grass was visible. In the afternoon succeeded in crossing the Hol Rivier, the fame of which had reached us long before, as the *Pons Asinorum* of wagon-drivers.

It is a gully of forty or fifty feet in depth, with precipitous sides, and a couple of feet of viscous mud at the bottom, which does not exceed five feet in width. The descent can only be accomplished with safety by locking the hind wheels of the wagon, while the ascent, which is rendered the more difficult by an abrupt turn in the narrow track,

calls forth a vigorous application of the whip. A pleasant ride of two hours from this place brought us opposite Ebenezer, where I immediately delivered parcels which had been entrusted to me for the worthy missionary.

25th.—Crossed the river again to the station, which my note-book speaks of as “the most wretched place I had yet seen in this country or in any other.” It is but justice to say that this opinion was prematurely formed, and was totally altered before the end of our journey. In the course of an evening stage of five hours we passed the hill in which plumbago had been recently found, and out of which some speculative friends were to make their fortunes. Darkness prevented our seeing more than the outline of this remarkable *kopje*. Of the existence of graphite, of fair quality, and in large quantities, there seems to be no doubt; but its distance from a seaport constitutes an insuperable difficulty.

27th.—After three long stages yesterday, without finding water, we unyoked our weary oxen at ten o'clock, under the idea that the next supply was still at a considerable distance. I paced to and fro until two in the morning, and then summoned all hands to inspan, got fairly started, and lay down at the foot of the bed to rest. The day was just breaking when I awoke. To my utter amazement, all was still. I was the only occupant of the wagon. I drew aside the curtain. Men, oxen, sheep, milch goats, wife, children—all had disappeared. I rubbed my eyes, and thought of Rip van Winkle. Springing out of the wagon, I soon found the party behind a large rock, with a cheerful fire blazing, and the welcome cup of coffee prepared. All enjoyed the joke amazingly; the Hottentots especially chuckled at the thought of having caught Mynheer napping. An explanation was soon given. The men had mistaken the distance, and after riding only half an hour had found water in the hollow of a huge rock called Platklip.

29th.—Until we reached Zwartdoorn River, the oxen worked hard and fared badly. All Sunday night, we had been compelled to travel, and having missed the path, had got into difficulty. Here we found pasturage and water, but had nothing for dinner until we had baked bread and killed a sheep. Rather provoking, when one's digestive apparatus is in admirable working order, to have to stand by and witness these tedious operations. One's best solace is a pipe and patience.

31st.—Glad to find ourselves at Langklip, near the Kamies mountains, where we were greeted by numbers of

the natives, who had not yet quitted the Onderveld, to which they resort during the winter months. Surprised to learn that Mr. M——, of whom we had taken leave in Cape Town a few weeks before, was awaiting our arrival at Leliefontein, where a new church was to be dedicated. Going by sea to Hondeklip Bay, and thence on horseback, he had accomplished the distance in as many days as we had taken weeks. Being anxious to spare the cattle the fatigue of a toilsome journey among the mountains, we had not intended to visit the institution; but as relays of oxen were to be furnished, we could not but consent to take part in the approaching services.

*2nd November.*—Started for Leliefontein. At a place called Vygemond, the drag-chain of the baggage-wagon snapped in two. The part attached to the wheel was whirled round and round, smiting the side-chest at every revolution, while the wagon dashed down the steep path with frightful velocity, and forced the oxen pell-mell before it. I watched the descent with a pulseless heart, for the nurse was seated on the fore-chest, with baby in her arms.

Our evening *schoft* brought us into the midst of grand scenery, rendered the more interesting by the intermingling of the human element. Numbers of Namaquas were trekking, or preparing to trek to the institution, to be present at the chapel-opening. Their huts and household goods were conveyed either in wagons or on pack-oxen. The adults were decently clad; but the children had little or no covering beyond that which Dame Nature supplies. “Man wants but little here below.”

It was dark when we toiled, inch by inch, up the steep ascent of Draaiklip. The path was a mere track on the sloping side of the mountain, and in many places the veriest trifle would have sufficed to throw the wagons off their balance, and dash them down the precipice. There is, however, little danger to be apprehended. The Kamiesberg natives are skilful and cautious drivers, and their small, compact oxen, accustomed to mountain travelling, are in perfect training.

*3rd.*—The rising sun showed us extensive corn-fields. Though the crops were poor, it was gratifying to witness such tokens of Hottentot industry. Just forty years ago these Namaquas first saw a plough, one which Barnabas Shaw made, chiefly with his own hands. Their astonishment on seeing it set to work was great. The old chief stood upon a hill looking on in silence for a long time. At length he said to his councillors, “Look at this strange thing



which Mynheer has brought; how it tears up the ground with its iron mouth! If it goes on so all the day, it will do more work than ten wives!" At the time of my visit, the people, who, but for the Bible and the plough, would have been wretched nomads to this day, had seven hundred acres of land under cultivation, and owned one hundred ploughs, thirty wagons, four hundred horses, two thousand five hundred horned cattle, and thousands of sheep and goats.

Sundry mishaps occurred during the day in this mountainous region. Kind friends came out from the station, together with a number of natives, to assist us up the last steep ascent, and welcome us to Leliefontein.

*4th, Sunday.*—We were celebrating Divine worship for the last time in the old chapel, when tidings came that our fellow-traveller's wagon was upset in Vygemond, on the very spot where we had met with an accident. Our good Bishop and Mr. B—— rode off immediately, leaving instructions for a horse-wagon to follow without delay. They found matters in the greatest confusion; the body of the wagon here, its wheels far away, the ground strewn with its miscellaneous contents, while the disconsolate travellers were seated under the tent, which had been broken off in the fall. All hands were at once summoned to work; wood for make-shift repairs was cut in a neighbouring kloof, and the unfortunate vehicle was soon fit to proceed.

*6th.*—I had the pleasure of preaching the first sermon in the new church. The collection at its close amounted to fourteen pounds. It may just be stated for the benefit of certain fashionable congregations not fifty miles from the Cathedral, that of this sum only three pennies and three farthings were copper, and that not one of these coins was in an envelope. The building is a neat structure of stone, and seats about six hundred persons. The cost was not less than a thousand pounds, the whole of which was raised by the natives.

*10th.*—Having dispatched a messenger to the Bath with directions that the boat should be sent to meet us at the Orange River, and having added a horse and man to our party, we quitted Leliefontein.

*11th.*—Spent the Sunday at Klein Naauw River, where the landscape is more pleasingly picturesque than any we had seen since leaving the Paarl. The valley lies between lofty mountains, with a river winding through it, whose course is marked by a line of thorn and other trees, while here and there on its banks rise huge isolated masses of rock, assuming all fantastic shapes. This valley is cultivated by

the Namaquas throughout its length and breadth; and at the time of our visit some fields were green with the growing corn, others yellow with the ripening grain. Years passed in the desert before such a scene gladdened our eyes again.

13th.—Arriving at Roode Fontein, we were cordially welcomed by the native teacher and others, who had sent oxen to assist us, which, unfortunately, we had missed. We sought shelter from the burning sun in a hut which had been hastily prepared for our accommodation. At noon the wind arose, and clouds of dust darkened the sky. Then followed thunder, lightning, and rain; too little, alas! of the last. The scenery presented a melancholy contrast to that just described; a parched and sandy plain, surrounded by barren hills, on which no vegetation was visible, save the weird kokerboom. Compared with this, Ebenezer was as the Garden of Eden. We were tempted to think that the good brethren who pitched upon this desolate spot for the future residence of a missionary had been demented. They saw it, doubtless, under a very different aspect, when plentiful rains had made even this desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

15th.—We stopped at nine a.m. at Witzand, to let the cattle drink, and fill the water-casks. It was well we did so, for from this hour until the morning of the 18th we obtained no more drinkable water. It was the height of the copper mania, and not far from our temporary encampment was the *centre* of the Tradesman's Mining Company, where their operations were being energetically pushed on. Knowing that the fatal lung-sickness prevailed in the neighbourhood, we secured all our spare oxen during the afternoon and evening stages, so as to prevent their plucking even a blade of grass where contagion might lurk. As we passed Kwik Fontein, "there was a sound of revelry by night;" of such music as fascinates the Hottentot and animates his light fantastic toe.

16th.—At half-past four in the morning we unyoked the weary cattle at a wretched place called 'Kams, where after digging for some time, we found a little water. It was, however, so salt that we could not use it, and the thirsty beasts took a single mouthful and walked away. Hoped to find water at the 'Aap, but the stupid man whom we dispatched on horseback in search of it suffered us to pass the place in the night.

17th.—Travelling again from two a.m. we outspanned at sunrise on the verge of a vast sandy plain, sparsely dotted with tufts of white waving grass. Beyond were the mountains

which hem in the Gariep on either side, and over their summits, the higher plains of Great Namaqualand, stretching away in the distance far as the eye could reach. It was a scene on which one might long linger, but the exigencies of our position forbade us to indulge in contemplation.

"See how at once the bright refulgent sun,  
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky  
The short-lived twilight; and with ardent blaze  
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air."

The morning cup of coffee—a very tiny one!—exhausted our scanty supply of water; the jaded cattle, suffering too much from thirst to graze, bellowed around the wagons; and after a short rest, we resumed our journey. Hour after hour we struggled on under the blazing sun, all of us, wife and children, plodding wearily in the rear, and thus lightening the load as much as possible. The ground began to ascend as we approached the further side of the plain, and then, for the first time, the poor beasts began to flag, and the lash had to be applied unmercifully. My heart bled for them. Inch by inch, pausing a minute every few yards, our progress was painfully slow, but we reached firmer ground and Vuurdoord at last, about two hours past noon. Our first care was for the oxen, which were at once sent off to the Orange River, still many miles distant. The sheep and goats followed. The man in charge of the horse, who should have hastened back from the river with a bottle of water, rode off without waiting for instructions. Two men only remained with us, and we had no bread, nor meat, nor water. Luckily, one of our travelling companions, a tail-less hen, had laid a few eggs, and these furnished the children with a light dinner. In the middle of the afternoon, a slight shower fell from a passing thundercloud. An attempt to catch water in an inverted umbrella was a failure, and we sought to cool our parched tongues by licking up the few drops which trickled down the tents of the wagons.

Thirst became more intolerable as night drew on, and no oxen having returned at eight o'clock, I set off in search of a spring which Kena, the Damara boy, thought he could find. We had a long walk among the poisonous milk-bushes, and a fatiguing scramble among the mountains in the deepening darkness, until we came to the bottom of a gorge where water ought to be. The sand was moist, and we began to think that Kena was right. We had neither kid gloves nor kerseymere to care about, so down we went on our knees and dug with our hands. The sand continued moist, but no water flowed. As I sat, weary, on a rock in

that black gorge, the thought crossed my mind of brethren occupied that same Saturday evening in their quiet studies, preparing for the morrow's work. Not that I envied them their ease; it was enough for me to know that I too was about my Master's business.

Two hours elapsed before we regained the wagons, and by that time the oxen had returned from the river. One had knocked up and was left behind to die, as we thought. Strange to say, two years afterwards I recovered the beast, which had been found and taken care of by a Hottentot, who no sooner ascertained that it was mine than he sent a message a hundred miles to acquaint me with its existence, and to beg that I would send for it. Even a Hottentot can act honestly, and that when there is every temptation to do otherwise.

Our arrangements for proceeding were expeditiously made. The fatigue of the last two hours had aggravated my thirst to an intolerable degree, and I sought in vain to assuage it by drinking the only accessible liquid, which proved to be vinegar. The next five hours passed in painful stupor.

18th, *Sunday*.—The morning star shone bright above the mountains as the oxen, with brisker step, approached the dark mass of foliage which concealed the Orange River from view. The tidings that we had reached it roused and cheered old and young—

“Water, water, everywhere!”

was the joyous cry. Not many minutes elapsed before a plentiful supply was conveyed to the wagons, while I, hurrying through the thicket, plunged into the stream and wallowed in it, while the fading stars overhead were vainly struggling with the dawn.

The voices which reached us faintly from the opposite shore—five hundred yards distant—showed that the summons dispatched from Leliefontein to the Bath had been promptly obeyed. Timas had arrived with the boat and a couple of men accustomed to the use of it the evening before. They soon gave us to understand that they were in want of food. The river, now in flood and as wide as we have just stated, rolls its vast volume along with a deep and rapid current; but one of them quickly found his way across with the help of a river-horse, and obtained a quarter of mutton and a little tea, which is more coveted in this region than gold. It may be necessary to explain that a river-horse is neither horse nor hippopotamus, but a long dry log of willowwood, into one end of which a peg is firmly driven. Grasping



the peg with one hand, the swimmer, with lusty sinews buffeting the flood, crosses in safety. If a traveller wishes to be ferried over, he is placed in the water between two of these logs, and thus propelled by a couple of men, who exact a heavy toll, and at times leave him barely a rag to cover him.

Though it was the Sabbath, we found it impossible so far to forget yesterday or to ignore to-morrow, as to realize the peace which the holy day should have brought. Most of its sacred hours were spent beneath the grateful shade of the thorn, willow, and rozyntje trees which border the river. Sitting there with the children in the afternoon, we were amused with the frequent appearance of a monstrous head, which ever and anon rose above the surface of the water within a few yards of us, and on the very spot where I had indulged in the luxury of a bath. I knew it to be that of a hippopotamus, for we were in the favourite haunt of Behemoth, "under the shady trees" and the "willows." Ignorant of its ferocity, we remained seated. To this, perhaps, we owe our preservation. The excitement was great when I related the circumstance on returning to the wagons. Astonishment at our escape was mingled with anxiety to pursue the monster, which I forbade, tempting as the idea of sea-cow steaks and *spek* might be.

19th.—The early dawn found us all hard at work. The wagons had to be unloaded and taken to pieces; all our goods and chattels, wagon-wheels and bodies, ox gear, &c., had to be carried more than a hundred yards through the tangled and thorny thicket, down the lofty bank, covered with baked mud, which became dust under our feet, and rose in stifling clouds around our heads; and had then to be placed ready for shipment at the water's edge.

While we were thus engaged on the one side of the river the men from the Bath were busily employed on the other in caulking the boat, which was to carry Cæsar and all his fortunes. The boat which was thus honoured was kept at the station, about seventy miles from the river, and when required had to be transported to and fro on a wagon. Having been a year, or, perhaps, two, out of water in the dry climate of Great Namaqualand, a good deal of caulking was needed. The uninitiated may be curious to know how such an operation is performed in the Gariep, where neither oakum nor pitch is to be had. All the suet of the sheep we had killed for weeks past had been saved for the purpose, and was now handed over to the men to undergo the process

of chewing. After proper mastication, it was mixed with cow-dung to the consistence of putty. The composition thus formed had been found to be admirably adapted for stopping the gaping seams on previous occasions; but those seams were now so wide that it proved ineffectual. An interesting spectacle—that of half a dozen human beings chewing suet! The natives enjoy it; but the act of deglutition which almost unconsciously follows mastication abstracts much of the material which should be otherwise employed.

In this leaky boat, eleven feet in length, propelled by two rowers, whose stroke would have astonished the “Alfreds,” ourselves, wagons, and *impedimenta* were conveyed safely across this mighty river. In addition to our own party, we had to engage several Hottentots, who reside near the river, and eke out a scanty living by assisting traders and others to cross. These men are paid so much a trip, and expect also that the pot and kettle be kept boiling on each side that they may never enter the water without eating meat and drinking tea. The trader is completely at the mercy of these degraded creatures, and is often put to very great inconvenience and expense. To their credit be it said that they seldom attempt to impose upon a missionary. The assistance of these men was necessary in ferrying over the upper part of each wagon, which, as the tent could not be detached, was heavy and cumbrous, and had to be nicely balanced across the centre of our tiny boat. Two men swam on each side to aid in preserving the equilibrium, while the two rowers, putting forth their utmost strength, could only propel the boat in a very oblique direction. The slightest puff of wind would have upset the whole concern.

Having seen all our possessions over, we prepared to follow. The boat, strained during the last trips, was now so leaky that we had to put in a number of branches of trees before we could embark our little ones, and in spite of baling, it was half full of water before we gained the shore. What a scene was that which first presented itself! Squatted on the bank where we landed was a group of a dozen Hottentot women, mostly old, wrinkled, and withered, whose filthy karosses were too scanty to hide the hideousness which they cared not to conceal, and which my pen must not attempt to pourtray. For our general mother's sake, fair Eve, let me throw a veil over these her daughters.

The oxen were next to be got through. A number of swimmers drove them into the water, and, with shouts and blows, strove to keep the herd together, with their heads well up the stream: It was a scene of wild excitement. Here a

man tugging at a refractory bullock's tail ; there another with an ox by the horns ; yonder, two or three belabouring a half-drowned beast. Pell-mell, on they came, screaming men and terrified animals in a struggling and confused mass, until near the shore, when each scrambled out where and as he could. It was an inexpressible relief to know that all had landed ; but it took some time to collect the poor brutes from the dense thicket.

We had a visit immediately from the eldest son of the Chief in whose territory we now were. His ostensible object was to place our cattle in quarantine, as we had travelled through a country where the dreaded lung-sickness prevailed, but he seemed to care for little beyond the few ounces of tea with which I presented him. I believe the hope of obtaining that was his real reason for undertaking this ride of a hundred miles or more. The arrangement was made that oxen should be furnished for the remainder of the journey, and that mine should be sent to a distant part of the "field;" but the authorities failed to carry it out. It was too late, after the passage of the river, to do more than heap together our boxes and bundles under the spreading branches of an ebony tree so as to form a shelter for the night. The day had been one of excessive toil, and of such intense heat as is peculiar to the locality, and repose was grateful.

20th.—Nymphs of the river, who, "on hospitable thoughts intent," had not tarried to complete their toilet, or remove the streaks of red and yellow ochre which had beautified them yesterday, visited us early with a welcome supply of milk for the matutinal coffee, which we can afford to drink without stint by the river side. Poor creatures ! it was all they had to give, and great was their delight when we furnished them with the means of making coffee for themselves. The water of the Gariep needs an addition of some nature at this season of the year, when it is muddy and insipid. One drinks gallons, as I had done the previous day, without one's thirst being slaked. Like Tantalus, up to the very chin in water, one's torments do not cease.

We had a long and hard forenoon's work to put the wagons together, repack them and get all into travelling order. Towards evening we were on our way again, keeping the bank of the river for a couple of miles, and then striking off among the mountains along the dry bed of a periodical stream. No rain had fallen for upwards of a year, and the country was one vast wilderness—a grim region of chaotic barrenness. Pursuing our tortuous course by night, toiling on with jaded cattle over the sandy beds of dry watercourses,

or over rugged hills, darkness magnified the horrors of desolation. At Zandfontein there was no grass for the cattle, and not sufficient water for ourselves. The heat was too great to move onward until evening, and then riding all night, we pushed on to Looris Fontein and found there water enough in the dam. Alas! it was so black and fetid, that, though we closed our eyes and held our nostrils, our stomachs loathed it. We boiled it; skimmed it; boiled it again; made tea with it; and after all, could neither deodorize it, nor make it drinkable. We bore the raging thirst and intense heat until the day began to decline. Another stage of three hours brought us to the Bath, where our home was to be. It was a wild and desolate scene. A few stunted dabby bushes in the dry bed of the 'Hooms; two or three camelthorn trees; a double line of low buildings with sheds and workshops at right angles; a garden watered by a strong thermal spring from which the place takes its name; these were the chief features of the landscape. All else was sand and broken rock.

We did not sleep until our goods were unloaded; wagon sails folded, and with trektouws, yokes, riems, &c., carefully stowed away; and the boat hoisted up to the rafters of the out-building, in which the wagons also found a resting-place. After a day's rest, our civil and honest drivers, Jacob and Cornelis, returned to their families at Leliefontein, bearing with them substantial tokens of our goodwill. Cobus and his sister also went their way. Kol, Kena, and Kabariep continued with us during our stay in that country. Nero and Cæsar, faithful dogs! coiled themselves up in their accustomed corner and rested their weary feet after a run of twelve hundred miles.

What befell Kol, Kena, Kabariep, and their master may perhaps be told at a future time.

R.

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## AT THE GOLD DIGGINGS.

It was in one of the large auction-rooms in Melbourne, that I fell in with my old friend and school-fellow, Tom Farley. We had not seen each other for some years, and had been a good while staring before we made up our minds for a recognition. Tom was evidently at the fag-end of his wardrobe, for he was attired in that inevitable daylight symptom of impecuniosity—a tail coat, which could scarcely be called in keeping with a blue woollen guernsey,



barragan breeches, hobnailed lace-ups, and a cabbage-tree hat. But in those days, incongruity of costume was little noticed, and Tom was a tall, handsome fellow, who looked well in almost anything he chose to put on.

Our meeting was mutually agreeable. We were both comparatively friendless, and there was a similarity in our careers, the relation of which over a liquor, occupied a good portion of the afternoon.

We had, unknown to each other, arrived in the colony about the same time; he had gone to the Ballarat, I to the Ovens. Both had been unfortunate,—that is, had not made more than wages; and, as used to be the case under such circumstances, our parties—without any quarrel—had broken up into different chummings, under the impression that a change of mates would bring a change of luck, no two original mates going together, as such a course was considered fatal to future success.

“And now,” said Tom, “I am looking out for a mate to try Forest Creek, and if I fail there, I shall always get my keep and a few shillings at nut-cracking;\* will you join me?” “To be sure I will, and only too glad to get such a mate. I began to fear I should have to break in a new chum. When shall we start?” “To-morrow.” “Agreed.”

Farley brought his blankets, pannikin, and billy over to my quarters (miserable and expensive enough were those same quarters) that night, and as we turned in with lighted pipes, gave me the following account of his leaving the Ballarat, which I shall give in his own words as nearly as I can recollect:

I had been nine months on the Ballarat, with five other mates who had come out in the same vessel with me; we had tried dry shallow-sinking, deep wet (at which I nearly broke my back, carrying donkey loads of slabs to timber the holes), long-tom creek-washing, and had even descended to fossicking old holes; but all with a monotony of ill-luck which was positively heart-breaking.

At the end of the third quarter it was determined that a split-up should take place, and somebody else either improve or share the fortunes of him who was possessed of a devil among us.

We were all newly-mated next day. My chum was a young fellow whom I had known some time, called Chase, a handy fellow enough, but timid beyond belief. As we were going to have a fresh slap at wet-sinking, we required

\* Macadamising.

another; and it was not long before I came across a man called Belton, with whom both Chase and I were acquainted, and made arrangements for him to join us next day.

This Belton was one of the cleverest fellows I ever met; he had been master of a vessel, could fit a pick-handle, make a tent, build a cradle, or cooper a puddling-tub with any man on the Diggings; nothing came amiss to him; and it was with great satisfaction on returning to our tent that evening, after prospecting for a likely claim, that I communicated to Chase my good luck in picking up so promising a mate.

Poor Chase's countenance fell. "Do you know Belton well?" said he. "I know this much of him, that I have seen him at work, and often envied his mates; he is a little rough, true, but so are we; he always seemed a good-natured fellow, and I know nothing against him."

"Well," said Chase, "it is too late now, as you say he is to join us to-morrow, but the first time he gets drunk, look out; keep firearms and gunpowder out of his way, or one or both of us may repent it. The last mates he was with told me he had a happy knack of trying how long he could hold a canister of gunpowder over the candle before it would explode, and their tent was riddled by his pistol bullets which he used to fire through the canvas in his drunken fits. Now promise me that the first time he breaks out, we part with him. I have a mortal dread of that man, and only wish I had mentioned it to you."

I readily acceded to Chase's wish, as I had no more desire to have a drunken brute in the tent than he had; at the same time, I could not but think that his fears were somewhat exaggerated. I was just dozing off to sleep, when Chase said, "Tom, there is one thing I should like to tell you. You seem to treat my apprehension lightly; but, mind, if there ever is a row, don't expect any help from me; I can't and won't fight. So if you get into a row with Belton, he's a stronger man than you, shoot him. Good night."

Next morning, Belton came over with his swag. Warned by what had fallen from Chase, and at the same time noticing him unpack and deposit under his pillow two huge horse pistols, "Mind, Belton," said I, "this is a teetotal tent; Frank and I won't have a swipecy mate."

"All right, old fellow; just the sort of chaps for me. I haven't a copper, and as my licence is out to-morrow, you'll have to pay for another in the meanwhile; so I won't have much to waste on the grog."

That day we set to work, and in less than a couple of weeks encountered better luck than we had known since we had been on the Diggings. Our new mate was everything that could be desired; work over, he would concoct dishes worthy of Alexis Soyer; but probably our appetites and digestions had something to do with our appreciation of slap-jacks and damper.

For two months all went on swimmingly. Chase was cashier, and an honest fellow never lived. Each Saturday night a balance to the good was reported; everything in the tent was paid for, and one lovely Sunday night, Chase and I were congratulating ourselves alongside of a roaring stringy bark fire outside the tent, the kettle singing and the chops and dough-boys in the bush-fire pan sweltering in ham fat (considered a great luxury), waiting for Belton, who had taken a turn down the Diggings whilst we were snoozing after the midday meal.

"What can have become of him?" said I; "and what on earth has become of our cradle? I swear I lashed it to the tent-guy last night; and what is more, saw it there this morning when I went down the creek for water.

"Belton has got it whilst we were asleep. He has taken it down the Diggings and sold it; got drunk on the proceeds, and we shall have a night of it; we may as well finish our supper. Remember my warning." On returning to the tent, we took the precaution of drawing the charges from Belton's pistols, and deposited them in the table.

This table stood in the middle of our little tent. It was a box on four legs; one end was on hinges, so that it served the double purpose of table and cupboard. Into this the fire-arms were, as we thought, safely stowed; and we lay down, awaiting the return of our comrade. Chase's bed was on one side of the tent, Belton's on the other, the table between them; mine was across the head of the tent, so that I was between the two.

Sleep gradually got the better of me, when I was all at once awoke by a shake from Chase, with a "Jump up, Tom! I hear him coming;" and, sure enough, up the gully came tipsy yells, carolling a mixture of nautical and bacchanalian ditties,—there was no mistaking the voice of Belton. In a couple of minutes he was at the entrance of the tent.

Not being quite certain of the line of action he was about to adopt, it was embarrassing to decide on a plan of defence. The brute was strong, but drunk, and this was on our side. We had not long, however, to wait. After glaring at us for a while, he staggered to his bed and thrust his hand under the

pillow in search of his pistols. Finding them gone, he sat on the edge and passed his hand over his forehead, as if endeavouring to collect his thoughts. Seeing him do this I passed over to his side, hoping that he would turn over and go to sleep, when with a cry "You took them!" he sprang upon me, seizing me on either side of the ribs with his horny hands. The pain was so intense that for the moment I could make no resistance. The suddenness of the attack, too, made me start back, upsetting and smashing the table; out went the light, and down we both went, Belton uppermost, keeping his hold on my ribs and trying to bite me. I put out my hands, and the first thing I got hold of was his neckerchief tied in a slipknot. This I managed to run up to his throat, then twisting it up with my left hand as hard as I could, I battered away with my right.

All this time his fingers were still clutched on my sides, giving me the most excruciating agony. How long we struggled I don't know, but when feeling very faint I found myself uppermost, and in grasping for something in the shape of a pick-handle, laid hold of one of Belton's own pistols which the shattered table had shed. How I wished it was loaded; perhaps it was lucky it was not. I had never let go my grip on his throat, nor had he of my ribs. Two or three blows with the butt end and I felt his hold relax, just as Chase, who, though true to his promise, or rather threat, had never lent any assistance, had succeeded in procuring another light. It was then we discovered that Belton was wet through; he must have fallen into a water-hole on his way home, and it is a miracle he was not drowned. We lifted him on to his bed, and after righting the tent a bit, retired; but I got very little sleep, as I was in great pain. Luckily, my face had escaped.

Next morning Belton presented a fearful spectacle; his nose was broken, both his eyes blackened, one completely shut up, his lip cut, two front teeth knocked out, and a fit of cold shivers on him. He was thoroughly ashamed of himself, or at least appeared so, for he made no allusion to what had occurred. Mortified as I was at the inevitable breaking up of our little camp, I confess to having felt an amount of inward satisfaction at the completeness of my handiwork, and carefully suppressed any betrayal of pain on my own part.

"Where shall we sink to day?" said Belton, anxious to re-establish himself. "We'll sink no more together. Give him his share, Frank, and deduct for the cradle he shook.\*



How much is it?" Chase cast it up, and we handed Belton twenty-three pounds sterling. "And now, clear out; and if I catch you in sight of our tent, I'll set the whole gully on you for a thief."

We never did any good, however, after he went; the luck seemed to have left us.

"What became of him, Tom?"

"I don't know where he is now, but I know where he ought to be, and where he'll get in time if he lives,—on Pentridge Stockade, with a chain round his leg. But my pipe's out; so I'll say good night now."——

By daylight next morning, we were on the road. On our arrival at Castlemaine, we were greeted by one of my former mates, Looker by name, who having made a small pile, resolved to improve it by store-keeping. He had just got his tent up and stocked, and had purchased a good many ounces; his partner had left for town that morning, and as he felt rather nervous at being left alone, was glad on our arrival to offer us the shelter of his tent until we decided upon where to sink, or his partner should return.

These store-tents were, in those days, the invariable objects of attack. The owners were gold purchasers, and an entry demanded no noisy crowbars or jemmys—a sharp knife to cut a slit was all the burglarious apparatus requisite for effecting an opening in the ribs of the defenceless canvas. Across the centre, and dividing the long structure, were piled meal sacks to the height of about six feet—the after division being the dwelling portion, the front, with its counter and impromptu shelves, the trade department. It was into the former of these that we deposited our swags—Farley, with his usual caution, seeing his revolver ready for action before turning in.

It was a week before we had decided upon our claim, got our tent ready for rigging up, and collected our material. Saturday night was a busy one for Looker; he had purchased lots of gold and received plenty of money, which it was too late to deposit at the Commissioner's; so, for safety sake, the whole had been put in a chamois leather bag, and deposited in a sack of flour as near the centre as we could judge.

We were about making ourselves comfortable for the night, when a child's voice was heard at the tent door. "Mr. Looker, Mr. Looker! My poor father is dying; he's had a fall and is crushed, and the doctor wont come till I bring surety for the payment. I've come so far and am afraid to go back by myself."

Looker was one of the best-hearted fellows in the world.

He told the child to wait a bit, and he would go with her to a doctor, and turning to me, asked whether I felt inclined to accompany him, as otherwise he would have to return by himself, and the chambers of his Deane and Adams were lost. I was only too ready to do something to repay his kindness, and sticking my shooter into my waist-band whilst Farley lent Looker his, we took the little girl between us and trudged on.

It was a beautiful night; the moon looked like a Chinese puzzle through the fretwork of the gum leaves. The poor little girl was tired, and Looker and I took her on our shoulders alternately until we arrived at her father's tent, some two miles from our own. The old ruffian, who was a Van Demonian, and strongly suspected of having silenced his wife with the soft end of a smoothing iron, was in great pain; he had broken his leg, and whilst I went for the bone-setter, who called himself a doctor, Looker assuaged his agonies as well as he could.

Dr. Cassidy being assured that it wasn't "the d'hrink" the man was suffering from, consented, on receipt of three sovereigns, to visit the patient and set his leg, of which setting, or the fracture (I fancy the former), he died in a week or two; but that has nothing to do with the story.\*

After seeing everything arranged as comfortably as circumstances would permit, and promising Dr. Cassidy to "go bail" for his attendance, we bent our steps homewards. The moon was still shining brightly and the atmosphere was quite balmy,—not a breath of air stirring the crisp gum leaves which had fallen or the ragged bark peelings which hung like banyan shoots from the big stems.

"Do you know," said Looker, "I feel rather uneasy having taken Farley's pistol; there is nothing in the tent but the old sword hanging to the end pole, and it was thoughtless, to say the least of it, to leave him without a shooting iron. Come on, and let us get home as soon as possible."

Looker's fears were not groundless. We had been away nearly three hours. After the first hour Farley got weary and lay down, taking the precaution to place the old cutlass before mentioned alongside of him. The light burnt out and he did not care to trouble himself about a fresh one. He had not lain long when he became aware of stealthy footsteps on the other side of the sacks behind which he was lying. Grasping the cutlass he listened for some time; there could

\* I subsequently learnt that Cassidy's patients seldom recovered if there was anything serious the matter with them. Perhaps this had something to do with his peremptory course in regard to fees.

be no mistake, there were whisperings. Creeping round the fortification he encountered a man, who, startled at suddenly being met, turned, and fled precipitately through a gash in the side of the tent, dropping something (which afterwards turned out to be his revolver) in his flight. Farley stumbled in following him; but as the fellow ran *along* instead of *away* from the tent, a plunge with the cutlass from the inside at the sharply-defined shadow produced a yell which satisfied Tom that he had hit his mark. To have left the tent and followed up would have been madness, as Farley clearly distinguished two voices, which he concluded belonged to the wounded man's mates, who were assisting or carrying him. After a little while he ventured to peep out of the tent, but they had by that time disappeared.

On our arrival we struck a light and examined the ground. About a yard from the hole which Farley's cutlass had made in the canvas there was a large pool of blood; the droppings were lost amongst the dead leaves, and it was not likely the vagabonds would have taken a direct route to their domicile; so we came back and turned in. "These things always occur on Saturday night, somehow," said Tom.

Of course, next morning all our portion of the fields was a-blaze with the news. "It must have been three-fingered Jack's gang." "No; Capt. Melville." "What do you know about it? Capt. Melville's a high Toby; he don't crack stores." "It can't be old Lanky; he's lying with a broken leg,"—the very man we had been to see the night before. But all conjecture was soon put at rest by the arrival of a police inspector, who requested (they were mostly civil, those police) to be allowed to examine the premises. Farley related the circumstances, and as he concluded, Inspector Doveton informed us that if we would follow him he would show us one of the men.

In a miserable tent, about two hundred yards from our own, on the ground lay a man, with a frightful wound right through his stomach, stone dead. "I've had my eye on this tent for some time," said the Inspector. "There were three of them; they never did any work; the other two have just carried this fellow down and sloped."

"When shall we have to appear?" asked Farley. "Oh, you needn't appear at all; he'd no business there; only next time let us know of it a little sooner, or you might be put to some inconvenience." And that was the last we ever heard of it.

How we returned to Melbourne in company with two others, were stuck up and robbed, and how Tom Farley's foresight in concealing his revolver enabled him to shoot the captain, and the rest of us to stick up and capture the other two, may some day help to pad another number of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*.

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## LIFE AT THE CAPE.

BY A LADY.

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### LETTER III.

Hof-street, Gardens, 5th October, 1861.

\* \* \* \*—Since the date of my last, we have had an addition to the garrison, and have been obliged to turn out of our free quarters to make way for greater swells than ourselves; so, upon the principle of "Excelsior," we have gone up in the social scale by ascending to the delectable regions of the "Gardens," and consider ourselves extremely fortunate in securing a ready-furnished house in a cool and most picturesque situation. \* \* \* We are within a few yards of a fir forest, suggestive of Baden-Baden, and so advantageously posted that we can see nearly everything going on in the Bay, hear all the bugle-calls, and at the same time shut ourselves out completely from all the noise and racket of business and carriers' drays. \* \* \* We are within thirty minutes' walk of the barracks, and within a couple of stones'-throw of all the most admired and charming hill-side paths; so that it will be our own fault if we don't succeed in making ourselves comfortable, and getting some capital sketches of scenery hereabout.

Our house is a thoroughly old-fashioned Dutch house, thatched with reeds, with Flemish gable-ends, and a "stoep," or terrace, like an Italian "loggia." It is neatly white-washed; the woodwork painted green outside, and all the rooms ceiled with teakwood, oiled, and varnished. The walls are at least fifteen feet high, and papered much in the same way as an English farm-house would be. There are numerous out-offices for poultry, wood, horses, cows, &c., &c., and, in fact, we could easily set up an establishment at the rate of £1,000 per annum, and not be cramped for room. The plan of the house provides for thorough ventilation;



and where we should place a mere passage, the colonial builders have put a *voorhuis*,—that is to say, a passage and room thrown into one, so as to make the dining-hall the coolest of chambers—full of teak cupboards built into the walls, and provided with at least four doors to gain access to different parts of the house. Of course, the windows are all delightfully old-fashioned, and you cannot pull *down* the upper ones because they are fixtures, and you cannot push *up* the lower ones because they open like casements, outwards. Instead of Venetian blinds, all the windows exposed to the sun have *solid* wooden shutters, so that the light can be completely excluded, and an afternoon nap enjoyed in the dark. As the floor is flagged with porous Dutch red tiles, the *voorhuis* would strongly remind you of many a picture of Flemish interiors; and I believe this sort of house is typical of farm-houses all over the Cape Colony.

Then we have a verandah of most primitive construction. It consists of a light frame-work of bamboos and fir spars, resting upon strong brick pillars about two feet square, and covered with the grass-green leaves of three or four varieties of grape vines. The vines look very old and very frail, but are twisted about horizontally on this open trellis work in huge snake-like coils, and, we are assured, will be crowded with big bunches of crystal and acorn and muscadel grapes by New Year's Day. At present they provide us with ample shade, and are a real luxury to readers out of doors. Much of my time is spent in the garden, which is not very big, but then it is very useful, being a mixture of kitchen and flower-garden, where cabbages and radishes are bordered by thyme and rosemary, and where myrtle and the prickly white roses are guardians of strawberries and lettuces. Of course, the flower-beds are full of stocks and pinks, lilies and dwarf roses, and all the old-fashioned list of floral friends; but you would be surprised to find the Cape gooseberry holding its own in *both* departments, and vying with the tomato as a comestible and a wall flower. There is a very pretty little species of red tomato growing here, which is not much bigger than a pigeon's egg, and which makes a delicious and most delicate preserve; but I prefer the preserved *Cape* gooseberry to everything I have yet tasted, both for wholesomeness and for flavour. It is a curious, soft, flexible plant, like a monstrous petunia, with broad silky leaves, and an infinitude of straw-coloured gossamer pods, about as big as a green-gage, in which is enclosed an *orange*-coloured cherry, just as you would tie up a bonnet in a handkerchief. When quite ripe, they fall to the ground, and in a few

days these pods are as finely reticulated as the most delicate Brussels lace, *veiling* the berry, in which condition they are brought to market, and sold for about a shilling a bucketful. Another favourite of mine is the “nartjie,” a dwarf orange, which is sold at our doors for six and eight a penny; and, provided you eat fruit in the morning only, no harm will come from the indulgence. You should see our fine orange trees—at least twenty feet high, with leaves bright as a holly, and loaded with fruit in various stages of perfection,—ripe at base, yellow in the middle, greenish-black at the summit, and powdered with blossoms everywhere. They are just lovely poems, most exquisitely expressed! \* \* \* \*

8th October.—There is only one drawback to our place of residence, and that is, that we have no shops, and the road up to it is rather steep; so we must either send into town for everything, or trust to the passing hucksters for fish, fruit, or vegetables. It has, however, had one good effect already, and has caused the forgetfulness of our servants to become their own instant punishment, for of course they have to make three or four trips where one might have done, and no Cape servant will walk more than he or she can help. \* \* \* Our neighbours here are very neighbourly, and spend most of their time either in their gardens or their kitchens, as sources of income; but then, poor things, many of them are very poor, though well descended, and genteel poverty all the world over must be hard to bear. The sudden abolition of slavery must have been a dreadful blow to the real prosperity of the Cape; not so much from the fact of slaves being made free as from the *immediate* loss of services, that neither money nor love could replace in the labour market. I find, in conversation with all classes—who rather avoid the subject—that the misery inflicted upon the slaves themselves was very severe. Suddenly deprived of the superintendence of those who provided for their wants in every particular, the able-bodied went in for idleness, neglected their old, worn-out people who were past working for themselves, while the youngsters were left to teach themselves the handicrafts of which slave-owners had hitherto furnished and regulated the teaching. The consequence was, that the estates went to ruin, the slaves became paupers, the children grew up ignorant and careless, while the crowding and want of proper food soon reduced their numbers and strength. Money compensation could not bring other labourers in their place, and the absence of superintendence and regular task work soon worked out their own revenge upon thriftless loons.

One cannot walk down any of the beautiful long oak avenues abounding in our neighbourhood, or stroll for an hour in the narrow aisles of the extensive pine forests hugging the base of Lion's Head and Table Mountain, without seeing how much was done by slave labour, and how much has been thrown out of cultivation by its sudden withdrawal. This question of coloured labour is so intimately connected with the poverty of farmers, the absence of specie, and the neglected condition of the splendid tracts of country, which might have been blooming like a garden had there been something more than the pressure of want to insure regular and industrious habits among the lower orders squatting and loafing in our midst, that one requires to be *on the spot* to see how practically injurious our warmest sympathies for freedom can become unless tempered by local knowledge and political insight into native character. The curse of this country at present seems to be that the land is locked up in the hands of hereditary landlords, who, by the law of Dutch succession, and by subdivisions of landed property, have become the starving owners of broad acres, without any capital to develop the soil. In the opinion of clever, practical men, the Colony is full of good land; the country districts are full of able-bodied labourers; but the labour and the land cannot be brought together, because there is no coin to cement the union, and the labourer is literally not worthy of his hire. You will scarcely believe it, if I tell you that the women and children of a poor man's family, *except in towns*, are scarcely of any pecuniary help to him. The male labourers get a plot of land, in exchange for their toiling now and then; with rations and a few shillings during harvest time; but then the family earn next to nothing and spend their time in savage sloth. Of course, this statement is founded upon the knowledge of others, and I have heard the subject hotly and frequently discussed at our supper table—but I believe it to be correct. Yet the native seems to be a very good-tempered, easy-going, merry fellow, *a gentleman at heart*, not very clean in his habits, but gloriously lazy. His religion, his dress, his temper, his morals, are all equally free and easy; if he would only get fond of money, and take to trade, he would be readily managed; but then, unfortunately, he will only work *on compulsion*, and spend every penny on pleasure or amusement. Were we in his place, probably we would do the same, as the climate is too pleasant to incite us to serious task-work; but what can we forecast of hinds, who, like the immortal

“*Quashee*,” can live luxuriantly upon pumpkin, and calmly see cleared land revert to jungle and scrub?

11th October.—The more I see of this country, the more I am taken by the wonderful freemasonry that exists among all classes. Man-traps and spring-guns are all very well for free England, but the law of trespassing is apparently a dead letter out here, and you are at perfect liberty to ride or walk wherever you please, provided you do no mischief to property. No one appears to be surprised if you cross their grounds, or enter into frank conversation with their servants while at work; and I am always in a fidget with James, because he *will* persist in taking short cuts across enclosed fields, and exchanging the most abominable “patois” with all sorts of people. He looks so good-humoured that I presume they think him incapable of being impertinent; and “Sunbeam’s” good looks and shining coat have carried us triumphantly out of a good many embarrassing positions, where nothing that we said could be understood, but where a handsome horse was sure to meet with ardent looks of admiration and approval from even wood-cutters and washerwomen. My own idea is that we are looked upon as slightly out of our minds; and certainly it does not smack very strongly of Belgravia to be prowling about the wash-places, and having familiar interviews with the good-tempered old souls, who are banging about our best linen sheets and gowns on the stones, and causing the buttons to fly off under stronger provocation than did dear old “Peggotty’s,” when “Barkus” informed her “he was willing.” It is an amusing sight to stroll up towards “Platteklip” in the afternoon, and there watch the hundreds of dusky damsels lathering and wringing, banging and pounding our unfortunate garments in the brooks that come leaping down from the Table Mountain. The bushes are covered for miles with snowy clothing; and these women are obliged to be up very early indeed in the morning to secure the best pools for washing,—walking sometimes nearly three miles up the stream; and, of course, they do not get home again till late. They are generally accompanied by their little ones, and by a tame goat, and pass the livelong day in the open air up to their knees in water. It must be very hard work, and yet you see them waddling down in Indian file with enormous bundles on their heads, their hands on hip, their faces hidden under their yielding burdens, but their tongues going at a merry pace. Occasionally, you will see the “bambino,” straddling his mother’s hips, and fixed safely in position by a sheet passed round his fat little person, and tied



across the parental breast,—the chubby legs sticking straight out, and the round woolly head wagging about from side to side like an animated knapsack—such funny round-eyed shiny little dots, in a constant state of unutterable surprise!

The extensive fir forests of Mr. Breda, of which I have already spoken, abut on to the Wash-place, and out of its broad fire-paths you see emerge small boys, staggering under enormous loads of firewood and brushwood, which they are allowed to carry away for a trifling sum. I don't exaggerate when I say that I daily see quite slips of wiry lads carrying upon their heads, loads of wood eight feet long, and as thick as a water cask. How they get such an enormous bundle upon their shoulders in the first instance would puzzle you. But the way they manage is this: they stand the load upright against a wall or tree; then taking a deep breath, these boys—probably not four feet high—plant their backs against the heap, grasp it firmly with both arms extended, and employing their hard heads as a fulcrum they tilt the whole mass forwards, and then stagger away swiftly with tottering feet for about two hundred yards—when they throw their loads down, and pause for ten minutes; and so on again as before. To see a train of these wood-crowned Atlases staggering down a hill is enough to frighten the quietest horse; but I suppose the boys gradually get accustomed to it; and whoever can carry away the biggest load, of course gets the most for his sixpence. These lads are great bird-fanciers, and I have bought from them three or four varieties of Cape linnets that are capital singers. The Cape canary is yellowish green, and is an indefatigable singer, repeating his mellow notes by the hour together. Then there is a yellow-and-brown finch, called the "Saasie," which runs up and down a limited scale with much sweetness and expression, but the singing is soft and subdued, and, as it were, lisped out. The "Pietje" and the "Berg" canary are not unlike London sparrows in plumage, but they sing with great vigour, and are capital birds to put together in a large cage—especially if you have a good English canary to conduct the orchestra, when the row they make at break of day and at sunset is something deafening. Thus, you see, I am at my old trick of filling the house with noisy pets; and I love them the more, because I had always been given to understand that "at the Cape the flowers had no scent and the birds had no song;" but this is certainly opposed to my experience. \* \* \* \* One of our friends has got quite a large aviary at the end of his "stoep," and I assure you

the collection of Cape birds is really surprising, both for plumage and noise.

I despair of giving you an intelligible idea of the land we are stopping in, unless you can realize fully the meaning of the statement, that, according to Herschel, the intensity of light at the Cape of Good Hope, compared with that of a *bright summer's* day in England is as  $44^{\circ}$  to  $17^{\circ}$ . Now, there is a health-giving influence in a bright atmosphere and a cloudless sky, which is not fully appreciated even by doctors, and I am sure it is one of the reasons why there is so little sickness at the Cape, in spite of the exposure. It is this that makes the rocks and peaks of Table Mountain appear as if they were suspended over our heads, and exaggerates the real distances of objects in the landscape. Upon clear nights we can hear the goat-herds upon the heights above the Kloof-road folding their flocks, and calling out to each other; while the noise of the waves breaking upon the beach both at Camp's Bay and in Table Bay is as plain as if they were a quarter of a mile off, and yet they are really many miles distant, so dry is the air, and so transparent the atmosphere as an aid to both sound and sight. From where I am now writing, I can see cattle grazing near the Signal Hill, whisking their tails about, and snapping at the flies every now and then, and yet they must be at least two miles off. If I had used a telescope, it could not have made them out much clearer than did the naked eye. It is this seeming keenness of sight that gives such a charm to all our rides, as the prospect seems always boundless and full of detail. Whenever we reach some commanding position, the country stretches away in extensive plains, bounded by hills and sea; and there appears to be no limit to the liberty of the subject should you leave the beaten paths and roadways, and ramble hither and thither in search of the picturesque. The view from the Crystal Palace Gallery and the country about Tunbridge Wells are not more charming to the eye than the prospect from our front door, or from the heathery wastes at the back of our house. The valley of Table Mountain is more richly cultivated than the vale of Gwynant, and the slopes of the Tigerberg, on the opposite side of Table Bay, are as smooth and as verdant as the Berkshire Downs, or our far-famed vale of the White Horse. What we look for in vain is the rich clumps of trees that lend such a charm to European scenery; and the Cape has no silvery streams to entice the angler to linger by their banks, or to enrich the soil by irrigation. You rarely meet sportsmen out here. Although the downs between Table Bay and False Bay are

full of hares and wild rabbits now, where formerly prowled the lion and the jackal, yet the reeds and heaths are seldom bruised by aspiring Nimrods. James has certainly shot quail and partridges at the farms near Eerste River, but he always complains of the laziness of sporting-men out here, and I am not quite sure whether the smaller game is worth the powder and shot. \* \* \*

*Monday, 14th October.*—The cook has just looked in to know what I mean to have for dinner to-day, and this reminds me that you might like to be told something of the nature of the dishes of the country. In weather like this, nature loathes big smoking joints at table, and so I have been giving myself up to the *genius loci*. We dine now at one o'clock, and as the children and servants are hearty feeders, we are obliged to live largely upon vegetables and fruit. Instead of ringing the changes upon mutton and beef, roast, cold, and hashed, I have been taking lessons from our neighbours, as to the various modes of preparing colonial "*plats*," and I flatter myself that I have become a very competent "*chef-de-cuisine*" by putting my nose into many a kitchen, and tasting everything that takes my fancy. Native cooks are rather too fond of greasy messes, by excessive use of sheeptail fat, but they are very clever in concocting savoury dishes out of very cheap and unpromising materials, and you may always look upon rice and onions as forming the chief ingredients for giving a relish to the poor man's food. With a few chillies, a pinch of salt, potherbs, and a little mutton, or snoek, or crawfish, or chicken for his curry, any cook will perform wonders. "*Babootie*" and "*frichadel*" and "*potatoe-pie*" are great improvements upon the minced meats of England; and "*sosaartjes*," "*smoor-picklaar*," and all sorts of vegetable "*breedies*," are importations from India, and much more savoury than devilled fowl, Irish stew, and ordinary side-dishes, in my opinion. Of course, you will smile at my taste,—*de gustibus non est disputandum*; but then you know the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and I generally eat what agrees with me! Some of the salads are peculiar, but cooling. Lettuces, beet-root, cucumbers, radishes, or raw tomatoes, chopped up with hard-boiled eggs, dashed with vinegar and anchovy sauce, are quite elegant repasts, even at supper time; and I have medical authority for stating that stewed prunes, apricots, and peaches are decidedly conducive to health when eaten with venison, jugged hare, or the capital merino mutton of the Colony. Much of the beef here is bad, hard, and tasteless. Good juicy beef-steaks are seldom tasted out of England, but with

poultry so cheap and abundant, the want of good beef is not much felt; and there are inexhaustible supplies of fresh fish in the bays, to be sold at prices ridiculously low by the native hawkers.

You know my rage for preserves, and therefore will not be surprised at being told that I have been taking lessons in still-room mysteries that would set your mouth watering. Figs, melons, citrons, peaches, naartjes, tomatoes, loquats, gooseberry, blackberry, apricot, and hottentot fig, and a host of colonial acidities, have been duly stewed, boiled, and tortured into new forms of being by my inquisitive self. One dear old lady, Mrs. M——, who is exceedingly hospitable to the garrison, has even promised to show me how to brew liqueurs, and distil “vanrhum,”—the latter a most aromatic and powerful *elixir vite*. If you promise to be very good and send me a regular supply of country gossip, perhaps I may yet send you some of it to warm your imagination and set your heart dancing! Had Mr. Pickwick ever tasted of this cordial, what revelations of convivial feeling might not have been the result! \* \* \* \* \*

Our supper time is generally at eight o'clock, light, varied, and not unlike a Scotch meat tea. At ten all are in bed. There is not much visiting at night. Dancing parties are going out of fashion. There are no theatres or concert-rooms—in fact, people live very quietly, and prefer to drop in upon their acquaintances between eleven and twelve, or between three and five p.m. After which hour they take their drive round the race-course, fanned by the sea breeze, or else over the Camp Ground and out to Rondebosch. Walking long distances is not very fashionable. Equestrians like ourselves make long expeditions early in the morning, when the air is wonderfully fresh and exhilarating, and I could pass half my time in the saddle. This is our great month for flowers, and the hills and commons are powdered with them. On either side of the main road to Simon's Town, within a mile of town, there are to be seen whole fields of white and purple striped butter-cups, deep orange masses of gorgeous wild marigolds, with gleaming acres of yellow sorrel, pink “Africanders,” and the most lovely Magenta coloured wild “figs,” blooming on sandhills just beyond the military lines. I have never seen anything to equal the metallic lustre of the “everlasting” flowers, which are hawked about in great bunches by the broom-cutters for a few pence, and which, under the dyer's hands, are said to assume hues that add greatly to the rich designs traced out in camellia and silver-tree leaves by the young ladies here



at Christmas and at Easter tide. Only yesterday, we ascended the neck of the Lion's Head by a steep zigzag woodland path, and walking along the spine of the hill on our way to the Signal-post, gathered every variety of bulb and heath, and delicate sparaxes, possible to conceive. I am afraid you will be getting tired of my raptures about the scenery of the Cape; but how can I help it? My heart is filled to bursting with the joyous freshness and purity of all the pictures about us in this land of clear, bright sky; and when the extensive view of the sea and far-spreading ocean bursts upon you from the crest of a hill that towers thousands of feet above them, the effect is very striking. Beneath you, the town with its thousands of flat-roofed houses lies spread out like a map, hemmed in by the lofty and almost perpendicular mountain walls. Around you beats and roars an enormous extent of water, wrinkled and crumpled up by the opposing forces of wind, rock, and beach, and causing big ships to look like paper boats tossed about in a pond; while stretching away into infinitude of space and sky extend the filmy headlands and ranges of shadowy mountains that suggest but vaguely the resources of the interior and back country. As we gaze and gaze, the wind whistling shrilly over our heads through the cordage of the station—there floats up to our eyrie the clash and clang of sabbath bells, softened by distance. We see the crowds pouring along the streets on their way to numerous churches, and with many a slip and slithering slide we too hasten down the hill to thank our God for the many mercies He has vouchsafed us in the daily ordering and conduct of our lives. In moments like these, be sure our thoughts revert to the loved ones at home; in fancy, we join you in your walks and share in your conversation; and distance lends an extra charm to scenes, the memory of which stirs one's affections like a trumpet's blast, and awakens feelings which are too deep and too sweetly sad for tears. \* \* \* \* \*

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## EGYPT TEN YEARS AGO.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

## CHAP. I.

WHILE residing in Malta in the winter of 1859—60 for the benefit of my health, the idea was started that a party should be formed to visit Egypt; and accordingly about the middle of January, 1860, our party, consisting of a lady and four gentlemen, embarked for Alexandria, on board the steamer *Araxes*, trading between Liverpool and the East.

Beyond that though the weather was fine, the usual percentage of passengers were sick, nothing worthy of note occurred during our passage. On the evening of the fourth day we arrived outside the harbour, unfortunately, however, too late to land that night, the entrance being so tortuous and so full of reefs and shoals that without a pilot it is very dangerous; and no pilot is foolhardy enough to attempt it at night. The difficulty of the entrance struck me very forcibly about two months afterwards, when I was leaving Alexandria. Though the roadstead appears quite open, we at one time sailed in one direction, at another in nearly the reverse, and all the while we could see through the clear water of the Mediterranean the sharp rocks beneath us, apparently quite near the surface. As there was not a breath of wind, we did not cast anchor, but lay all night pitching and rolling hither and thither on the swell, to the great discomfort of most of the passengers, who would rather have had a stiff gale than this irregular, heaving motion.

Before daylight we again steamed ahead, and on coming on deck we found ourselves already within the harbour, not yet moored, but being slowly warped to our proper position by cables and capstans. The scene around us was sufficiently striking; the hulks of the three-deckers of Mehemet Ali—battered and broken at Navarino—in the arsenal docks, the ships of all nations around us, the marine palace of the Pasha, and the crowded city with its mosques and minarets on the shore. But the scene which most powerfully attracted our attention was on our own decks. Each capstan was manned by a motley group of Arabs (three to each bar) under a *reis* or captain. These half-dressed swarthy fellows were running round very briskly, animated by the voice of their *reis*, and sometimes for half a turn or thereabouts by his example. To keep them at their work the *reis* chanted short sentences

in Arabic, which they seemed to regard as words of encouragement and to which they made one invariable response. To render their proceedings into English, the *reis* would chant "O Allah;" to which they responded "We will do it;" "O the Prophet;" "We will do it;" "O my father;" "We will do it;" "O the sun;" and such like. This custom we found to be invariable among gangs engaged in simultaneous work, as in a boat's crew; and we have even observed it among a number of little children of from six to ten years of age engaged in carrying mortar.

After breakfast we landed. The streets were thronged with a mixed multitude of Arabs, Armenians, Copts, English, French, Italians, Jews, Greeks, Negroes, and Turks, each in their own national costume, with camels, donkeys, and dogs, but specially with Egyptians, donkeys and dogs. Having taken the precaution to send word early in the morning to the proprietor of the Oriental Hotel, we found an omnibus waiting for us, and a drag for our luggage, so that the donkey boys had not an opportunity of imposing on our inexperience.

As Alexandria is already too much Europeanized to be a good specimen of an Eastern city, I shall not enter into any street details, but content myself with a brief survey of its most notable features.

The reader is, of course, aware that this place was chosen by Alexander the Great as the site for the capital of his Empire, and the judgment he displayed in his choice was proved by the unparalleled rapidity with which it rose into importance. With great natural capabilities for a harbour, especially for the small ships of ancient times, the offing being protected by the long narrow island of Pharos running parallel to the shore, it was admirably adapted by its position to be an emporium for the three continents; and on the island being connected with the mainland by a pier, island and pier forming a capital T, two good harbours were at once formed, which have generally been used alternately. In course of time the pier has—by the accumulation of sand—been converted into a broad neck, on which a considerable portion of the modern city is built, and the Eastern harbour is now so much silted up as to be useless for any but the smallest ships. The European population has increased very much of late years, and they say that it now amounts to 30,000 souls. The European quarter has nothing Eastern about it; and, with its lofty, well-built houses, its magnificent square, and fine broad streets, it might, but for the external Venetian shutters and an occasional glimpse of palms, be taken for a part of London.

In the afternoon, I sallied out alone to try a donkey, in my case to try more particularly whether in my state of health I could endure the riding. Anxious to choose one which gave promise of being easy I halted a moment near a group of them to inspect. The boys at once divined my object, and no doubt saw by my manner that I was a stranger. In an instant, therefore, they came from far and near with their donkeys, and regularly mobbed me, each endeavouring to bring himself and beast so near me as to compel me to select his animal, vociferating at the same time its praises, and asserting that an English resident, out of whose office I had just come, always rode *his* donkey. What could I do? I had not the heart to strike right and left with my heavy oak staff. Threats were of no avail, and yet I was so weak that I was in imminent danger of being knocked down by the donkeys and trampled under foot. With some difficulty I managed to retreat into a gateway and shut the gate upon the Babel outside; and while considering in what way I should get out of my ludicrous position, my friend hearing the hubbub from his office and guessing the cause, came to the rescue. In an instant he wrested a *korbag* or sjambok from the nearest boy and fell upon them, distributing his blows indiscriminately on donkeys and boys. This very soon produced a clearance; an easy donkey was selected, and off we started for Pompey's Pillar, so called. The way to it led through fine gardens and palm groves, at that season destitute of fruit. The pillar itself is a fine granite shaft about one hundred feet high, resting on such a dilapidated foundation of mason work that one is surprised how it can stand. Examination shows that it was originally surmounted by a statue, and an inscription upon it proves that it was erected in honour of Diocletian. On the shore of the eastern harbour are two fine granite obelisks covered with hieroglyphics, and commonly called Cleopatra's Needles. Of these one is still erect, and is about seventy feet high, the other lies half buried in the sand. To commemorate the victories of the British over the French in Egypt, Mehemet Ali presented the latter obelisk to our Government; but on examination it was found to be so weather-worn as not to be worth the expense of removal.

Immediately behind Alexandria is Lake Mareotis. This was anciently a navigable lake, and we learn that it was still a lake towards the close of the seventeenth century, from the recorded fact that its fisheries then produced a considerable revenue. When, however, the French occupied Egypt in 1798, they found the basin a mere *vley*, dry in summer. But



in 1801 the English cut the banks of the Alexandrine canal in order to deprive the French garrison of water, and since then it has been a dreary marsh, tenanted only by immense flocks of waterfowl.

Four or five miles along the shore to the east of Alexandria are extensive mounds of ruins, called Cæsar's Camp. Here the most striking phenomenon is the enormous quantity of broken earthenware. For miles the ground seemed to be composed of nothing else, and the impression conveyed to my mind was that it would require the products of all the Staffordshire potteries to be broken as fast as made for centuries, before such quantities could be produced. The real explanation, most, probably is that unglazed earthenware was very cheap and liable to be defiled, and that they broke their vessels for the slightest ceremonial uncleanness.

A few years ago the overland route to India was extremely unpleasant, and all owing to the two hundred miles from Alexandria to Suez, *viâ* Cairo. The poor unfortunates were crowded, formerly into a canal boat, latterly into a tiny steamer, at Alexandria, so that they often had not even sitting-room below, and in this uncomfortable condition they were conveyed up the Mahmoudieh Canal to where it enters the Rosetta branch of the Nile, and thence up the Nile to Cairo. From Cairo they were conveyed in lumbering omnibuses across the desert to Suez. All this is now changed; the spirit of the West has found an entrance into Egypt, and the sleepy habits of the people are being gradually broken by a railway from Alexandria to Suez, *viâ* Cairo. But although the station is European, and the head officials and engineers are generally French or English, there is not the same bustle, energy, and punctuality as at an English station.

The spirit of the East is too powerful to be overcome at once even within the precincts of the station, and the Englishman who is accustomed to leave his business precisely at five minutes to four p.m., and to calculate on dining with his family at five minutes past five, at a distance of some forty miles, is called upon to exercise unusual patience. The station *professes* to keep local time after the European mode of reckoning. Its profession, however, is not to be depended upon; each hotel and each railway station has a time of its own, and if you ask a friend the time, you ought always to specify your locality, as for instance: What is the time at Shepherd's?—at the Oriental?—or at the station?—as the case may be. Fortunately, while differing among themselves, the hotels make a point of having *their* local time at least half an hour before the station time, so that you can depend

upon leaving your hotel at nine o'clock and arriving at the station at not later than 8h. 45m. While speaking of time, I may mention that the Eastern mode of reckoning time is different from ours. In Egypt, as in other Moslem countries, from sunset to sunset is reckoned to be the civil day. The day is divided into twenty-four hours; sunset, or rather four minutes after sunset, when the Muezzim chant the call to prayer from the minarets, is twelve o'clock, and twelve hours thereafter is again twelve o'clock. The morning twelve o'clock is therefore before or after sunrise according as it is winter or summer. Now, at Cairo the sun sets at all hours between five and seven p.m. according to the season of the year; a steady watch must therefore be set every evening, requiring to be put forward from mid-winter to mid-summer, and *vice versa*. It is this method of reckoning time that is invariably referred to in the New Testament, as for example in the parable of the husbandman and labourers. Most commentators, however, tell us that by the third, sixth, and eleventh hours are meant nine a.m., noon, and five p.m.; but it is clear that this is erroneous, and that, for example, the eleventh hour may about Damascus mean anything between ten minutes to four and ten minutes after six, according to the season of the year.

But to return to the railway. Owing to this great discrepancy of times, we arrived far too soon at the station; and after biting our nails for a couple of hours, we at length started. For several miles the railway skirts Lake Mareotis; passing through a miserable sandy plain and through still more miserable vegetation. As we approach the Nile, however, vegetation improves, and within the Delta the land seems very rich, and the crops abundant. At Kafr Zayat there is a fine railway bridge across the Nile, of which readers of the *Illustrated London News* may have seen a sketch, and may remember that it was seriously injured by the excessive inundations some years ago. But we weary of dust and delays, and long to reach Cairo, which we do about dusk, and after an immense amount of talking and gesticulation we are safely conveyed, partly on donkeys, partly in carriages, to Shepherd's Hotel, on the grand square called Ezbekeeh, where each has a large, lofty, and comfortable half English and half Eastern bed-room assigned to him, as his sanctum during the period he remains in the hotel. If space permitted, it might interest the reader to be told something of the internal regulations of such a hotel, of the mode of life, of the Arab boys who act as chambermaids, of the bedsteads with their large muslin mosquito

curtains impervious to even the most cunning, active and enterprising of those nocturnal plagues. To treat of these, however, would be to exclude more interesting matter.

At this distance of time it is not possible, nor, even if so, would it be advisable for me, to attempt to reduce my observations on Cairo and its neighbourhood to the chronological order in which they were made. It is better that my readers should accompany me in spirit, while I act as guide to the various lions.

Let us first go to the entrance of the hotel and choose us donkeys out of the numerous group waiting, ready saddled and bridled, to be hired at one shilling and six pence a day, boy included. Our appearance with sjambok in hand is the signal for a great uproar. "My donkey," shouts one; "easy donkey, him Jim Crow;" "my donkey," shouts another; "Yankee Doodle, him very good donkey;" "Handy Andy, nice donkey," shouts a third; and so on. At length our choice is made, and off we scamper at an easy amble, with the little Arab at our heels. To have a bird's-eye view of all that is to be seen, let us first visit the top of the Mokattam hills immediately behind Cairo; and, by the way, we may inspect at leisure our donkey and attendant. The former we see at a glance is immeasurably ahead of his English brethren, though not much larger, and not nearly so large as those of Smyrna. He is active, strong, enduring, and easy, and by an occasional interview with the donkey barber he is kept neat and trim. This functionary, by the way, clips the donkeys artistically, the hair on the legs is not cut so short as that on the body, and the boundary between the long and short hair is toothed like a saw, and is made still neater by bands and little circles cut in the hair. The donkey seems to treat any admonitory blows given by his rider with thorough contempt, and only to pay regard to the directions given by his master; so that "*Hassan, make my donkey go*" is no uncommon remark on the part of the rider. To exemplify their powers of endurance, these poor animals are worked day after day without intermission, and one not unusual day's journey is to Memphis and back, a distance of thirty-six miles. Among many others who accomplished this, one gentleman weighed about eighteen stones, or about 250 lb. The saddle is totally different from anything at the Cape; it is a sort of a pad covered with Brussels carpet or red leather, and has a large hemispherical hump in front to make it safer, I presume, for inexperienced riders. Instead of a crupper, there is a band round the thighs, which is sometimes ornamented with cowries and tinsel. The boy is an active, cheerful, untiring

specimen of the Arab, full of fun and good humour, singing merrily when you ride in the country, and, when you are in the town equally active and watchful over your safety and that of his four-footed friend. His dress is generally very scanty, often nothing but a little skull-cap and a dark blouse, something between a smock-frock and a night-shirt. The amount of English he knows is generally very limited, often almost nothing; but though after repeated attempts you find that you cannot converse, you may be surprised at hearing him suddenly bursting out with "If I had a donkey-vot wouldn't go," or some similar snatch.

But we have now reached the base of the hills, and are ascending through the quarries. Gradually a scene opens upon us which surpasses all description. It impresses us all the more forcibly that it is unexpected; it is not usual to ascend the Mokattam hills; the guide-books say nothing of it; even the donkey boys do not know the road. But it is not the superiority of the view from the top to that from the citadel, or any other elevated position, that I now refer to, though even that is very marked. It is the quarries themselves that fill us with amazement. If an extensive landslip takes place in England, the lapse of a few years, in a great measure, effaces the ruin; but on these hills there is no ruin worth the name; there is not a blade of vegetation; the softening hand of time has, therefore, almost no place, and the impression conveyed to the mind is that here there had been but yesterday a war of the elements,—that earthquakes and storms had rent and overthrown the rocks and had reduced the face of nature to the wildest confusion and desolation. Some of my readers may have seen Martin's celebrated painting of the "Day of His Wrath." It struck me at once Martin must surely have seen this, and imperfectly transferred the idea to canvas. But in spite of the ignorance of the donkey boys and our inability to communicate with the quarrymen, we find a road to the top. Let us here take up a position facing the west, and examine the singular scene before us.

At our feet, on a detached spur of the hills, is the citadel, commanded by our present position, while it in turn commands the city. Beyond the citadel is the city itself, a vast expanse of brown, broken by interludes of palms, sycamore, minarets, mosques, and palaces, the eastern half enclosed by shapeless mounds of rubbish, while the western half is imbedded in bright green fields. The line of demarcation of green and brown would bisect the city, so that the latter may be likened to a huge plum half imbedded in a green



pudding. Two miles beyond Cairo is the silver line of the Nile, extending south and north as far as the eye can reach. To the south we see a fair specimen of the whole of Egypt above Cairo. The bright green strip of vegetation on either side of the river widens and narrows; sometimes it is a mere thread, sometimes several miles in breadth. To the north the green expands into the Delta. About four or five miles on the other side of the Nile, west by south from our position, just beyond the cultivated lands and on the first terrace of the Libyan desert, stand the pyramids of Ghizeh, distinctively called *the* pyramids from their greater size; and about eight and twelve miles respectively to the south of these are the smaller groups of Abousir and Sakkara. In the desert to the south of the citadel are numerous tombs, and among others those of Mehemet Ali and his relatives; while in the desert to the north, not far from the base of the hills, are the splendid Mosque tombs of the Memloulk Sultans. About seven miles to the north is Heliopolis or *On*, the City of the Sun, and to the east of us are the extensive deserts that lie between us and Suez.

Having thus obtained a general view of the whole, let us descend and examine the details of our panorama.

After a pleasant ride for two hours through green fields, tamarisks, acacias, and sycamores, we reach the site of the ancient *On*, or Heliopolis. The condition of the remains of this once magnificent city affords a good illustration of the fate of nearly all the antiquities of Lower Egypt. In the time of Strabo, *On* was a mass of magnificent ruins; it is now a space bounded by low mounds, which enclose some fields, a garden, and a solitary obelisk. What it may be asked, has become of its ruins? All save this solitary obelisk have been removed. The site has been used as a convenient quarry for the neighbouring towns, and the obelisks have been removed to other lands. But this solitary obelisk merits attention. It is the oldest in Egypt; it has stood there for near four thousand years; it was there in the days of Abraham, and may have been familiar to Joseph; and of all that sprung around, it alone stands a hoary monument of the past. Not far from the obelisk is a small pool almost overgrown with willows and aquatic plants—the Fountain of the Sun. How changed it must be, from what it was when the Temple of the Sun stood by in all its glory.

The only other object of interest is the sycamore of the Holy Family. This aged and gnarled tree, covered with the initials and names of travellers, is situated within the precincts of a private garden; and Coptic traditions and the

Apocryphal Gospels record of it, that the Holy Family rested under its shade in their flight to Egypt.

The sycamore of the East, common both in Egypt and the warmer parts of Palestine, is totally different from the tree of that name found in England. It is a large and wide-spreading tree, which flourishes luxuriantly in sandy plains and warm valleys, but which cannot endure the frost. In this respect, it is well adapted for Egypt, where frost may be said to be unknown. In the 68th Psalm it is recorded as one of the wonders which God wrought in Egypt, that he "destroyed their sycamore trees with the frost." Though the wood of it is soft and almost useless, it is nevertheless, in some respects, a valuable and remarkable tree. It bears several crops of a small fig in the course of the year, and unlike most fruit trees, these figs grow on short stems springing directly from the trunk and large branches. The figs are generally of a greenish yellow colour, but sometimes of a purple tinge, and they are so insipid that none but the poorest classes consume them.

Regarding this particular sycamore at Heliopolis, it *may* be very old, and the tradition that Joseph and Mary rested under a sycamore may possibly be well founded; but no unprejudiced traveller could for a moment assign to it such high antiquity as is claimed. And yet, as to all other holy places and places of pilgrimage, a certain amount of interest attaches to it; and whether or not we have the necessary amount of faith, we cannot look with an indifferent eye on the tree with which such an association is connected. On our way home let us visit these mosque tombs of the Memloup Sultans. These differ in no respect from many other fine mosques which are suffered to fall into decay, and there is perhaps nothing that impresses one more forcibly with the decline of the power of the false Prophet than that these tombs of Sultans—chiefs of their own faith—and mosques for the exercise of their own religion, are allowed to crumble into decay. These mosques are simply a series of magnificent ruins. Scarcely a roof is left; many of the minarets have fallen, and the beautiful tessellated pavements composed of marble, granite, porphyry, and other stones are dilapidated and partly removed. The only thing we shall stop to notice is something like an enormous spoor, some eighteen inches or two-feet long, in a black marble block, from which the keeper removes a veil with great reverence, and declares that it is a print made by Mahomet's foot on some remarkable occasion. Truly, he must have increased both in size and weight to make such a mark.

## STONE IMPLEMENTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

ARCHÆOLOGY is arranging its facts and pointing to important inferences from what it has to teach about primitive Man. A new science, interposing between Geology and History, is collecting many a ray of light, apparently converging from many regions towards a focus in the remote past, and constructing a history of Man, in his earliest condition, from the contemplation of his works, his dwellings, and implements. A large and still increasing amount of testimony is year by year brought to bear on the subject, as facts accumulate in quantity and over a larger area of the globe.

The evidence of Man's existence in Europe, at a remote period, is thought by Figuier and Lubbock and others eminent in this branch of science, to be indicated by the discoveries of rough stone tools, of various shapes and uses, along with the remains of extinct animals, such as the mammoth, cave-bear, woolly-haired rhinoceros. That the implements are of human workmanship admits of no doubt, and the contemporaneous existence of Man with these animals is inferred, because the strata in which the stone implements have been found, "are altogether too compact and immovable to admit of any (such) insinuation or percolation of surface objects." The implements are numerous and varied; and the *finds* have not been restricted to Europe. Each quarter of the world has yielded specimens; and there is a remarkable similarity of type throughout those which I have seen, whether European, South African, Japanese, or Australian.

The presence of human remains in company with the implements and the bones of animals, is rare: many plausible reasons are assigned for their limited appearance; but it is unnecessary to argue about the causes, when a sufficient number of authenticated appearances has been recorded to render probable, if not to prove, the contemporaneity of Man. In the Valley of the Seine, among human remains, about which Sir J. Lubbock says there seems to be no doubt, a skull was found which has been examined by a competent archæologist; and on the bones of some extinct animals appear the marks of the implements; particular mention is made of the bones of the Reindeer, found in the cave of Aurignac, in the south of France, which, besides bearing the marks of knives, have been broken for the marrow to be extracted. The legitimate

inferences from all this are not in any way weakened by the consideration that the physical characteristics of the continent of Europe, at a time when the Reindeer, Irish Elk, and the Auroch existed in the South of France, must have been very different from the present.

The stone-tools found in South Africa do not contribute any evidence towards the solution of the state of primitive man; at the same time, they do not tend to discredit the notion of a remotely distant existence of mankind on the European continent.

Beyond a few specimens of very rude pottery found with the South African implements, and the modern use of oval perforated stones and grain-crushers or pounders by native races, nothing has been yet adduced on which to construct a theory; and except for the depth at which some implements, especially in Albany and East London, were found, there would appear no ground for relegating the use of any of them to a distant period. No one, so far as the present specimens and the localities and conditions, whence and under which they have come to light, furnish evidence of their origin, can conceive them to be prehistoric.

The largest variety of South African stone implements has been found on the Cape Flats on the margins of the great *vleys*, or in the open spaces between the sand-hills, where the drift-sand has been blown off by the summer S. E. winds or washed off by the winter floods, leaving the natural soil bare: loosely imbedded in this soil, have been brought to light lance-heads, arrow-heads, axe-heads, scrapers, and sling-stones, and flakes of several shapes and applicable to many uses. No excavations of the soil have been made. Some of these specimens show by the careful chipping and neatly serrated edges that considerable labour was expended on them. Nuclei or cores from which flakes have been chipped off are numerous.

Those from Lower Albany and the mouth of the Great Fish River, appear to be of the same type, but look more like rejected than finished tools: the stone used in the manufacture of these as well as of the Kaffrarian specimens is inferior to that used in the stone-factories on the Cape Flats: the workmanship is also rougher; and except two chisels from East London, sent by Mr. G. McKay, I have seen none evidencing much skill or finish.

Besides the localities just referred to, Mr. George McKay, of East London, has enumerated many where stone implements have been found. For convenience and permanent

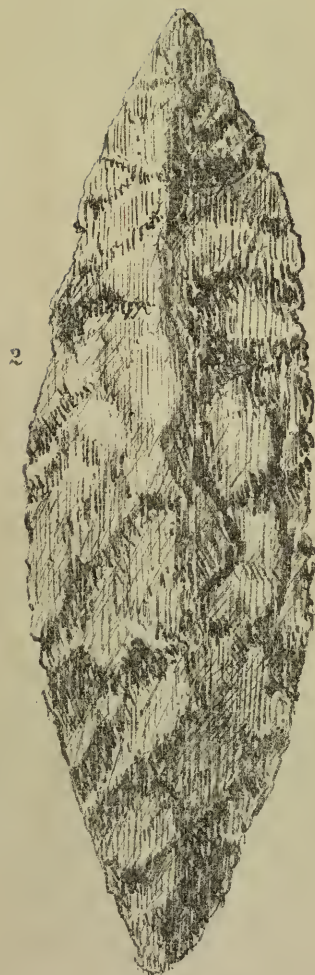


record, I have here given his list, with such additions and brief remarks as seemed necessary.

| LOCALITY.                                                      | SPECIMENS.                                                                                                                                | SOIL AND CONDITIONS.                                                                                                                  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Cape Flats ... ..                                              | Spear-heads, arrow-heads, sling-stones, saws, scrapers, grind-stones, &c., with bits of pottery. Also, cores or nuclei, and refuse chips. | Imbedded in surface clay, along the margins of the <i>Vleys</i> ; or lying on ironstone ridges, the drift-sand having been blown off. |
| East London ... ..                                             | Varieties; most of which are refuse flakes and chips; few perfect or well-formed.                                                         | In gravel, under four feet of alluvial clay.                                                                                          |
| Panmure ... ..                                                 | Three well-formed spear-heads.                                                                                                            | In gravel under two feet of alluvial clay.                                                                                            |
| St. John's, Kabusi...                                          | One spear-head.                                                                                                                           | Uncertain.                                                                                                                            |
| Tembani ... ..                                                 | ditto                                                                                                                                     | ditto                                                                                                                                 |
| West bank of Kahoon Riv., $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the sea    | Varieties; refuse flakes and chips.                                                                                                       | Surface of red soil, undisturbed.                                                                                                     |
| Between Kahoon and Geneka Rivers. 2 miles from the sea         |                                                                                                                                           | ditto                                                                                                                                 |
| Cape Henderson, near the Kei River ...                         |                                                                                                                                           | ditto                                                                                                                                 |
| Klip River Spruit, Albert ... ..                               |                                                                                                                                           | ditto                                                                                                                                 |
| Buffels Doorn Flats, between Queen's Town and Dordrecht ... .. |                                                                                                                                           | ditto                                                                                                                                 |
| Fish River mouth, and near Newtondale, Peddie ...              | ditto                                                                                                                                     | Under the sand-hills; occasionally exposed by the shifting of the sand.                                                               |
| Lower Albany ...                                               | ditto                                                                                                                                     |                                                                                                                                       |

Mr. G. McKay informs us, in regard to their discovery at East London, that in 1851 the whole of the ground between East London and Fort Glamorgan was covered with drift-sand, over which a thick carpet of grass had grown. The traffic in war time was great; the sand was cut through in all directions; and then the black clay formerly protected by the sand was also gradually cut through, and the implements were thus exposed to view. In this condition they were discovered by Mr. T. H. Bowker in 1867, who had previously found similar ones elsewhere.

Photographs of a large variety of the implements and flakes found by Mr. T. H. Bowker, near the mouth of the Great Fish River, may be seen in the South African Public Library, Cape Town. Mr. Layard has deposited in the





Museum a collection of those picked up by himself on the Cape Flats; and sundry contributions from other parts of the Colony have also been received.

Of the accompanying Illustrations, Nos. 1—5 may be considered as general types of the quantities of stone implements found on the Cape Flats by myself and family, during the last six years. No. 1 is a highly-finished spear-head, five inches long; the serrated edge of No. 2 rather indicates use as a saw. Nos. 3 and 4 are leaf-shaped arrow-heads: there is a great variety of sizes. No. 5 a knife or saw. No. 6 is a chisel, from the collection of Mr. G. McKay, found near the Kahoon. Nos. 7 and 8, flakes from the Cape Flats.

As showing the way in which stone arrow-heads are or have been used, I quote an extract from the "*Historie of Travaile into Virginie*," one of the publications of the Hakluyt Society: "Another sort of arrowes they use, made of reedes; these are peeved with wood, headed with splinters of cristall or some sharp stone," p. 105. Of the use of stone axes, the same writer says: "Some use a long stone, sharpened at both ends, thrust through a handle of wood in the same manner (*i.e.*, in form of a pick-axe); and these last they were wont to use instead of hatchets to fell a tree."

Were these implements, or any of them, in modern use among the natives of this country? The Rev. Mr. Kronlein, of Beersheba, informs me that the implements are *familiar* amongst the Hottentots; but as at the date of writing he was starting for Otjimbingue, he could give no positive proof of it. From Wupperthal, I hear that the oval perforated stones were used by the old Hottentot warriors as weapons of war, a stick of hard wood being thrust into the hole. For digging up roots, the stone was grasped in the hand, the end of the stick being sharpened for picking up the ground.

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## TWO DAYS AT THE DIAMOND-FIELDS.

THERE was no denying we were approaching the Fields. The road was travelled and worn, until nothing seemed left but an axle-breaking track of sand and boulders. Adventurous people had made "*draais*" amongst the grass and bushes, which, when followed, proved more tiresome than the highway they had quitted. The Boers, as we touched at their solitary homesteads, looked grumpy, and made us pay six-

pence a head for each horse that drank at their dams. Now and then we would come upon a transport wagon stuck fast in the sand—the ground around strewn with chests and packages, and the coloured drivers lounging contentedly about until help should come; or we would pass a fragmentary cart, half topsy-turvy, and with its one wheel up in the air. The country was comparatively flat, but intersected at long intervals with stony ridges, which looked like mountains in the distance, but dwindled into hillocks as you approached them. As for the veldt, it alternated between dreary bushes—stunted and isolated—and grass, which I can compare to nothing better than old and very bad forage, from which the seed has fallen, stuck in small bundles haphazard into the sand. Sometimes there were real bushes, four or five feet high perhaps, with dark dull evergreen leaves, and trees of camel-thorn, stunted in growth, and, as often as not, sickly, dying, or dead.

Journeying along them,—it was towards sunset,—we met a company of Kafirs, and our driver recognizing an old acquaintance, drew near and asked the news. We all know how genial and hearty is the greeting of this staid but happy-hearted people. They were in excellent spirits. Diamonds were turning up to any extent. People were making fortunes. A lucky Hottentot had become so rich that you would almost call him “Baas.” We had the curiosity to ask our dusky Jehu—when the parley was over and the Kafirs gone—what he would do with his money if equally fortunate. “Would he buy a farm?” Oh, no; he would get a magnificent concertina, and would keep open house, and have a ball every night. Then he would drive a cart and horses of his own, and, in fact, enjoy perpetual spree. An honest and natural answer!—how one might moralize upon it! Extremes meeting, indeed! Why, our savage was (*mutatis mutandis*) quite a man of fashion in his aspirations. Well has Matthew Arnold described an aristocracy as barbarian. To think that fashionable life of the fast and jolly type should be so well epitomized by a negro!

The sun set—far, far away—on the distant horizon, and darkness came anon, concealing the dreary plains of white dead grass, concealing the red sand of the road, and by and by rendering our path so indistinct that we were fain to walk. We had tramped wearily a long while when a distant light was seen—and we had tramped more hopefully a long while still, when the barking of dogs was heard, and in due time a large house, very still and silent, stood before us.



Like many another, Mr. Radloff, the courteous and intelligent owner of this place, has found his fortunes greatly changed by the working of the Diamond-fields. He was farming a fine tract of country and keeping a store in this remote region, when a stream of eager diggers began to pass his door. An easy distance from the Vaal River, it naturally became a choice place for outspanning; and the obvious necessities of the case soon turned his commodious abode into a kind of hotel, in which the old-fashioned hospitalities of the country were combined with the freedom and the comfort of more civilized life. Mr. Radloff gave us a genial welcome; and, tired, hungry, and travel-starved, we were glad to be seated in his large dining-room, amidst half a dozen strangers who had come before us. Scarcely had we entered when another cart was heard, and then another. In a short time the house was full of guests—one and all bound for the Diamond-fields.

I mistake. One was there who was not bound for the Diamond-fields. He had come from there that afternoon. I was looking at his haggard face, when he addressed me. I did not know him; he proved to be an old acquaintance, whom I had not met for years, and whom time and sickness had greatly altered. Amid the pauses of a hacking cough, he told me he had left his wife and family to better their prospects, and his own, in the new Golconda. He had gone unprovided with tent and necessary accommodations, and had been sleeping in the bitter cold of these African nights upon the ground. Hundreds of others had doubtless done the same, for the winter climate of the Vaal is healthy beyond belief, but this man had had to bear the penalty. His gaunt features and tangled beard did but heighten the picture of disease contracted by hardship and exposure. Not having a roof to cover him, he had managed to get to this place, and its generous owner had taken him in. He was hoping to go home again,—who knows how many hundreds of miles away?—and dreaming, poor man, of wife and children; but it seemed, alas, too likely that the journey he had begun was to a region much more distant, and to a home immeasurably further off.

We had a capital supper. The house was so full that we had to do it in relays. For a bachelor establishment, everything was admirably managed. All sorts and conditions of men seemed present in one or other part of that building. In the large, well-furnished parlour I noticed three doctors, an agent or two, clerks who had thrown up their situations, boers, auctioneers, and what not. A little later, beds were

shaken down in all the rooms, the sick man having a small chamber to himself, and the place was soon buried in repose.

What a refreshing wash we had the next morning! And when we started—cart, four horses, passengers, and packages—we were near enough our destination to make the ride exciting. About half-way we stopped and breakfasted. A short outspanning, however, for the road was alive with traffic—in an African sense of course. One vehicle was hardly out of sight when the rumbling of another began to be heard. I can recall a prosperous looking trap with well-dressed diamond-seekers, dashing furiously along, and then we met two silent boers with wagon and equipments, creeping in a shame-faced manner home. These were followed not very long after by an ancient man much out at elbows, leading a seedy Scotch cart, drawn by a donkey and a mule—who stopped and asked where we were going. We told him we were going to look at the Diggings (“*wij gaan kijk*”). “*Ach, gaan kijk maar,*” he replied, “*en draai om.*”

The taller bushes of sombre hue had latterly become more numerous, and now, as the country began evidently to slope in the direction where the Vaal must be, we saw clumps of flourishing camel-thorns, picturesquely grouped. Turning somewhat to the right, we ascended a slight ridge, and there, in a deep winding valley, the beautiful river, stretching out for miles and miles below us, came into view.

A beautiful river—meandering between well-wooded banks and tree-clad islands, and bounded by hills of rapid slope and graceful form. Had these hill sides been green and grassy, instead of reddish stones with karoo-like patches of vegetation between, that valley and that river would have been the fairest picture I had ever looked upon. More to the left, in a place where the Vaal made one of its vast curves, the slopes on either side were covered with white tents and white wagons, with busy groups working the red earth between. Flags were flying, the sounds of cheery labour fell upon the ear, carts were rattling over the stones, boats plying on the waters. In the middle of the desert we had come upon as picturesque and bustling a city as any in the world.

Down the hill side, and then along a roadway of intense sandiness, which wound amongst bushes and thorn trees, and wagons and tents—a long roadway. Our coming excited no attention; arrivals were far too common an event for that. Our conductor, a hard-headed Dutchman, who knew everybody, and saw at a glance whether a bargain

could be made, was here at least at fault. Every face was strange, and no one could tell him the whereabouts of the acquaintance he was seeking. At the Diamond-fields, as in London, persons are too busy to trouble themselves about their neighbours. To search for a friend is like looking for a needle in a haystack. And to this day I know neither the name, nationality, or features of the parties whose tents' cords crossed with mine.

In a thickly-inhabited corner, where tents and wagons were placed in line and formed short embryo streets, we came to a halt. The tired horses were set free, and our conductor's friend appeared,—an elderly boer, of quiet sterling aspect, who welcomed us into his temporary house, where we found his wife, also elderly, and inclining to *embon-point*, but one of those kind, motherly women, to whom hospitality and good deeds come naturally; and then there was a *wees-kind*, some four years old, on whom the good dame had taken compassion. We sat down, I upon the bedstead, which fitted one end of this canvas house, the host and my companions upon boxes, his wife upon a low campstool, whilst the chubby *wees-kind* stood confidently at her side. Coffee was produced, and poured out into basins standing on a wagon chest. And then we explained who we were, talked of mutual acquaintances, and asked how our entertainers liked the Diamond-fields.

Well, they didn't like them much. They had been there some six weeks already and had got nothing; they would try a month longer, and then go home. They were very well to do—you could see it in all their ways—their grown-up children minded the farm, and here they were. When I tell the simple story of this man, I tell that of hundreds more—elderly people, whose children are managing affairs at home, whilst they were seeking diamonds. Looking through the door, I noticed a rude open-air kitchen a few yards off, where the fire was screened by a circular fence of bushes, and a negro girl with pleased face was boiling water for more coffee, and round about this kitchen and the bush-fenced kraal beyond fat fowls and flourishing turkeys were strutting about, and picking up such scraps of food as they could find. Coming there another time late at night, these fowls were roosting multitudinously on a bush adjoining the tent-wall. A terrible thing for the sleepers in that tent, thought I, when almost in their ears the cocks begin to crow.

I might notice that these small encampments were made for the most part in two localities,—one beneath the ridge

of the vast sloping valley in which the Vaal lies, and the other amongst the trees by the river side, whilst the space between had been honey-combed into one great gravel pit by the diggers. Between their claims ran roads—steep, stony, and labyrinthine. Leaving our boer friends, we followed one of these to the river side. Parties were working on either hand, some sifting and washing on their claims and some loading the red earth upon carts or wagons. Every now and then we had to scramble amongst the great stones piled up by the road side in order to let these vehicles pass. One thing struck us in the aspect of these diggers—who were all solemn and all busy. Whilst the German, the Hollander, or the Jew could be distinguished at a glance, it was difficult to tell the Africander-Dutchman from the Englishman, save when he opened his mouth. Similarity in origin of race, the admixture of the Teuton and the Gaul, will doubtless account for this.

It was delightful at the river's bank. Conceive a broad sheet of cool, deep, bright water, with a kind of lane along-side, lined by diamond washers rocking cradles, or diamond pickers sorting stones at temporary tables, whilst almost overhead arose a shady bank, covered with magnificent trees. Some of these washers, at once perspiring and ingenious, had erected awnings. I noticed women and bright-eyed girls amongst the sorters. There were ambitious men, who washed the earth with cumbrous and scientific apparatus, which pumped water from the river through many a yard of hose, and down again along a series of troughs into a knowing-looking machine, which washed and sorted, and did everything at once. There were seedy persons, who employed contrivances intensely primitive—old tubs, old boxes, and old pails; heaps of small pebbles, the refuse of these operations, lay between. What numbers of people one met, too, whom one had forgotten or thought dead; and persons one had heard of or seen photographed in albums, but who were now first introduced. But where was all the rare fortune vaunted in the newspapers. "Where all the lucky men." Over the water, perhaps, in the New Republic, but certainly not here. Those that we spoke with were grim and cautious, much improved in health, and—well they did not say so, but 'twas manifest enough—much out of pocket. There was one exception, a good-looking, smart young fellow, whose face was beaming with satisfaction. I easily divined his secret; he was much in love, but had had no money. He had come to the Diamond-fields, and had been so successful that his heart



was full of that fluttering, delicious, but uncertain hope with which persons in his situation are wont to torment themselves.

Across the river upon whose banks we were now standing rose—red and bare, but thronged with tents—the New Republic I have spoken of, for I need not say there are two distinct communities beside the Vaal, and divided by its waters. On the Pniel or Free State side, a sober, respectable settlement, where much Dutch is spoken and little beer consumed, ruled from a tent which is at once a store, the office of the Missionaries, financial agents, and the committee-room of the Free State authorities. On the Transvaal side, a British Commonwealth, the youngest in the list of nations, and as yet without a name.

At the landing-place—a break in the line of trees—we hailed a boat which was incessantly plying backwards and forwards. In a few minutes, after a row doubly pleasant in a country where water is a phenomenon and a boat a myth, we trod the shores of what had been declared, that Saturday afternoon, a New Republic.

The election was just over. Excited groups stood talking in the vicinity of the Canteen, the principal institution of the place, and the Committee tent hard by,—overhead floated the union-jack. I noticed Irish navvies and English artizans in abundance. An officer or two, young, clean-shaved, and top-booted, faultless as to costume, and sporting the last new thing in eye-glasses, mingled in the crowd. The canteen tent was full of people,—many beery and patriotic, some seated at a side table calmly playing cards amid the din. Never were bar-men so worked before. Amongst the gamesters I noticed one whose face seemed despair personified, and among the patriots, a toper ready for a brawl. We had hardly quitted the place, when we heard an uproar within, loud enough to summon an immediate crowd before the door. A minute later, out rushed a bearded man with bloody face, pursued by the toper aforementioned, also bloody. A clear, sonorous voice bid the "Gentlemen form a ring," and the fight went on.

Whether our elections in England would present a spectacle more moral and refined than this, I will not pause to inquire; but on other occasions we found this canteen, which in my time, at least, was club, bourse, and universal lounge, quiet and well-conducted enough. I asked what they did with the inebriated people who will be found in such places, and was pointed to a deep dry sluit with precipitous sides, which serves at present for the prison of this British Colony.

Well placed on an adjacent eminence, stands the private residence of President Parker,—a roomy tent lined with green baize and carpeted as to its floor. Walking thither in his company, he told us of his difficulties, social and political, but was enthusiastic as to the prospects of his new settlement. “This is all diamonds,” he said, as we stumbled together over the rocky road. “President Parker?” the reader will ask; “and what is he like?” Conceive a rather tall, wiry man, of semi-military aspect, in white helmet, tightly-fitting clothing, and top-boots: his face, saving a piquant moustache, cleanly shorn, and spanned as to its upper part by large, dark, angular eye-preservers: his whole appearance betokening extreme promptitude, quickness of perception, and rapidity of resource. Of not unpolished manners; in speech striking, and sometimes, perhaps, a little theatrical; the chief characteristic of the man is his wonderful tact. And scarcely inferior to his tact is his remarkable economy of time. He owns a canteen, where £40 a-day is taken in gold and silver, and has branch establishments of various kinds; a profitable and ever-busy boat, stores, claims which are being worked, and numerous agencies which are miscellaneousness itself. As President, he has meetings to attend, and speeches to make, nearly all day long. Every stranger seeks his acquaintance, and introductions innumerable attend his footsteps. And then he is always ready to help you, no matter what the emergency. Above all, his marked ability in settling disputes and stopping rows is continually called into requisition. If anything sensational occurs—the finding of a large diamond, severe sickness on the part of one of his subjects, or any accident—he is on the spot forthwith. And his mental activity is no less noteworthy. He is ever planning something useful or entertaining for his young community,—the erection of a music-hall, the founding a hospital, the establishment of a police, the planning of a town, the effecting sanitary arrangements, and the originating and improvement of the laws. Added to all, his private tent, graced by the presence of the fairer sex, is the scene of hospitalities which are called into action with a frequency proportionate to the active life ever surging around it. Like many other men of mark, President Parker has passed a life of varied fortunes. Originally, we believe, connected with the army, he had latterly been trading in the interior. No one, and least of all himself, would pretend to deny that when the diamond discovery occurred, he was decidedly down in the world. A lucky speculation

in these gems led by rapid steps to his acceptance of the position he now so ably holds. The great change in his circumstances was quaintly summed up by an old boer lady, who remarked: "A little while ago he was making bricks, and now he is Lord Parker."

No English village could have been quieter than the Pniel side, when we made our bed on the pebbly floor of a friend's tent at ten o'clock that night; but across the river, uproar and spree, brawl and conviviality, noise and music, were in full swing till after the rising of the morning star. Nothing could be finer than the night view of the Diamond-fields, as we stood upon the river's bank,—lights of all kinds filling one vast amphitheatre, and reflected in the water beneath, whilst overhead were trees, and the bright stars shone forth unpaled by the young crescent moon; and then there were river sounds—plashing—and a hardly perceptible murmur, audible to the attentive listener, even amid the din and stir.

Clear and frosty rose the Sunday morning. Instinctively we donned great coats, and drank our steaming coffee sitting round the wood fire which the coloured boys had made. Ere breakfast time, however, our extra clothing was doffed again, and long before noon we sought the shade of the trees. And how was Sunday spent? By the Dutch admirably. On the Pniel side, services and prayers were going on in one place or another all day long; but in the Diamond Republic there was no worship of any kind. In the face of the marked religiousness of the older colonists across the river, one might have doubted with the Spaniards in King Charles's time whether the English had any religion at all. And yet one is inclined to believe that the awkward shyness—the *mauvais honte*—so characteristic of England, was chiefly to blame in this matter; and that had some layman courageously commenced a service, it would have been numerously and respectfully attended. But that layman did not appear; reading was impossible, and so we took a walk along the river side.

Now on its banks, where heaps of red diamondiferous earth, and cradles, and working utensils lay unmolested,—for no one steals at the Diggings,—now along a romantic roadway cut amidst the trees, and lined with many a tent and wagon,—now amongst the bushes and the sand—we wended our way. Men and women in their Sunday clothes passed leisurely along; dresses of those pleasing colours which bespeak feminine taste and heighten feminine beauty, diversified the scene. A missionary from the Colony was

preaching at the door of the Committee's tent, beneath the shadow of the Free State flag, to a large intently listening congregation grouped around him. I am no Dutch scholar, but I could distinguish the word "*diamanten*" frequently repeated. Doubtless his discourse was practical and homely, and he had wisely chosen the subject of the day. Further yet, near a group of English gentlemen who were enjoying a luxurious wash and toilet in the open air, we came upon a magnificent St. Bernard's dog, seated calmly on his haunches, and looking like a lion. Within one happy tent children were singing softly some pretty christian tune; at another, elaborate cooking was manifestly going on. After a while, all signs of human habitation disappeared, and we sat down and rested on a kind of rushy island, whose sand and shingle Kafirs were inspecting in the hopes of finding precious stones.

At dusk that Sunday evening, we again sought the tent of the elderly boer who had welcomed us upon our arrival at the Fields. As no one was at home, we sat down in the increasing darkness, and waited until a neighbouring service should be over. By and by, the singing began,—quick, full-voiced, hearty, and without the drawl and the hideous vocal inflections so prevalent in the Colony. Some man with strong musical instincts, much cultivated, confined to an adjacent wagon by sickness or by indolence, and too far off to catch the purport of the hymn, startled us by putting in an occasional harmony in a bass key. Getting wrong sometimes, he would come to an abrupt stop, but when the melody became too tempting, that bass note—a rather good one in its way—would be put in again. I can fancy that man, whose name and whereabouts are still a mystery, lying on his back in contemplative mood, enjoying to the full the music, and the darkness. But amongst the singers and the service there was one whose voice, though softened by the distance, could be distinguished from the rest, and was more impressive than an eloquent preacher,—a full voice, in which devotion, love, and something of a holy rapture were manifested with a power that could never be mistaken,—such a voice, indeed, as Simeon, had his tones been equal to his words, might have used when singing strains akin to his "*Nunc Dimittis*."

And so closed my second day at the Diamond-fields.

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# THE GEOLOGY OF THE DIAMONDIFEROUS REGIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

BY DR. JOHN SHAW, COLESBERG.

## NO. 2.—THE LOWER VAAL REGION.

I HAVE indicated in the first paper my belief as to how the whole diamondiferous region of the Vaal, extending for miles on either side, but principally and most widely on the Transvaalian side, came probably to be covered with alluvial soil. I stated my opinion that the whole country has been the theatre of successive disturbances and elevations, from which cause the Vaal has played about in various beds, leaving evidence of its wearing and washing in the pebbles imbedded in the alluvium. These pebbles I further stated to be to a great extent the vestiges of a vast series of sedimentary, conglomerate, trappean, and metamorphic rocks, which are still to be found in favoured spots, and particularly in connection with the kopjes of the region, but elsewhere have yielded to denudation and cataclysm.

At Sitlacomie's village, below the junction of the Vaal and the Hart, there is one of those favoured spots which have withstood the destructive agencies by which the greater part of the rock system originally developed has disappeared. Ascending from the river, there are first a series of basaltic hummocks: the basalt being the same as that of the Klipdrift kopjes. Above these, there are thin clayslates and argillaceous sandstones, some of them much altered and indurated. A conglomerate sandstone of great thickness lies upon these again, and forms the first terrace from the river, say 400 feet above the level of the stream. Upon this we have sandstone shales, and higher up a crystalline sandstone, which becomes more and more indurated, till at the summit of the ridge it is a thorough quartzite. Greenstone boulders, the remains of a trappean capping, lie about on the next and second terrace, which cannot be less than 800 feet above the river level.

*These strata are all represented*, as I indicated in a general way in my first notice, *in the water-worn gravel of Klipdrift and Pniel*. The inference, therefore, is (and I need not say that the whole matter even assumes the character of a demonstration) that they existed also formerly in that locality as well as at Sitlacomie's village, but, having been subjected there to greater disturbance, they

have passed away, leaving traces of their past presence among the pebbles of the alluvial soil.

No light is thrown by these facts on the somewhat important question as to what rock is the true matrix of the diamond. It may be that South Africa, on further and thorough investigation, may solve the problem to which neither India nor Brazil has given any solution. What may be meanwhile asserted is, that diamonds are found associated with certain pebbles imbedded in earth of various colours, but mainly in a brown ferruginous one.

In regard to the constituent gravel itself, it varies considerably even in the one region of Pniel and Klipdrift. From all that I was able to discover it would appear:

1. That gravel, with angular fragments of quartz evidently broken from the present rocks, which are permeated in every direction by quartz veins, is not liked by the diggers. This gravel is necessarily very recent, and exists on the surface mainly.

2. It would appear that diggers favour gravel with abundant rotten ferruginous water-worn stones, and this is got generally in contact with the rock base of the summits of kopjes. Gravel from the interstices and clefts is particularly believed in as diamondiferous.

3. The presence of small diamonds, such as are found in greatly disproportionate multitudes in Brazil, from all that I could ascertain, is not overlooked to any great extent at Pniel and Klipdrift. I think that the diamonds got there all of sizes varying from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 100 carats and upwards in weight have withstood, either by virtue of their gravity or by means of local sheltering, the carrying influences of the stream. The smaller diamonds will likely turn up in the present and former water-courses further down the river.

So much of generalizations as come under these three heads I arrived at after careful consideration and inquiry during my stay at Klipdrift. Intelligent experience may modify them in time, but I think they may be safely accepted meanwhile. Those of the pebbles which come under the general and wide department of precious stones appear to come mainly from the amygdaloid. This rock may be seen, indeed, studded over with the various varieties of quartz, agate, cornelian, &c., on surfaces exposed to weathering: many of them nearly liberated from the matrix. Where segregation has been promoted by particular surroundings, the imbedded pebbles yield gradually to chemical action, and become beautifully radiated iron pyrites.

It is a significant fact that the only stones in common

with the Vaal region found in the Free State Diamond-fields are garnets and peridot. I am inclined to believe that on this account the presence of these in the Klipdrift or any of the Vaal Diggings is probably a good indication of diamonds. It is indeed highly likely that they and diamonds existed together in some conglomerate, which has now vanished from the present landscape. The garnets are so plentiful that if they were in any of the existing rocks it would not have escaped my notice. I made most diligent search for such a conglomerate. A fragment of red sandstone with garnets I did pick up accidentally in Albania, but as I have said in my first communication, I did not succeed in tracing it to its source.

Another generalization, at present hypothetical, therefore, may be hazarded in the following terms: (4). Gravel with garnets, peridot, &c. (rubies and emeralds, according to digger terminology\*) is likely to be specially diamondiferous.

What the rock or rocks were which produced these and the diamond I cannot even hint at. I did find in my examination of the Free State Diamond-farm, Bultfontein, evidences of a series of schists, gneiss, clay-slates, &c.; traces even of such a series of rocks exist under the alluvial soil in some parts of the Vaal Diggings. A full discussion of the nature of these I must reserve to my third paper. Meantime, I may be allowed to say, that all hypothetical notions as to possible processes of formation in reference to the diamonds in the absence of positive proof of their original and ultimate matrix are so many fancies, and of no scientific value. What I have now advanced I think of practical importance, and in this light I wish it to be received. Much scientific value it obviously has not.

The rock series of the Vaal banks from Backhouse to Klipdrift is as follows:

Greenstone (not, however, at Klipdrift).

Quartzite.

Crystalline sandstone.

Shales, sandstone, &c.

Conglomerate sandstone.

Sandstone, clay-slate (thin layers).

Metamorphic slates (permeated by hornblende dykes, at Sebonell).

Trap.

Amygdaloidal trap.

} Passing into each other in some places.

\*I learn that rubies, emeralds, and sapphires have been picked up at Klipdrift, but I understand none of them are of sufficient size to be of any great value.

Trap conglomerate (agglomerate, according to Lyell, as the imbedded rocks are angular and not obviously water-worn).

#### Syenite.

This series does not affect to represent their comparative ages. I hazarded some remarks on the probable age of the rock system of the Vaal in the *South African Magazine*;\* but I am still of opinion that there is not much purpose in such an investigation in the absence of fossils and the collateral evidence generally brought forward to establish geological chronology. But it boots very little what the age of the formations may be, since the main fact of general metamorphic, trappean, and conglomerate rock development is discovered in the diamondiferous region of South Africa as in those of Brazil and India. Indeed, all the minerals hitherto supposed to be associated with diamonds, except *Itacolumite*, are to be found in the Vaal Diamond-fields.

What this mineral named *Itacolumite* is I have no conception, as I have never seen a specimen. It is described to be a micaceous sandstone. I find that I have made notes during a previous tour in Albania of an extensive development of a most singular micaceous sandstone *above* the amygdaloid. On referring to a specimen, I find that the sandstone in question is almost schistose. This may be the rock about whose absence Mr. Gregory made so much. Being desirous of accurate information concerning the doubtful specimens in my possession, I sent a numbered set of them to Mr. Tennant, of London, but as yet I have obtained no answer. I hope, however, in time to be able to supply information even in regard to this missing link. I have quite as strong faith as Mr. Gregory in permanent mineral association of rock forms and the presence of the diamond.

A few words on the metalliferous indications of the Vaal. There are various forms of iron ore—the sulphuret and carbonate. The former occurs in the gravel in the form of rectangular crystals, which some of the diggers, on account of their hardness and resemblance in division into four facets, hoarded as black diamonds. Copper pyrites and malachite occur everywhere, but sparsely disposed. I have seen beautiful pebbles of the latter amongst the washed pebbles of the sorting stand. Gold in the form of small specks and minute nuggets has been collected in small quantities from the clayey shale under the alluvium worked for diamonds. Whether further investigation and deep mining will produce

\* December, 1869.



it in greater quantities time will show. Mr. Parsons, of the second Natal party, promised to undertake the task of exploring the shale, and report results. Galena exists throughout the whole Vaal region, and in some places abundantly. We believe, however, that the proportion of silver is too small to cover working and transit expenses.

The Lower Vaal exhibits gradually to the junction of the river with the Orange River a lower series of rocks and less disturbance. I am inclined to believe this is the case even to a more rapid extent down the course of the Orange River, for as far as I have been able to make out from verbal description, gneiss, mica schists, &c., must exist some ten hours from Hope Town. The primitive rocks are largely developed in Namaqualand, and I am, therefore, of opinion that up the course of the Orange River all intermediate members of the geological series may be found till we arrive at the Vaal region and its early secondary rock development.

I think, in these circumstances, that it is of the very greatest importance to the country that a thorough examination of all the intermediate and comparatively unknown tracts between the junction of the Vaal and the Orange Rivers and Namaqualand should be made. That the Orange River, at all events below its junction with the Vaal, is diamondiferous is unquestionable, now that so many accredited and valuable diamonds have been found on the surface as far as some sixty miles below Hope Town. Parts of it may be auriferous too, and if it exhibits the complete geological development from the primitive rocks of Namaqualand to those of the Vaal, it is almost certain to be so.

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## THE GEOLOGY OF TABLE MOUNTAIN.

IN Vol. No. VII of the Transactions of the Geological Society of London, 4th Part, Mr. Bain states, in reference to his section from the back of Table Mountain to the Middle Roggeveld, that *granite* is the fundamental rock. "It forms the base of the celebrated Table Mountain and Lion's Head at Cape Town."

Clarke Abell appears to have previously adopted the same view; and probably every one else who has not carefully studied the subject has followed it, for superficial appearances favour such an idea.

Seeing, therefore, that Bain and others have agreed that the Table Mountain sandstone is the lowest and oldest

sedimentary formation of the South African geological series, and is the base upon which all others are superimposed, I think it important that there should be no misapprehension as to its true character, and which, on careful examination, will be found to be otherwise than heretofore described.

At the base of the scarped face of Table Mountain, for nearly half its length, and through the gap between it and the Lion's Head, there is a thick bed of granite of various composition, extending to Camp's Bay and Sea Point, which in no instance can be traced to underlie the strata of sandstone. It rests upon the clay-slate forming the mass of the Lion, which is also the true base of the Table Mountain and Devil's Hill.

This bed of granite is evidently a more recent and laterally intrusive rock which has dislocated and fractured the mass of stratified beds originally connecting the Lion's Head and Table Mountain, probably under water, so that by the action of ocean currents the fractured masses have been swept away to form the Kloof.

The sandstone beds of the Devil's Hill evidently rest on the clay-slate formation, as well as those of that portion of the Table Mountain beds contiguous to it, and they correspond exactly with those of the Lion's Head, which just on their eastern face, undoubtedly overlie the same clay-slate, at the same relative heights, so that it is impossible to avoid the conviction that at one time, previous to the intrusion of the granite they all formed one continuous series of beds. This flow of granite appears to have come from the direction of Camp's Bay and stopped short after reaching Platteklip. It has spread but a short distance down the slope towards Table Bay, and was evidently in a cool or semi-plastic state. At Sea Point, however, there is clear evidence of its igneous character. This occurs where its junction with the clay-slate is visible. At that spot numerous veins and threads of granite penetrate the slate, and have converted it into a hard black rock, and in some places superficially into a vesicular slag.

There is also another misconception entertained by the authors before quoted, which is, that the stratification of the slate is highly inclined, in fact nearly vertical, and therefore the nearly horizontal beds of Table Mountain sandstone, which overlie it, are unconformable to it. This, I would suggest is a very natural error, because the slate wherever exposed to the action of the air or water is seen to be in parallel vertical ridges; but a careful examination of the

various quarries, the excavations at the dock, and even the water-worn surfaces along the shore, distinctly show original horizontal stratification, so that the apparent vertical stratification and lamination must be ascribed to that well-known tendency of clayslate to assume a crystalline form, termed cleavage, which is one of its essential characteristics.

Under these circumstances, I cannot but submit that granite is not the fundamental rock on which the Table Mountain and Lion's Head sandstones are based, and further that the said sandstones do lie conformably on the horizontally stratified clay-slates.\*

H. W. PIERS.

## NOTES.

A pressure of welcome matter upon our space prevents our inserting the usual Literary Review. Instead of it, we give the following Notes extracted from the new periodical *Nature*. Both of them are by Mr. Layard, officially known as Judge of the Mixed Commission Court; but better known throughout the length and breadth of this land as the genial naturalist and the zealous and enthusiastic Curator—in fact, we might have truly added the creator—of the South African Museum. Mr. Layard leaves for England in the course of a week—his functions as Imperial Commissioner having terminated by the abolition of the Mixed Commission. He will bear with him a testimony of the hearty appreciation in which he has been held by those among us who know the value of the services he has rendered, and we can only add further a hearty expression of our hope that before long he may return to South Africa again. The first of the Notes we quote from *Nature* refers to the habitudes of the Cuckow, which was alleged to assimilate the colour of her eggs to that of those deposited by the bird whose nest she invaded :

"I used to think, and so I wrote ("Birds of South Africa," p. 252), that the eggs of parasitic birds "usually resembled those of the foster parent."

\* We insert the above communication with pleasure, partly from the careful minuteness of its observation, and partly from a desire to provoke intelligent discussion on the subject. At the same time, however, we must state that our own opinion differs from that of Mr. Piers, on both of the questions which he raises. We think that Mr. Bain's geology of Table Mountain is substantially accurate. It is quite true that the granite is a more recent formation (or intrusion rather) than the clay-slate; but still, in the ordinary sense of the term, it is the "fundamental" rock. About a hundred yards below Platte Klip, there is a spot which Capt. Basil Hall has in a sense rendered classic. Some forty years ago, when the Neptunian and Plutonic theories were still contending for victory, the celebrated navigator "spotted" this particular locality where the igneous granite thrust up two great veins *vertically* through the superincumbent clay-slate, or as it was then called, grauwaacke. This seems to us to prove conclusively that the flow of granite was not lateral, but vertical. And we have further indications to the same effect on the Wynberg side and out at Joostenberg, and still more conspicuously at the Paarl. As to the other point, we feel confident that the appearance of nearly vertical *stratification* of the clay-slate is not merely seeming, but real. *Cleavage* in these rocks is developed to but the very slightest extent; and where it can be detected at all, it is at quite a different angle. As to the chronology of Table Mountain, we are satisfied that the clay-slate is the most ancient; that in course of ages it was upheaved and tilted to its present angle, and thereafter penetrated by the vertically intrusive granite; following which, the sandstone horizontal strata were deposited in a primeval Devonian sea.

This was my idea founded on statements concerning the European cuckoo taken from books; but a valued correspondent, taking exception to my position, set me to investigate the subject for myself, and to collect together and analyze my own observations and those of my collectors in this country. She writes as follows: "The eggs of all the cuckows that I have met with in this country (South Africa) are white, and, moreover, they are nearly always larger than the eggs of the bird in whose nest they are deposited. With regard to distinguishing eggs, birds of all kinds are exceedingly short-sighted. We used to amuse ourselves by changing the eggs in all the birds' nests we knew of. The owners seldom left them, but took to the strange eggs; and unless their habits were remarkably different, they would blindly rear each other's young, just as they do the young cuckows. It is not necessary, therefore, for nature to make this provision. My second son once filled a Cape canary's nest with so many eggs, that when the young were hatched they were more than the poor birds could manage to provide for, and having repented of his mischief, he was obliged to help them bring up their young." (Cf. *Ibis*, 1868, p. 247.)

"Since this was written, I have had the advantage of visiting my correspondent, who is well known throughout this Colony for her talents, love of natural history, and powers of observation. We often discussed this subject. She and her sons assured me they never cared to select eggs like those of the foster-parent, but simply eggs of those whose food they knew to be similar. They said the confusion they caused was most amusing, but only after the young were hatched. The eggs were incubated without any demur on the part of the foster-mother. After this, surely I may ask *cui bono* the *C. canorus* imitation?"

The second Note is upon quite another subject, suggested by Professor Tyndall's celebrated lecture on Dust and Disease:

"Permit me to add my mite to Mr. Horace Waller's theory respecting the utility of mosquito curtains in warding off fever, generated by the miasma of decaying vegetation.

"For the last twenty-five years I have held to this opinion, and acted on it in all my wanderings in the jungles of Ceylon, on the east coast of Africa, and in New Zealand, and I am convinced of its great utility. I have always likened it to Davy's "safety lamp," and I believe that over and above the "sieve-like" property, which a few days' use imparts to it, its value is great as warming the air which passes through its meshes, and keeping the temperature within it more steady and equal.

"When the body is relaxed in sleep and the pores of the skin act freely, then is the time that the deadly miasma, cold and damp, even in the tropics, seizes on its victim. What jungle traveller does not know the feeling of the air an hour and a half or two hours before daylight? But the warmth from the body and breath within a well-secured mosquito net, I think effectually protects the sleeper.

"This morning I compared the temperature outside and inside my mosquito net, and found it differ 8°, being 62° outside and 70° within, and even this was not a fair trial, for the bed is a large double one, exposing a large surface to the external air; the mosquito curtain being the largest sized *Net* that can be got (and not *Leno*) which I would advise for a travelling curtain in fever latitudes; and, moreover, as our mosquito season is past, not tucked in all round, as a well-secured curtain should be, yet with all these disadvantages the temperature inside was 8° warmer."



THE  
CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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LIFE AT THE CAPE.

[BY A LADY.]

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LETTER IV.

Gardens, 15th October, 1861.

\* \* \* \* *Apropos* of the Cape, I have just been reading the amusing journal of Lady Anne Barnard, kept while doing the honours of our Government-house under the Earl of Macartney in 1797-8; and I think you would be equally interested in it, were you to borrow it from Mudie's.

She is a bit of a "quiz," and makes great fun out of the big feet and shapeless waists of the old Dutch "vrouws" of that day; but while laughing at their fat, she is not forgetful of their good nature, and bears witness to their extreme kindness and hospitality—qualities certainly still flourishing in our midst. Though a great change must have come over the social life of the Cape since then, yet I agree with her in thinking that a place in its infancy as to riches, conveniences, taste, and luxury, would not be mended by having amusements introduced that belong to a much further advanced period. What she wished in her time chiefly to effect was, if possible, to bring the nations together on terms of good will, and by having public reception days pretty often, to reconcile the Dutch to the sight of their masters, by the attraction of fiddles and French horns. If the fathers, who were lukewarm to the English Government, were sulky and stayed at home, the mothers and the daughters always came; and "*to plough with the heifers*," writes Lady Anne, has always been reckoned a good mode of improving a reluctant soil. The good effects of this policy were clearly traceable to her tact and "*savoir faire*," and she must have thoroughly

enjoyed bringing young people together—an advantage of which we are now for a season deprived, as our late Governor, Sir George Grey, has not yet been succeeded by another. Sixty years ago is a long time to look back upon; but the human heart is essentially the same everywhere, and were there more kindly, cultivated, and highly-bred people like Lady Anne in the world, we should not hear of so many silly women sighing for operas, theatres, gossip, and excitement, and sneering feebly at the want of “ton,” and dash, and style, in their more domestic but infinitely more usefully employed colonial sisters. Some of our ladies here are so immensely supercilious, \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* that I am not at all surprised that they sometimes get the cold shoulder in houses overflowing with sympathy and good nature. For ladies of this stamp, the Cape must be very dull indeed, and almost too hot to hold them,—with no balls, concerts, theatres, races, regattas, bazaars, and parks, &c., &c., &c., where to dawdle away the time, and display their smart clothes;—but only constant fine weather, lovely scenery, and unassuming neighbours,—no paupers, thieves, rebels, nor tax-gatherers—food cheap, servants civil, and no Court journal to follow—the sweetest liberty in everything—and wild flowers only too brilliant and beautiful to bloom beyond the day. And then the nights, so calm, so clear, so gloriously serene—stars trembling and shivering with radiant hues of light—planets like globes of particoloured fire studding the deep, deep violet blue of a cloudless sky—and on fine moonlight nights, the bright Diana riding calmly through the greenish heavens, chastening one’s thoughts, paling the ineffectual fires of “other worlds,” and exerting a magician’s sway over every tender spot in one’s affections and memories. Oh! it makes me ill to hear pert subalterns’ wives talking so sulkily and ungratefully of this Colony, when, in fact, their chief wants are more and more money to spend, and more or less of active practical good nature, to teach them *how* to spend it honestly. To see women of this stamp, who have perhaps never moved in Europe in other than third-rate middle-class society, turn up their chiselled noses at good-natured, and by no means vulgar Africanders, *because* their husbands or brothers are engaged in business, is one of the saddest proofs of insular pride and power of human conceit. One dear, *real* lady like our Camp’s Bay hostess, or charming Mrs. C——i with her bevy of handsome daughters, is worth, to my mind, dozens of these *blasé*, fallal, would-be-fine Corinthians: and I take precious good care not to conceal my opinion of

them, when they take up my time, and bore me with their complaints and peevish details of petty annoyances. Let people only abstain from *vulgarity* and selfish indulgence in their own whims and caprices, and what on earth does it matter whether you had a grandfather or not to stand security for your "genteel" manners? \* \* \* \*

I have been led into this train of unwonted ideas by some afternoon callers, who have thoroughly stirred up my bile, and provoked me to wrath, by sneering at our way of living, our hired house and its surroundings, in a tone of pity and of "persiflage." Such women would be unhappy, very unhappy, if isolated in Eden; but then, thank goodness, they are not likely to gain admittance there! \* \* \* \*

19th October.—The wind to-day is booming over our heads, and I have had a bad headache in consequence; so we have sent the children out to play in one of the oak avenues hereabout, and strolled out towards the scene of many a picnic, called the "Verlaten Bosch," or the "Deserted Lodge," not quite half a mile from this. Here you may enjoy solitude so complete, that you may fancy yourself far from the haunts of men. From the number of woods and avenues around this ruin, an invalid might enjoy a shady walk at all hours, even in the height of summer; and to you, who *have* seen the dark woods and deeper valleys of Baden-Baden, and the grounds about the "Schloss," there will be no difficulty now in understanding why I express so much admiration for the best of Cape scenery; for the fir forests here would strongly remind you of the outskirts of the Black Forest, and recall many an incident of foreign travel. And yet, would you believe it, scarcely anybody seems to care for such haunts! All the sparkling water of Cape Town bubbles from tiny springs here collected, and there is an infinite variety of lovely ferns and mosses to attract the fairies hither. \* \* \* The forests here are all the results of slave labour, if that could have been called slavery which was ruled by kindness, and flogged by the Fiscal's order, if it misconducted itself. Even Lady Anne Barnard speaks quite complacently of the purchase of slaves in her time, and a very good time the clever ones seem to have had of it—and now the steep sides and spurs of Table Mountain bear a monstrous crop of long lines of stone pines growing in regular rows about five feet apart, but shouldering each other as closely as a regiment drawn up on parade. As the wind sweeps over them, the dense green mass is stirred and gently swayed as with rolling fields of corn; while the creaking and groaning, crashing and smashing, of stem

and bough——, rubbing acquaintance, and bowing and scraping to each other—are enough to exert a depressing influence on the spirits of the gayest party traversing their dry and well-littered avenues. Most of the trees are mere spars, very tall, very straight, decidedly top-heavy, and probably made lanky by overcrowding; but wherever space has been allowed them, they have expanded into very noble and picturesque trees, and are chiefly cut down for firewood. The further extensive planting of these fast-growing firs (it is generally admitted) would supply a defect of the country, as many fertile hills are very bare of trees, and from off the fallow grounds of farms, would improve the ragged proteas and dense rhenoster bush, now starving the soil. \* \*

The smell of the sugar and buchu bushes, and the pungent odour of the bulbs and Africander lilies peeping out under their skirts, are the best cures I know of for a nervous headache! Can't you come and try them? \* \* \* \* \*

*23rd October.*—My notes to-day must be short, for we are all busy preparing for a grand excursion, and I am so excited that I can scarcely eat. \* \* \* \* \* To-morrow we are thinking of ascending Table Mountain, as the day promises to be fine, and we have been having splendid moonlit nights for the last week. J—— is going to join a shooting party to Constantia and Hout Bay, and we propose to get up a party of our own, to explore the top of the mountain, and compare experiences with Lady Barnard; and, if we can manage it, to walk over the hills to Constantia, and get our carriages to wait for us at a given rendezvous, so as to bring the ladies home again. This will test my strength—and we hope to see the sun rise, if not prevented by the sleepiness of some and the heavy hampers of others. I shall send you a full account of all we see, and hope it may prove worth the postage. Much will depend upon the day, and for personal equipment I shall certainly wear an old pair of boots, a light heart, and a strong pair of somebody's ———s, for there is no knowing how many tumbles we may meet with! \* \* \* \* \*

*Saturday, 26th October.*—Ah me! how tired I am! Every bone in my body is aching with our tremendous journey of the day before yesterday; and yet what a glorious day it was, ever to be marked with a white stone, of which, by the way, there are myriads on the top of the mountain. To make a long story short, we clambered up from this side, and night found us at “Belle Ombre,” many miles distant on the other; but what a wilderness of rock, and what glorious views between! \* \* \* \* \* When



the flash of the evening gun, always fired from the Castle, was followed by a clear, ringing report, repeated again and again by volley on volley of fitful echoes, now far, now near, rumbling, crashing, grumbling, and thundering among the rocky ravines and environs of Cape Town, J—— said at once, we should have a splendid day for our excursion, and so it proved throughout. We therefore started off a note to Dr. H——, to tell him we were coming to his farm, and to ask him to be on the look-out for us in the afternoon, and sent off the guns and traps in the cart, to await our arrival.

To understand this narrative, I must tell you that our party was made up of Arthur P——, facetious Mr. G——, Mr. W——, Dr. P—— and his wife, ourselves, and an artist friend—eight in all. They had a hearty supper at our house, after which, *for fear of accidents*, we made up rough beds for them all—and sent them to their rooms—prepared to turn out at one a.m., so as to avail ourselves of the light of the moon, then a little beyond the full. \* \* \* \* \*

It was quite a brilliant moonlight morning, as, preceded by three coolies carrying provisions, and waterproof rugs to keep us warm on the summit, we walked briskly through the suburbs. The streets and houses at that hour were weirdlike in their silence; every tree and object strongly defined in outline, but strangely altered by the moon-beams,—nothing stirring but the mounted patrols muffled in long dragoon cloaks, who challenged us gruffly, and the fresh air cold enough to bite your nose off. \* \* \* \* \*

In about an hour after starting, winding and twisting our way upwards, and ever upwards along a rough foot-path leading to the “Platteklip” (a broad, smooth ledge of granite, slippery as grease from the wearing of a little brook that glides like liquid silver over it), we ordered a halt, to rest a bit, take a “soopie,” and admire the calm beauty of the scene spread out before us. Here Dr. P—— nearly came to grief by walking quite carelessly across the slippery slab—for in a minute it tripped up his heels, and sent him sprawling on his back. \* \* \* \* \*

Meanwhile our coolies kept steadily at a slow, even pace, wriggling their way up among the loose round stones paving the dry gully which leads to the top, and we could hear them scrunching and rattling over the avalanche of water-worn pebbles far above our heads, long after we had lost sight of them in the gloom and deep shadows cast by the moon. Another “soopie” was then served out, and we too prepared for the awful fatigue of following in their

footsteps. Slipping back two feet for every yard we advance, we, too, dig our heels and long sticks into the shifty rolling stones, and slowly but wearily mount up an almost vertical track. Oh, how my chest did pant and heave, and how the muscles of my thighs seemed to stiffen, and grow numb from the steepness of the ascent; but I determined not to look back! At last we were all brought to a standstill by an enormous castellated rock which frowned down upon us poor puffing creatures, and barred any further apparent progress, until Mr. W——, who had been lagging behind, as an old stager guided us round it, and, lo and behold! there we were in a narrow funnel cleaving the mountain obliquely, and up which we all tottered, rather than raced, to see who should be the first to arrive. Be sure, I was not the last.

We were now three thousand five hundred feet up in the air, and a great deal too cold and shivery to do anything but dash at our rugs, and crowd round the big fires which the coolies had already made up for us. Wrapped in our waterproof blankets, we charged the gentlemen to run about and collect bush and heather, so as to keep the fires going, while we at once made some coffee, and enjoyed our bread and butter and “biltong” like hungry school-boys. We soon, however, began to nod, till the morning gun announced the dawn; when creeping to the ledge of the mountain (while a substantial breakfast was preparing for us), J—— and I peeped down cautiously over the dizzy precipice. This, I must tell you, is a rather hazardous undertaking, as the nerves of but few are strong enough to look down on the world below without growing faint and light-headed, with a yearning desire to throw yourself over. There was something so horribly fascinating in peering over the edge of this steep Cyclopiian wall—looking down its rugged sides, and marking the jutting crags on which successively a body would fall in its downward flight, that you seemed powerless to restrain an almost irresistible longing to leap over, and dash yourself to pieces. Over five deaths are said to have been thus occasioned, as the results of imprudently placing confidence in one’s strength of head; so I don’t mind telling you, that I insisted upon J—— holding me by the ankle, as I stretched myself out on my knees and elbows, ere venturing to use my eyes.

To see the sun rise from Table Mountain is perhaps not so fine a thing as from Monte Rosa or from Mont Blanc, but, for all that, it is very curious, and not half so dangerous. If you were to have heard all the laughing and joking that

went on round the fire, while we were waiting for the sun to appear, you would have thought we had all been inhaling laughing gas. I never felt so exhilarating an atmosphere before, and Mr. G—— kept us in roars of laughter by his witticisms and puns. \* \* \*

Viewed from the entrance to the pass or "Poort," Cape Town, with its right-angled streets and square "blocks" of houses, looked like the ground plan of a very large building, dotted here and there with crawling snails—probably early market wagons. Table Bay was a gray expanse, like an oval sheet of zinc, speckled with ants and black beetles, and set in a frame of slaty coloured hills; and these again were all blended into one by the morning mists, out of which loomed distant peaks, with a background of cold steel sky glittering here and there with languishing planets and fading fixed stars. Then gradually, as the morning wore on, little patches of cloud started into existence, and hovered like doves over a pale streak of primrose in the East. They had scarcely got ranged into line, when the pale and slender spokes of an immense but partially visible wheel of light radiated from the back of the Hottentots' Holland mountains, and warmed the heavens with their radiance. Long before the fiery axle could emerge, I noticed, how many of the sun's beams were partly obscured by thin clouds of pinkish dust, which, slowly revolving, grouped into masses of snowy drapery, streaked with bands of soft colour. In a few minutes, like the scenery in a dissolving view, these masses faded into space, and then rearranged themselves into the most grotesque and fantastic forms, forming a canopy of the most gorgeous character. Simultaneously, the heavens were stained in every direction with rolling banks of clouds—pink, purple, saffron, pale green, carmine, and deep crimson—"all mingled and commixt." Word-painting cannot render justice to the reality. It was worthy of Turner's pencil—most superb!

At about 5 o'clock, the bright god signified his approach, by staining the highest crags with a rosy glow, and almost at the same instant his golden hair flared out from behind a broad peak. This to me was the most interesting moment of the whole spectacle, for as the blinding orb of day rose clear into view, the sunlight, travelling swiftly in a downward flight, *in a flash*, kissed everything in turn, and out of heavy inanimate lumps of forest and bush charmed a most beautiful landscape into active life. The face of nature, blushing, underwent a rapid metamorphosis. The crosses of the church steeples, the weathercocks, the skylights, and the attics of many houses blazed suddenly as if a shower of

gold leaf had settled on the town. The sea, but a few seconds previously of a leaden aspect, now danced and glittered joyously; the mystery of the beetles and ants now resolved into ships and boats at anchor; the "bulls-eyes" and stanchions and polished brass work of the shipping in the bay glowed like balls of fire, while the cotton sails of the fishing smacks and other small craft in the offing glanced brightly in the sunshine. The "*Blauw Bergen*" and the high hills behind them assumed a *vivid cobalt* hue, and beyond these again, stretching away far into the interior of Africa, "rank behind rank," ten distinct ranges of mountain and peak met our dazzled and wondering vision. Only a thin blue line of glancing surf—dashing on the beach like a bayonet charge—mapped out the coast, but the hoarse roar of the breakers was plainly audible from our elevated position, four miles off. The vibrations of the drums and bugles waking up the garrison also fell softly upon the ear.

As soon as the sun had climbed a little on his path, and the attendant clouds had lost their colour and faded away into space, we retired from our posts of observation, *raging with hunger*, and did ample justice to our strong coffee, biltong, "carbonatjies," sausages, and hard-boiled eggs. Then many a song was sung and many a yarn was spun, under the influence of strong sunshine and the pure free breeze, while our friend the artist, painted away for dear life, so as to finish a capital view, and go back, as he came, with the coolies. After adding our autographs in white paint to the numbers already daubed over the rocks, we packed up the crockery, arranged some sandwiches, and decided to walk over to Constantia. Skirting the coping or rough edge of the flat but dampish table land, we strolled in light skirmishing order over to its most easternly end, whence, near the cairn of stones erected by Sir Thos. Maclear when measuring the arc of the meridian, we peered down on Rondebosch, Camp Ground, Newlands, Claremont, Wynberg,—all the richest scenery of the Cape district, now gay with patches of wild flowers, over a bare rocky wall, perpendicularly scarped for more than 2,000 feet. The abruptness of the descent of this side of the world-renowned mountain, and the number of huge fragments scattered at the foot, would almost seem to point to a most terrific landslip in days gone by. Immediately beneath us, snugly enscenced amid thick woods, and only to be detected by blue wreaths of smoke, lay villas, châteaux, and country retreats, with clearings and vineyards, and beyond these, out on the plains for about fifty miles, the "Flakten" or Cape Downs—



[intersected by straight threads of red road and irregular strips of white sand, and having every "vlei" and pool and footpath, farmhouse and hut mapped out on its brown and purple heather as vividly as on an ordnance chart]—stretched away like an Indian carpet till lost in the misty fringes of Somerset West Strand and the *smoking* beaches of False Bay and Kalk Bay.\* And behind these again might be descried slopes, farms, and jagged purple heights, fading into thin air. To the extreme right nestled Wynberg, Protea, Diep River, Blue Lake, Muizenberg, Constantia, and the various native hamlets proper to every large estate; while the wide circle of the Atlantic was just visible like a silver zone clasping the rocky isthmus which would be an island, with Simon's Town at one end and Cape Town at the other, were it not for these sandy Flats shoaling up between the Bays.

Having taken our fill of the splendid and extensive prospect, we turned our faces to the south-east and set off on a tramp of discovery. Before us, jumbled confusedly together, lay immense rocks and rugged boles of sandstone, over and through which we had to skip and clamber, and force our way blindly. Track there was none. The morning breeze souging through the reeds and flags, and whistling shrilly among the crevices of stones, cooled our foreheads and bade us step out briskly. Not a bird or living creature was to be seen, not even a baboon, but bulbs were numerous, mosses and bog plants abounded, and there were lots of immense gaudy blue, purple, and black-with-gold butterflies hovering over the wild geranium bushes. Nothing before us, nothing behind us,

\* Let the reader compare these graphic pictures by our fair letter-writer with the following extract from Sir J. Brenton's *Travels in 1817*: "From the summit of Hottentots' Holland Kloof the view towards the north and the west is sublime and magnificent beyond description, and can scarcely be surpassed. The Table Mountain, which forms a striking feature [on the western side of the isthmus, appears, from the height on which the spectator stands, diminished to a small island; whilst the Cape Flat, as the isthmus is called, which connects it with the range of mountains skirting the eastern side of it, is dotted with farms and vineyards, especially near the Table Mountain, where the two Constantias, Newlands, Wynberg, and Rondebosch look like clusters of ornamental cottages, and even the tracts of bare white sand which are interspersed amidst the colonring of every hue, from that of the dark cypress to the brightest green in Spring, produced by the innumerable shrubs which clothe the plain and sides of the mountains become features of extraordinary beauty, lighting up the landscape with the most forcible touches. In the flowering months of August, September, and October, there is one perfect embroidery of flowers of the richest and brightest hue, profusely claiming and covering certain spots to such an extent that the eye beholds a plat of pink, blue, yellow, white, red, according to the prevailing flower."—Ed. *C. M. Magazines*.

but a wilderness of rocks, grey with lichen, and varied with patches of stone-crop and yellow sorrel in the distance. Here and there we met with specimens of those freaks of nature, the curious orchids, and with gay groups of many-hued sparaxes and ixias, crassulas, disafloras, and the lovely "Jersey lily," gleaming richly like *stained ruby glass*. Now if ever women earned their dinners that day, we ladies did. Mrs. P—, especially, was full of pluck and good humour, her jolly Irish face rather rosier than usual, and as for her boots, they were literally flayed. \* \* \* At one moment we were up to our ankles in moss, at another sliding over big rocks, then perhaps we would be brought suddenly to a standstill by a gaping chasm or an impracticable pool. Still we struggled on somehow, heedless of thirst and reckless of shoes. \* \* \*

The sun was now getting nearly vertical, when we resolved to halt for an hour under the inviting shade of two curious slabs of rock resting upon each other, and which Mr. W— (a perfect treasury of knowledge!) told us were nicknamed the "Hen and Chickens," and which formed a pleasant shelter from the direct rays of the sun. At one end was a deep recess, and while we were finishing the remnants of our baskets, washed down by draughts of delicious cold water, Mr. W— entertained us with a graphic and flowery account of one of his many previous adventures on the mountains. Mind, you need not believe a word of it, unless you like.

"Some three years ago, when everything up here was as dry as tinder, and when bush fires were by no means uncommon all round, I was collecting bulbs hereabout with a German enthusiast in flowers, when we were suddenly overtaken by a fire on the mountain, and had to run for our lives to this very place. Do you see that old stump of a tree yonder (pointing out a solitary tree) standing out like a gallows on the extreme verge of that ravine? Well, it was *just there* that we first caught sight of our real danger, little suspecting that the burning of the grass on one side of the hill could make us so thoroughly hot and uncomfortable on the other. All the morning we smelt smoke, but now we were doomed to taste the fire also."

"Well, and what did you do?" laughed Mrs. P—. "Did you run away?"

"Humph!" growled Mr. W—, drawing a long breath. "Hearing the crackling of fire, I just took one look behind me, and there I saw a slender ribband of fire wind like a snake round the trunk of that self-same silver tree, and thrusting lithe tongues of flame through the leafy branches, leap

triumphantly into the air, a very devil of a blaze! In a moment the grass at its foot, crackling and hissing beneath a wide shower of sparkles, suddenly flashed into flame and blazed like a train of powder. Fringed with a glowing hem, the smoke rose in dense columns, and scattering hot cinders before it, came whirling along at an awful rate right in our direction. Didn't we just then run, aye straight to these rocks! We reached this recess, cleared it of rubbish and then creeping in to the very back, pulled off our coats, plugged up the outlet, and soaking our handkerchiefs with brandy from our canteens, covered up our nostrils, and in an awful blue funk lay down to take our chance."

"And were you not stifled?" inquired J——. "It must have been very hot, if the day was half so hot as this. Have a glass of beer, old man! It will refresh your memory."

"My good fellow," said W——, rather nettled, "first let me finish my story. With a roar like that of a mighty bellows, on came the fire—gliding smoothly over rocks, snapping and crunching up dry twigs, scorching vegetation, and withering everything into ashes and dust. It *just* touched the stone you are sitting on—gobbled up the rubbish we had thrown out, and then with a loud whirr, and an angry grumble of disgust at not being able to get at us, swept off to pursue its ravages over the ground we had just been mooning over. Licking up the pools in its way, and baking the boggy spots, away it flew on its course of destruction, the reddened grass flaring into myriads of sparkles,—the ashes whitening the ground, and finally setting fire to the Camp's Bay side."

"By Jove! what a lucky escape," said Mr. G——, with a twinkle in his eye. "How I envy you your powers of description. And did you really see *all* that you have told us, in a moment of fright?"

"Ah, you fellows may laugh," retorted Mr. W——, "but let me tell you there are worse dangers to be met with on this mountain than fire. Just you ask young P—— there! Which is worse—fire or mist, my boy?"

"Oh mist, decidedly!" replied that modest youth. "I was once up here with a picnic party, and brought my old Newfoundland dog up with me, to beat up the conies and fish out baboons. We had a jolly time of it knocking about, and strayed over to the end that overlooks the Devil's Peak, where poor young Carpenter lost his life. All of a sudden a black south-easter got up, chilling us all to the bone. Our shirts were saturated with wet, and in a few minutes we were all abroad in the thick fog, which hid us from each other, and made everything loom up like ghosts around us."

"And how did you get out of it?" I asked.

"Well, fortunately one of us had a tiny toy compass attached to his watch-chain, and knowing the wind to be south-east, we agreed to walk away to the left, *against the wind*, so as to keep off from the edge of the mountain. The wind howled so dismally that it was hard to hear one's voice, and so we stumbled on, till just as we thought we were half a mile from the 'Poort,' we heard my old dog close to us barking and howling in turns. Just then, there was a rent in the mist, and we caught a glimpse of the bay, and only fancy, we were within a few feet of the edge, when we thought ourselves so far off. The dog had sniffed the danger, and stopped to warn us. So we fired our guns off, and after shouting all together we were answered by our coolies who were cooking dinner not many dozens of yards distant, little thinking what a 'shave' we had had of being served up *cold*, thousands of feet below."

"But, surely, Mr. P——, you could not have walked straight to get so much out of your reckoning?"

"Oh yes, I did; but a black south-easter turns one's head, and probably we had all had too much breakfast that morning. But catch me up here again without a compass, it makes me quite shiver to think of it even now; so come, let us be moving."

Getting again under way, we tramped on with renewed spirits till about four o'clock, amusing ourselves by hurling stones over the ridges to see where they tumbled, and watching the increasing enormity of their leaps, as each stone gathered impetus from every rebound, until at last they plunged far down into the ravines. We also came across the extraordinary parasitic plant called the "old man's beard,"—conferring a most venerable and hoary appearance on the boughs and gnarled stems of all the trees to which its long and tow-like fibrils were attached,—as well as the "*baviaan's touw*," or "baboon ropes,"—ascending and descending in cord-like ladders from many a monarch of the ravines. They would have made capital swings for thousands of monkeys had they been present. \* \* \* \* \*

At length, about six, the sun went down behind the dark lines of mountain and cloud, which in the west piled up "an airy city, wall heaped on wall and battlement on battlement." The valleys began to grow dim in the fading day, and the flowers of the night—or as they are called here the "*avond bloemetjes*," soon unfolded their tiny petals and scented the air with exquisite fragrance. Guided by the fire-flies, which now emerged in myriads, we soon hit upon the Hout's Bay



road, where we found Dr. H—— had kindly sent on his own cart and ours to wait for us, and carry us off to “Belle Ombre.” The drivers had been upon the look-out for us ever since three o'clock, and we were precious glad to rest ourselves on the comfortable cushions, and borrow slippers from his housekeeper before going to supper. \* \*

Our host was an oddity in his way, and had seen much and read more during his long residence in India. He had some capital pictures on his walls, one a copy of Guido's “Aurora,” and an equally clever cook in his kitchen, and I there for the first time tasted a most delicate fish, called the “seventy-four” by some, and the “Roman” by others, but which undoubtedly was as good as the best cod or turbot out of England. It is caught off Simon's Bay, and is much esteemed by epicures. \* \* \* \* \*

As our host was living “*en garcon*,”—the ladies of our party elected to be conveyed back to town in our cart by young Mr. P——, while the gentlemen stayed over a few days for some shooting. It was a long drive back to town, and I was uncommonly glad to creep into bed by midnight. Be sure I did not awake till long after breakfast time. \* \*



## NOTES ON THE PUNJAUB CAMPAIGN OF 1848-'49.

BY ONE OF THE FIELD-SURGEONS OF LORD GOUGH'S ARMY.

THE issue of the eventful campaign of 1848, in Upper India, added the great country of the Five Rivers to British India, and extended our “red line” beyond the Indus up to the Khyber Pass and into the Derajat. After the murder at Mooltan by Dewan Moolraj of our Political Officers, Vans Agnew, and Anderson, General Whish, with a large Bengal column assailed that great fortress and had to raise the siege in spite of all Herbert Edwardes' exertions there. But when reinforced by Bombay troops, he stormed the place, and after great resistance took Moolraj a prisoner and secured Mooltan. After our troops entered, the fort was found thoroughly honey-combed by our shrapnel, and absolutely untenable any longer.

The Sikh rebellion was now general all through the Punjaub, and Chutter Sing and his son Sheere Sing, had large and disciplined armies, with good and numerous artillery, under their command, in arms against us. Lord Gough

marched from Ferozepore on the 8th November, 1848, with a fine force of 17,000 of all arms under his command. With the Head-quarters Camp, were the field surgeons. Chutter Sing's force was then on the right bank of the Chenaub (the Acesines of old.)

We crossed the Sutledge (the ancient Hydaspes) by a splendid bridge of boats, and on the morning of the 13th November we were with our old Cape friend, Capt. William Twycross, in his quarters under the walls of "Lahore of Great Mogul," as Moore calls it. Lahore is a fine high-walled city, externally handsome and imposing; but like all Indian cities, very filthy and ill-smelling in its streets; very degraded in the habits and morals of its people, as old Runjeet Singh's capital might be expected to be! As our force marched in, the young Prince Duhleep Sing, then only twelve years old, came out in gorgeous state to meet Lord Gough, and brought with him his nuzzur of many scores of trays filled with fruits, sweets, nuts, and a few rupees! Duhleep, now a great Eastern Prince of mark in Europe, was then a very small and unimportant boy; but in his gilt howdah, on a very large elephant, he looked a pleasing and intelligent lad, not very like "the old Lion of the Punjaub," his putative father, and much fairer than his mother, the intriguing Ranee Chunda, who was then a State prisoner of ours at Benares. She, the daughter of a Court fool, had played a very important part in the intrigues and politics of 1845 and 1846, at the time of our first Seikh War, and prior to Sir Henry Lawrence's rule at Lahore.

From Lahore we marched by another bridge of boats across the Ravee (the ancient Hydraotes), halting at the tombs of Jehangir and Nour Mahat; and reached Ramnughur on the Chenaub's left bank in six days' marching. No words of mine can accurately describe the scene of a modern Anglo-Indian army on its march. Here stalk proudly and slowly on scores of elephants,—some harnessed to heavy guns, some bearing large hospital tents, some carrying the big-wigs of the general staff,—the senior commissariat officers and other officials. There sweep on and on thousands of heavily-laden camels, with big tents, huge trunks, large grain sacks, and "kajowas" full of stores of all kinds. Then come hundreds of native servants, male and female, camp followers, small traders, artisans, grooms, dog-keepers, &c., &c. In front march steadily on the Infantry Brigades, with one European to each two Native Regiments. On the flanks are heavy English Dragoons and Lancers, Bengal Regular Cavalry, and Irregular Horsemen, with

troops and batteries of Artillery, horse and foot. In rear of our force plod on twenty large iron guns, drawn by elephants on the march, but by bullocks in action, as the former are far too wise to remain under fire! Then rattle along the wains of the great pontoon train, with those of the Field Artillery and the Engineer "Parks" so-called, with their well-stored magazines. Then comes the general Field Hospital, with its large tents on elephants—its drugs and instruments in trunks on camels, its sick in doohlies borne by 2,000 bearers, and preceded by its huge standard, a red flag with a cross in its centre. \* \* \* \*

Then on, and on, and on, come led horses, saddled camels, ponies, mules, bullocks, cows, calves, sheep, monkeys, and goats, with hosts of other bipeds and quadrupeds of all sorts and kinds, and some of these are moving and marching all day, between the last and the next camping grounds. Some start very early and move pretty quickly, others march later and get on very slowly, so that the baggage guards are worked to death in caring for the camp followers, which are usually three, and more, to every fighting man of the force, *i.e.*, we had nearly 60,000 for our 17,000 soldiers. As we near our new ground, the dug-duggie's drum-taps point to our respective lines, as he sues for baksheesh from the "Sahibân" hurrying to their breakfasts.

On the 21st November, Lord Gough rode on very early to join General Cureton's Cavalry and Artillery force then in advance; and left General Gilbert in command of our camp. At seven a.m. we all marched forward, excited by the distant booming of guns about ten miles off. When we got up to Ramnughur at ten o'clock, we found that fine old General Cureton had been killed; that General Havelock of the 14th Dragoons was missing; that many men had been wounded; that the Seikhs were in force then on the Chenaub's right bank, and that a very smart action had been fought. The enemy was in high spirits, had taken two of our guns, and was "potting" at us with his brass nine-pounders from his snugly protected trenches, with a deep and tortuous, well-commanded river ford between us; so that we could do nothing further that day. We withdrew our horses and guns, pitched camp, tended our wounded, and deplored the bad morning's work that had done nothing for us.

On the 3rd December, 1848, a strong force of all arms under General Thackwell crossed the river higher up by some twenty miles, and gave the enemy battle at Sadoolapore on the 4th December; but the Seikhs got away with all their

guns after some tough work, and a slight loss on our side. Four hours after this fight was over, a single gun was fired in the enemy's camp opposite to us, across the river at Ramnughur, and we soon found that the whole Sikh force had cleared out of their entrenchment, politely leaving the ford open to us. We halted at Ramnughur for five weeks, eating our Christmas and New Year's Day dinners there, and caring for all the sick of the whole force in the Field Hospital tents. We erected some strong *tetes de pont*, placed a bridge of boats across the Chenaub, and made all snug for the line of road to Lahore from the front, to be used in our future operations. We now moved to Busie, and past Phalia, two villages three miles apart, and supposed to mark the ends of the ancient Bactrian city of Bucephala, named after the Great Alexander's horse, with evident remains of a large city spread all around.

Hence, on to Dinghie on the 12th, and thence, very early on the 13th January, 1849, to Chillianwallah. At 11 a.m. our great guns cleared out a large entrenched picket of the enemy's, killing very many. The Seikhs were now believed to be in force on the Jhelum's bank, with their left on Russool and their right on Moongh. Our line advanced smartly, Sir Walter Gilbert commanding the right division, and Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde subsequently) at the head of the left. Two native regiments were the reserve, and with them were the Field Hospital and a large staff of doctors.

We were soon in the Sikh outworks, smoking our pipes in silence, while the enemy's position was reconnoitred. At two p.m. quartermasters were sent to the front to mark out the camp lines; when a shot fired at Lord Gough, only just missing him, was quickly followed by brisk and hot firing all along the enemy's line in the jungle before us where their entrenchments were snugly and conveniently placed. Our right and left divisions now advanced quickly to the front. The former did very well, but the infantry of the left charged the Sikh batteries from long distances, and got terribly mauled. H.M.'s 24th Regiment took 1,100 bayonets into this dense jungle, and three hours afterwards brought less than 600 out of it. Their loss was fearful,—in officers alone 24. By sunset we had lost 600 killed and had 1,670 wounded, out of a force just 12,000 strong at sunrise that day. Within a fortnight 53 more of our wounded were dead, making 653 in all. The panic induced throughout the force by the retiring of the 14th Dragoons and 9th Lancers with our Regular Bengal Horse, was very serious



indeed, and indirectly swelled our list of killed, as the wounded lying in the doolies, were ridden down by those hurrying unduly fast from the front. Surgical appliances were scattered, elephants trumpeting loudly, and trotting very rapidly to the rear; camels hurrying back, loose horses galloping, and men running for their lives, imparted an alarm not easily to be forgotten by any who were there that day.

The rush to the rear was something very appalling indeed, and very many made sure that we had lost the day. But few expected ever to reach Ramnughur on the line of retreat to Lahore: but the bugle calls in front soon reassured us, and most of us returned to our work in front. I lost my own horse early in the day, and had to tumble a groom over in the dust to get at some one else's nag to ride on. At midnight, after a very hard day's work—hungry, thirsty, and cold, I sank down amongst the wounded and the dying, just as the Seikhs were firing a salute in honour of their victory; and got an hour's sleep.

We lost five 6-pounder guns and seven standards that day. We took twelve Seikh guns. The Goorchurras had fought famously, and had unhorsed many of our men, annihilating Major Edward Christie's crack troop of Horse Artillery, with all its many N.S.W. horses. The disjointed sections of our force having fallen back on and round the Field Hospital, lay down in confusion where they were, all thinking that the day had gone very badly for us. Next day, in pelting rain, ankle deep in mud, we pitched our tents, when the baggage came up at noon, some three miles off the enemy's position; and here we stayed for six weeks, entrenched, until the fall of Mooltan enabled General Whish's force and the Mooltan column to march up to us. Hardly a day or a night passed that we did not look for an attack. We saw plainly the Seikhs parading; with our glasses made out their Sirdaars; sometimes heard their bugle calls; sometimes our troops were under arms, expectant for many hours. In the Field Hospital we were very hard at work all day, and the important surgical operations performed were very numerous and very highly interesting in their results.

Very early on the 18th February we broke up our camp and moved to Lussoria, in the direction of the Seikhs' supposed new camp. We found that their position had been one of the very strongest, protected all along its front with deep trenches; showing that any attempt on our part to have stormed it must have cost us a great many lives. We were now in a smiling land of standing corn all around us, the

snow-capped mountains of Kashmeer towering high before us. Here Major George Lawrence, then a prisoner in the Seikh camp, came in on parole to us from Shere Sing, whose army lay at Goojerat, where he intended to give us battle on the open field, and show us again what deeds his Goorchurras (Light Horse) could do. At this, in great spirits all, we began to move slowly, by very short daily marches, up to meet the enemy.

We had now, with the Mooltan and Bombay columns, 24,500 fighting men, with 20 heavy iron guns and 80 brass field guns. The Seikh force consisted of 40,000 men of all arms, with 120 guns of sizes, all brass.

On the 21st February, 1849, the early day was clear and bright, the air cool and fresh, the corn in the ear all round us waved in the gentle morning breeze, and everything about us was very bright and beautiful; when Lord Gough rode along the front of our line in battle array at seven o'clock, and was heartily cheered. Then came the word "Forward," and the British line, three miles long from end to end, advanced slowly and steadily, with a reserve on the right and a small one with the Field Hospital, on the left.

*Detail of the British Force in action on 21st February, 1849.*

|                                              |              |
|----------------------------------------------|--------------|
| 3 Batteries Foot Artillery, 9 prs., 18 guns, | } All brass. |
| 1 Troop Horse Artillery, 9 " 6 "             |              |
| 8 Troops Horse Artillery, 6 " 48 "           |              |

*Heavy Guns.—Iron.*

|              |                               |
|--------------|-------------------------------|
| 10 24 prs. } | Drawn by elephants; marching. |
| 10 18 " }    | " by bullocks; in action.     |

European Infantry, H.M.'s 10th, 24th, 29th, 32nd, 60th, 61st, and 2nd Bengal E. I. Company's.  
 Native Infantry, 14 Regiments at 900 each.  
 Cavalry, European, H.M.'s 3rd, 9th, and 14th Dragoons.  
 Do. Native, Bengal, 1st, 5th, 6th, 8th, and 3rd, 9th, 12th, 14th, and Scinde Horse.

*Numbers of Fighting Men.*

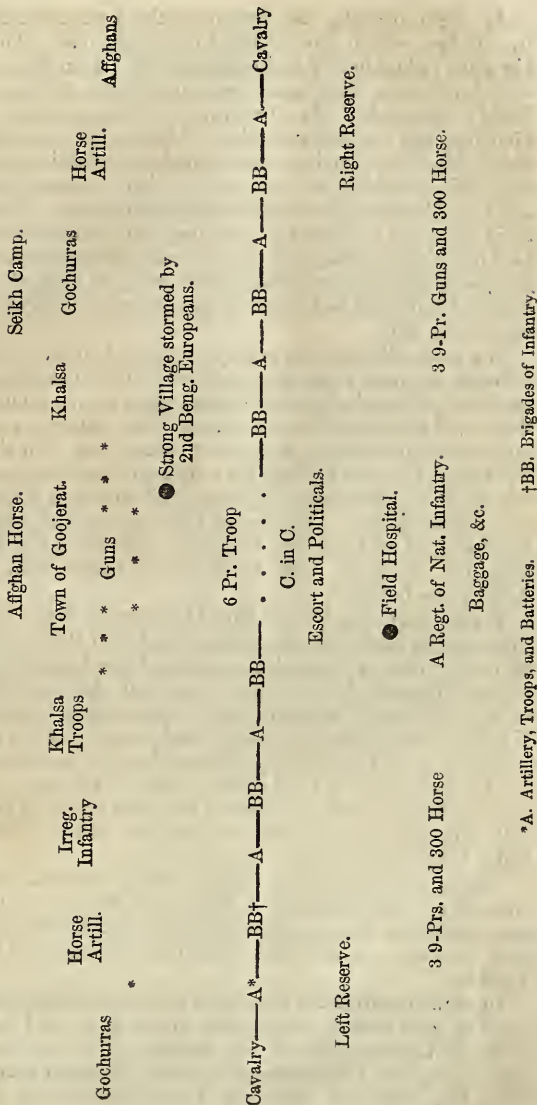
1,200 Artillerymen.  
 8,000 European Infantry.  
 10,000 Native Infantry.  
 1,200 European Cavalry.  
 4,000 Native Cavalry, Regular and Irregular.

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24,400 in all.

There were 92 guns in action, and 6 guns with Baggage Guard in rear.

PLAN of the order of advance of the British army, 24,500 strong, on the Seikh Position at Goojerat, in the Punjaub, on 21st February, 1849.



At eight o'clock, the Seikhs' pickets were driven back by our fire, which was wholly an artillery one. Then our big guns talked loudly and continuously for an hour nearly. At eleven a.m. very many wounded came to us in the Field Hospital. At twelve, the village just before Goojerat was stormed and taken. Before one, we were in the Seikh Camp, having passed hundreds of slain with their long hair streaming on the ground, their ammunition-belts and matchlock-torches smouldering about them. We found their tents and equipage all standing, their horses' head and heel ropes all smoothly laid out; but the Seikhs had fled, their Raaj was gone for ever, their guns were all ours, the great battle of Goojerat had been fought and won with very little loss on our side.

We now collected the enemy's wounded from out of the villages around, took them into our Field Hospital, cared for them all surgically, and tended them as we should have done had they been our own men. The important surgical operations performed were very numerous. On the 23rd February, General Gilbert led a flying column in pursuit of the fugitive Seikhs and Affghans, and with it I went again as a field surgeon. We crossed the Jhelum, and encamped for the night on the island that held Alexander the Great's force on the night prior to his great battle with Porus, 2,180 years before!

We passed through the "Royal Gardens of Vah," famed as the scene in Lallah Rookh, where the Delhi Princess turned off on her way to Kashmir: we crossed the Indus at Attock on the Affghans' boat bridge, hurried at the rate of thirty miles a day past Peshawur, on to the mouth of the terrible Khaiber Pass, where we halted and paused, as the rascally Affghans had got through the Pass, and we had not clear orders yet to push on to the Caubul after them. With snow on the Hindoo Koosch, and the streams that feed the great Indus all full, with the corn crops all standing, the valley of Peshawur had a very rich and imposing appearance.

On the 10th March the British ensign floated over the walls of the inner fortress of Peshawur, and a royal salute announced that the campaign was over, and that the country now belonged to England. Then we all marched back to Lahore.

In returning from the Khaiber Pass we leisurely examined the fine wide streets and squares in the town of Peshawur, probably the exact site of the ancient city that B.C. 327 was known as Pencalootes—in some of which there were very fine shops for the sale of silks and satins, swords,



firearms, ices, and conserves. We saw, too, the great "Manikiala Tope" erected over Alexander the Great's Horse Bucephalus; we inspected the strong fortress of Rhotaas, and at Ravul Pindee, the site of a Bactrian city, we saw ancient Grecian gold coins, with the *Βασιλευς* effigies still clearly to be traced out on them. We again went over the ground of Alexander's camp on the island in the Jhelum River, and noted the pains taken by the Affghans to destroy the roads in the Bucrala Pass. The fortress of Attok on the Indus very greatly interested us by its size and strength. The whole of this route is peculiarly interesting, as being that probably pursued, when in his thirtieth year, by Alexander the Great, in his eighth campaign, entered on in about the year 327 B.C.

On this occasion, probably, he visited what is now Kashmeer, as the road to it from Vah and Hussun-Abdal is a clear and easy one. Near Vah are supposed to have been the great magazines of stores laid up, as if Alexander were about to stay till the rivers, which like the Euphrates and Tigris, rose to the full in the summer solstice, had fallen to their minimum in the winter, to enable his large armies to cross them. On reaching Lahore, Alexander seems to have contemplated a further march, even to where Allahabaad now stands, at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna; but to have relinquished that grand project, as his soldiers were nostalgic and mutinous. Then Cœnus, the oldest of the generals who came with him from Macedonia, is said to have delivered his famous address, urging that they had made conquests enough, and ought to return home.

Within twenty hours of my return to Lahore, from the Khaiber, I had to start back again to Ravul Pindee with 500 European soldiers, marching up there in May, 1849, with the thermometer daily in the hospital tents at 120° Fahr.

H. E.

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## A SEA-SIDE ADVENTURE.

### A TRUE STORY.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY long years ago Blank Bay was a very different place to what it is now. In those halcyon days, we boasted no dread Resident Magistrate, no severe J. P., nay, not even a police constable nor a lock-up. The Attorney-General was abroad in the land, no doubt, but "preliminary examination" and "committed for trial" were words

unknown to our dictionary. We were still in the day of very small things. Our population probably did not exceed two or three hundred, all told, white and coloured; and our aristocracy was much more limited than it has since become. Nevertheless, the "leading people" of the place—for we had leading people even then—did not fraternize so thoroughly as might have been desired. Mr. Shopkeeper A did, to call plain things by plain names, not fit horses with Mr. Shopkeeper B, and both scowled savagely at poor Mr. Shopkeeper C. The little society there was in the place was soured by such disagreement; and we, spruce and lively bachelors, laid our knowing heads together to find a remedy for the unpleasantness. We numbered five or six choice spirits, ready to work well in hand with each other for our common object. A fitting opportunity presented itself in the arrival of the coasting whaler *Watchful* with her tender, both commanded by kindred spirits, well known in Cape circles, and whom to name would still be quite sufficient to point out,—but such is not my intention.

We resolved to take advantage of this circumstance to give a peace-making dinner, and to invite all the villagers worth inviting, wholly irrespective of their private differences. But to resolve is one thing and to perform another. Dinners at Blank Bay in those days were not what they have since become, and the difficulty was, how to procure the necessary eatables, animal and vegetable, the latter, especially, hardly to be bought with coin in all the neighbourhood. Determined, however, to surmount all such obstacles, we formed ourselves into an association, and resolved—I am now almost ashamed to write the word—to *steal* everything we could come across, at all suited for our purpose. Our forays were to be made at night, and our association was known as the "Night Bee Club;" our masonic watchword of recognition, or intimation of peril, being "Night Bee," while our blue jacket uniform, of ample folds, sufficed to stow away anything and everything on which we feloniously laid hands. Among ourselves we were, of course, on the friendliest of terms, and as the skippers were in the secret we had an excellent haven on board for all our booty, as we acquired it from time to time. To commence with, we stole the firewood from the parson. His reverence had lately ordered some furniture from town, and in an unguarded moment had left a multitude of packing-cases outside his door. Our first evening was devoted to breaking them into bits and stowing them away for active service. The astonishment of Pater Noster may be imagined, but no chief constable was there to

aid him in his search. A splendid juvenile specimen of the porcine tribe was our next spoil. His owner prided himself immensely upon his *porculus superbus*, and little fancied when he came to discover and bewail his loss that the lovely creature was strutting about the deck of the *Watchful*, as she lay so quietly at anchor. As ill luck would have it, Piggy managed to skedaddle overboard, and ended his days in "ocean brine." This necessitated a second capture; no easy matter where the number of the species was so limited. We entrusted this forlorn hope to one of the most active of our number, and full well did he perform the task, though rather in an unexpected fashion. Fancy our consternation, on a placid Sunday morning, as we sat devoutly following the morning service in our pretty village chapel, at hearing the "squeak, squeak" of a porker under the very church windows. The sounds, perhaps, did not attract much notice from others, but we knew immediately that Satan was hard at work, finding "some mischief still for idle hands to do," and it was, I fear, without much edification that we got through the rest of the litany. Another of our number secured a beautiful turkey, which its owner had been stuffing up for months; another a delicate lamb, and another some much-prized poultry. And so far everything proceeded favourably. Then came the more serious question, where was the wine to come from? This required manœuvring of a far more skilful nature. One of the leading men of the village had a wine-store, but it was in charge of a most faithful foreman, to get over whom puzzled our brains considerably. At length we managed it. Strolling into his shop one afternoon in up-country fashion, we had a quiet glass all round, quaffing each other's "*gezondheid*," in regular colonial style,—watching the while where the steadfast servant stowed the key of the cellar, namely, in the right-hand pocket of his shooting jacket. Here was an opportunity not to be neglected. "Ha, Smith," said our captain, "I always looked upon you as an uncommonly stout and well-made fellow; but three to one, Jones is broader across the shoulders than you are." "Not a bit of it," said the unconsciously innocent custodian, "take my handkerchief and try." "Handkerchief? no; that would be a poor test indeed. Just slip off your coat, man, and try it." Off went the coats accordingly; and Jones, who, it is unnecessary to say, was a bright specimen of a "Night Bee," in the process of trying on his opponent's coat, slipped his hand into the pocket and drew out the much coveted keys of the wine-cellar. "Well, well," said

our captain, "I really never would have thought it, but Jones is decidedly the smaller man of the two," at which the victor was as pleased as Punch. Within a few hours we had laid in the necessary supply of wine, and as quietly returned the keys into the pocket of the unsuspecting man. Our pickles and other condiments we got as adroitly. One of the principal winkeliers of the place was having extensive alterations made to his store, which necessitated his temporary removal next door. The "Night Bees," who were of course in favour with all the prettiest damsels, brought down a bevy to see the "improvement;" and when they were well upstairs suggested to the enterprising owner of the establishment that he should make them pay their footing, in the shape of a salutation from each fair lip. No sooner said than off he started on his pleasing errand, and during his absence a dozen bottles of the choicest pickles were consigned to our capacious pockets.

Everything prepared, we issued our invitations in grand style, to the no small surprise of our fellow-villagers, who openly expressed their wonder. Everything was cooked on board the *Watchful, comme il faut*, and the result was that the assembled company agreed unanimously that such a pleasant dinner had never before been given in the district. "What a splendid turkey" said one; "mine would now have been just fit for killing if some scoundrels had not stolen it." "What a fine pig," said another; "about the size of mine." "What excellent wine," said the wine merchant. "I would not mind getting some of this up if I only knew where it came from." "Oh," said a Night Bee, with an eye to business, "that is easily arranged;" and the two closed accordingly for a copious supply to be procured from some imaginary spot in the neighbourhood of Cape Town. "Splendid pickles," said the winkelier; "almost as good as I have myself in store." And so the evening sped along right pleasantly. Enmity vanished, friendship and harmony reigned supreme, all were contented and happy. At length our Vice-President called upon the President to favour the company with an explanation of the way in which they had been thus agreeably brought together. "Fill your glasses, gentlemen," said the President in immediate response, "while I propose health, long life, and prosperity to our honoured guests." In an eloquent speech he then unfolded to his astonished listeners the *modus operandi*. "The splendid turkey of which we have partaken with so much gusto this evening was, I regret to say, stolen from our guest A, who shortly since bemoaned the loss of his



beautiful bird." A started up in speechless amazement. "As for the pig, that came from the yard of friend B, the poultry from C, the firewood from D, the wine from E," and here followed a minute account of the coat affair. The faithful custodian, who was one of the guests, and not a man of the most peaceful temperament, ground his teeth and literally tore his handkerchief into shreds in his excitement. And I leave my reader to imagine how discontented his employer was to find that the wine for which he had given an extensive order had all the while come out of his own cellar. "But," continued our President, "in all this we had an innocent purpose, to restore union and concord to our lovely village, in which, I regret to say, they have been much missed; and, to show you, gentlemen guests, that we did it through no niggardly spirit, here, waiter, bring in a dozen of first-class sherry, and a dozen of port, and of champagne." All were now soon reconciled and jovial, the losers themselves laughing most merrily over their losses. It may be imagined how we kept it up after that; but I must draw a curtain over the night's proceedings,—except to say that thorough geniality prevailed. It was no unsatisfactory qualm to our consciences to find that that geniality reigned unbroken ever after. No more petty quarrels were heard of, village society was on a most pleasant footing, and every one with whom you came in contact blessed the dinner of the Night Bee Club.

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## THE BOJALA—A BECHUANA CEREMONIAL;

### AND SOME AFFINITIES OF NATIVE CUSTOMS.

THE observations of travellers upon the manners, customs, and traditions of various peoples, as widely separated in the period of their history as by their geographical position and linguistic differences, have led to the discovery of remarkable coincidences, alike in their religious observances and in the aspects of social life, from which affinity of race or descent has been surmised; or conclusions of a more comprehensive character have been formed, as may be instanced in the inference that has been drawn of the descent of mankind from common ancestors through the universal prevalence of traditions of the Flood. It is not merely for the indulgence of

our curiosity that we become interested in the details related of the manners and usages of primitive and untutored races. Such details must necessarily be the stand-points upon which our judgment rests, in estimating the true relation of the barbarian to civilized man.

The remark of Capt. Burton, who has said\* that "by collecting the reports of different travellers in the remote parts of the continent, it would be possible to prove a close connection between nations and peoples now ignoring one another's existence," is capable of great extension. Even between the customs of so-called savages and many cultivated nations of antiquity a long series of parallels may be drawn. The habit of burying the weapons, food utensils, and other individual property with deceased persons, in use among nations scattered over a great part of the globe, is conformable with the rites of burial practised by the people of the post-pliocene period, sacred rites which the labours of antiquaries have succeeded in tracing back to times to which neither history nor tradition gives us a clue,† yet the same rites are customary among the Bechuanas and other native tribes in our own day. The practice of a husband purchasing his wife by valuable presents to her parents was extensively prevalent among early communities, and is treated by Aristotle as an evidence of barbarism. It appears to have been formerly countenanced by an Alemannic law, and to have been common in Denmark and Sweden.‡ In the Jewish writings we find instances of the custom of purchasing wives—Jacob purchasing Leah and Rachel by the performance of certain services; and this practice, which seems to have been frequent in India, appears in the age of Homer to have become general in Greece;|| whilst in modern days a payment to parents for the cession of their daughters has been almost universal among the Kafir tribes, and is not yet extinct even within the colonial boundaries. Another institution adopted by many different nations is trial by ordeal, widely prevalent among the native tribes of the interior; but these customs do not necessarily lead us to infer either affinity of race or inter-communication, as it is quite possible they may have arisen spontaneously under similar social and political conditions; and they possess no greater significance as evidence of a common origin for the peoples among whom they have been observed, than the mode of procuring fire by revolving a pointed piece of hard

\* Burton's Dahomy.

† Lyell's Antiquity of Man.

‡ Grote's History of Greece.

|| Lecky, History of European Morals.

wood within a hollow in a softer piece, which is practised alike by the native Americans, the Australians, and the Kafirs and Bushmen.

There is an extensive literature from which we may select examples of methods co-existing among nations widely remote from each other, but which it is impossible to doubt have arisen from the the same original source. Professor Whewell notices that "the similarity of the grouping of the constellations, and the names by which they are recognized in different countries is very remarkable," inasmuch as "the constellations appear in most cases to be arbitrary combinations, the artificial figures made to include the stars not bearing any resemblance to their obvious configurations, but that these figures are in different countries so far similar as to imply some communication." Another and familiar instance of a wide-spread usage is found in the distribution of time into periods of seven days, the week being known as "the most ancient monument of astronomical knowledge," found among the Brahmins of India, as it existed with the ancient Assyrians and Egyptians. But the pertinent fact upon which argument is based for a common origin of this measure of time is, that among the Brahmins the days of the week are named from the heavenly bodies; and it has been ascertained that the same day has among them the name corresponding with its designation by other nations.\* We find the same significance in the similarity of the zodiac and its symbolical signs used in Egypt, India, and the countries of Western Asia, which Mr. Baldwin says,† shows they must have had a common origin; and to find their origin we must go to the older peoples who gave those countries their civilization, which he traces to an ancient Arabian, or Cushite, influence. An interesting series of analogies existing between the primitive Americans and some Asiatic peoples has been pointed out by Humboldt and others. Amongst the Mongols, the zodiacal signs consist of arbitrarily selected names of animals, such as are used with only slight variation by the Japanese and Thibetans. What is more remarkable, the names of the months are with the Mexicans partly the same, the principal difference being where symbols are employed by the Asiatics of which the animals used as signs were anciently unknown to the Mexicans. The collation of such details might be greatly lengthened, but it is enough for our present purpose to point out that these coincidences can

\* Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences.    † Pre-historic Nations.

scarcely be the accidental offspring of imagination or superstition among nations so widely separated. This argument has been advanced to prove an immigration into North-West America from Asia, as the original cradle of the human race; which acquires additional importance when we take into consideration that Cox-cox of the Mexican legend corresponds to Noah and the Ark, and that the similarity extends even to the green twig in the beak of the dove.\* But when further investigation is made into the tradition of Mexico, it is found that along with the legend of Cox-cox there is the further analogy of baptism by water, and thus an element of uncertainty is introduced—the tradition appearing too strongly tinged with the records and teaching venerated by Christian men. This supposition has its counterpart in the experience of the Rev. R. Moffatt, who, when travelling among the Namaquas, thought he had stumbled across a veritable native tradition of the Flood, by which he was greatly puzzled till he had unmistakably proved it to have percolated from a distant missionary source. How error may unexpectedly arise when instituting comparisons between the traditions of different nations is well shown in the idea of a pre-historic deluge having been found to prevail among the inhabitants of Greenland, but which closer examination proved to have originated in the numerous marine remains now found inland, and from which the people concluded that inundation had taken place at some anterior period.

There is much in the practices and superstitions of the Bechuanas and other Kafir nations exhibiting affinity with the rites and ceremonials of the Jewish people; and even the existence of a tradition among them has been stated, of a wise king, who, like Solomon, decided by the test of maternal instinct the rival claims of two mothers to possession of an infant.† Dr. Livingstone seems to consider these rites “cannot be traced even to Mohammedan sources;” since there is no continuous chain of tribes practising them from the Kafirs through the continent northward to the Arabs. But the absence of such a connecting link is no argument against their being derived from early traditions common to a people whose influence has permeated the mass of African races; and this derivation is the more probable, as the rite of circumcision, which is the most important and most widely spread, is said by Gibbon to have been practised in Æthiopia long prior to the introduction of Judaism or

\* Waitz's Anthropology.

† Chapman's Travels.



Christianity. Whilst the festival of circumcision among the Bechuanas (*Boguera*) has received frequent mention by missionaries and travellers, the analogous ceremony (*Bojala*), conducted about the period of puberty in the other sex, has not received the attention and investigation it deserves.

It is to be premised that among uncivilized nations, where war and the chase are almost the only pursuits deemed befitting to men, the position of the women is generally most inferior and degraded. The hoeing and drudgery required in the care of the corn-fields devolve upon them; and the life of these "hewers of wood and drawers of water" is one long period of hardship and unremitting toil, leaving small scope for either the cultivation of the graces or domestic virtues. The special feature of the *Bojala* consists in a subjection of the young women of the community to a course of training, inuring them to labour and fatigue, and if in itself not a vestige of antiquity, it is at least conformable to ancient habits, as we read of the Spartan women being trained in the same athletic exercises as the harder sex. The Greek conception of excellence was the full and perfect development of humanity in all its organs and functions. The bearing of the Bechuana ceremonial appears to be the same, and the subjection of the women to the severe discipline of the *bojala* is probably the remnant of some ancient system under which their education was conducted, not so much with a view to the development of those social qualities in which women are specially fitted to excel, as with regard to the advantage to be gained by the commonwealth in the vigour and robustness of their descendants.

These festivals constitute eras in the history of primitive peoples, and last year (July, 1869) among the Bawanketsi, the *Bojala* derived unusual importance from the candidature of the two only daughters of the chief, who were required to pass this ordeal previous to admission to the dignity and state of equality with the matrons. The whole maiden population of the town of Kanye, the head-quarters of the tribe, were ambitious to show their devotion to the chief's family by taking part in the ceremony, as from the ranks of the neophytes would be selected the future attendants and companions of the young princesses. The girls are first arranged into schools or companies, according to the various kraals constituting the town, and the initial ceremony commences on the third day of the new moon. The preparation is conducted within an enclosure adjoining the royal kraal, which to "cheat surprise and prying eyes" is densely wattled with fresh foliage, and its approaches are strictly guarded by

the seniors of both sexes ; but the rites observed are most carefully concealed, and may be esteemed, like Viola's message, to be "to them divinity, to other ears profanation." This air of mystery is maintained for three days, during which the novices are confined in durance under close surveillance, when they are first permitted to emerge in their several detachments, and as they move off in single file like a train of black ants, each band is headed by a stalwart dame, whilst an ancient duenna brings up the rear ; and bearing their large water-jars to be filled at the fountains, the leader strikes up a lively song to which the *protégées* join a full chorus. The song serves the two-fold purpose of warning men and boys from the path along which the maidens are moving, and of arousing the animation of the candidates themselves, for day and night their labours are continuous ; and whilst the wardens may be relieved, the girls are kept to almost unceasing toil. With the first streak of dawn the echoes are stirred by their shrill voices, and the various paths leading from the town are thronged by parties walking in Indian file to neighbouring streams, where ablutions are performed, which in the icy chillness of a July morning proves in itself a strong test of endurance. To this succeeds a journey to a distant forest for the purpose of cutting fuel, and near midday they may be seen returning to the town, each one swaying under her heavy burden of firewood. As the various troops collect, the women commence a kind of lilting chant, and each party engages separately in an active dance, which is continued during the warm hours of the day ; when, as evening draws on, the water-pots are again resumed, and under the faint rays of the young moon frequent journeys to the fountains are only varied by the recurring dance, amidst which the hoot of the hyæna may be heard from the hills, or its horrible cachinnation startles the maidens as they undergo the cold ordeal of the evening bath. Silence creeps upon the town only after midnight, and if the girls take any rest, it is by fitful snatches and in the open air, as the protection of a hut or the covering of kaross or blanket is denied them. With the full moon the first part of their trial is completed, and already a manifest change has taken place in the physique of the young people. Their languid and depressed look of the first few days, resulting from the severe drill and unwonted labour enforced, has given way to an air of jauntiness ; the muscular system has become more rounded and well-defined, and a greater sprightliness and activity are evidenced by increased elasticity in their step. At this period also a change, or rather an addition, is made to their

dress, which hitherto has consisted of the usual infantile fringe of leather thongs. For some days the matrons of the town might have been observed manufacturing broad bands of reeds in pieces of about two-inches long, strung together like bugles, with black bead-like berries placed in the intervals; and these bands are wound in a figure of eight fashion over the shoulders and across the waist, making a final sweep round the body, which depends like a short kilt down to the knees. By day their labours are, however, still unremitting, and through the bright moonlight nights the low melodious chant and well-regulated clapping of hands are harmoniously timed to an almost continuous dance. A new feature may also be observed whenever the bebies of maidens appear abroad; whether journeying to fountain or forest, their leader bears a peeled wand, and one of the girls walking in the centre of the file carries a piece of chert, on which is placed a turf of fire, which is carefully tended and now constitutes an invariable accompaniment of their processions. The other maidens are armed with switches, or even more formidable branches, only partially freed from thorns, with which it is permissible to belabour any unfortunate wight who may now cross their path; and as they exercise their newly-acquired authority with girlish delight, a general scampering away from the path takes place whenever the men come within hail of these gentle Amazons. Such is the state continued through one or two moons, at the will of the chief, and the ceremonial is concluded by a grand feast, participated in by all the people both far and near. The chief and the parents of the novices give a large number of oxen or sheep, which are slaughtered and divided according to the inhabitants of the respective kraals; and on the final day a series of sham fights are gone through, in which the maidens are supposed to prove their strength and prowess by boldly attacking the men in charge of the flesh and carrying it away in triumph, thus indicating their readiness and ability to provide a supply of food for a future husband. Their courage having been sufficiently attested, enormous bonfires are lighted within the kotla, one to each detachment of girls, and the dress of reeds they have worn during the ceremony is committed to the flames. They are fantastically painted with various-coloured clays, and, adorned with their whole wealth of beads, they now assume the ordinary skirt and kaross of the matrons, and thus appear in full-blown dignity. Roasting and broiling, singing and dancing are continued through the livelong night, and as the morrow breaks on their orgies, it is to recall them to ordinary life,

only to be interrupted when a younger generation has attained an age fitted for a renewal of the festival.

It would be a needless refinement to attach importance to many phases of this ceremonial; but the bearing of fire in their processions and its care enjoined upon the young women during their novitiate have a direct analogy with more ancient rites and observances. Amongst different nations fire has always constituted a part of religious ceremony. Such was the fire kept burning in the temple of Vesta, and looked upon as sacred. We have other examples in the temples of Ceres and Diana. Ovid, speaking of the vestals, says fire was regarded as the emblem of virginity,\* and the care of the sacred fire in the temple of Minerva was committed to young women. According to Diodorus Siculus, the custom came from the Egyptians to the Greeks, and from them to the Romans.† Mr. Baldwin endeavours to show that the languages used throughout the valley of the Nile in Abyssinia and Soumalia, with the religious ideas of the Gallas of Eastern Africa, are from the same original source as the old Egyptian tongue; and he points out the probability that the dialects used by the African peoples in the central and southern portions of the continent belong to this family, or are only modifications of the same ancient form. There can be no doubt that among the native races of Africa there are many traces of a more ancient civilization. Even the arts and methods used in the production of their rude manufactures bear the impress of a higher status, and are accomplishments which it cannot be believed originated among savage barbarians. Capt. Burton states that among the Wahuma, there exists a tradition that Africa formerly belonged to white men—whom they claim to represent; and Dr. Livingstone points out that the true type of the African peoples is not that of which most persons have formed an idea from the West Coast Negroes. He mentions the ruler of the Manganjas as having a Jewish cast of countenance, or rather an Assyrian face, like those depicted on ancient Assyrian and Egyptian monuments, which appears to be a type common among the inhabitants of Central Africa. We have seen that the rite of circumcision is traced to ancient Æthiopia, and we have noticed the sacred fire of the Egyptians; whilst to physiognomical peculiarity we may add that linguistic scholars claim that the dialects of Southern Africa have their origin in a pre-historic tongue common to Egypt and the early colonies of Northern Africa;

\* Lecky, *Hist. of European Morals.*

† Thirlwall's *Hist. of Greece.*



and it is no less curious than evident that some of the rites and superstitions lingering among the Kafir tribes have affinity with ancient usages and ceremonials, from which they have most probably derived their origin. The subject is highly suggestive and full of interest, and it may be presumed that if the intrepid Dr. Livingstone is spared to give to the world the result of his recent labours, many new and important facts will be disclosed, bearing upon a former impulse of civilization that has descended southwards from the ancient kingdoms in the north-east of the continent.

H. EXTON, M.D.

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## NAPOLEON IN 1811.

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FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

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When he had summoned thrones and nations old  
The view of all his conquests to behold,  
Gazing distracted on earth's many kings,  
Like to an eagle on some lofty height  
Exultingly he cried with proud delight,  
" 'Tis mine, 'tis mine, whate'er the future brings."

Nay ;—God the future owns,  
It is not given to you ;  
The clock in all its tones  
Rings forth the world's adieu.  
The Future—mystery great !  
All things in earth's estate,  
Glory and war's debate,  
The crown's resplendent grace,  
Wing'd Vict'ry, meteor-spel,  
Ambition's joyous tread,  
Like birds above our head,  
Hover a moment's space.

Nay, weeping or rejoicing, how great soe'er his power,  
No man can draw thy secret forth, no man before the hour  
Thy hand's resistance tame :  
O phantom nought revealing, our shadow and our host,  
Masked spectre ever tracking our steps from coast to coast—  
To-morrow is thy name.

To-morrow ! fateful day indeed ;  
How will its course be laid ?  
To-day man's hand may sow the seed,  
God gives to-morrow's blade.

To-morrow is the misty dawn,  
 The cloud across the planet drawn,  
 A traitor's secret nigh outworn,  
 The war-ram's angry mood,  
 A star that flashes from its zone,  
 Paris conformed to Babylon :  
 To-day's the purple on the throne,  
 To-morrow is the wood.

To-morrow reels thy charger, great warrior, bathed in foam,  
 To-morrow Moscow burns in every stately dome—

One blaze athwart the gloom :

To-morrow thy Old Guard lies strewn on distant plains,  
 To-morrow Waterloo, and St. Helena's chains—

To-morrow comes the tomb.

Thou may'st through Europe's towns unstayed  
 With prancing war-horse ride,  
 And flourish high thy falchion's blade  
 To stem sedition's tide.  
 Thou may'st, great Captain, with thy ships  
 The haughty Thames confound,  
 Shroud victory in brief eclipse,  
 Still to thy standards bound :  
 Break through all hostile barriers,  
 All names surpassing far,  
 And make the glitter of thy spurs  
 An army's guiding-star.

God keeps the infinite, and grants you space ;  
 You may on earth each hemisphere embrace,  
 Rivalling the mightiest with your potent nod ;  
 Take freely, Sire, as at an open feast,  
 From Charlemagne Europe, Mahomet the East—  
 But not TO-MORROW canst thou take from God.

J. G.

## A NIGHT IN THE FOREST.

PERHAPS there is not a harder-worked man under the sun than the George or Knysna wood-cutter. It is a clear case of all work and no play, and the consequent dullness of the sufferer proves the veracity of an old proverb. Such is the effect of the perpetual demand upon his powers, that the forester's true holiday consists of a week's sleep in the saw-pit, or under his planked shed upon a couch of yellowwood chips, and from which he arises refreshed and cheered ! Often have I visited the grand old forests, stretching away to the Zitzikama. To stand and witness the marvellous skill of the woodman, as he, with his powerful axe, produces

the spokes and fellies out of a shapeless block, is no sacrifice of time. The accuracy of eye is wonderful.

One very boisterous day I remember starting from home upon business; and as my old horse struggled up a steep hill towards the woods, rain began to fall in torrents, and I to regret having commenced the journey. By perseverance the summit of the mountain was reached, but now I was compelled to dismount and lead my sure-footed friend down the declivity into the heart of the deep valley below :

“ The butterfly folded her wings as if dead,  
Or awaked ere the full destined time ;  
Every flower shrank inward, or hung down its head,  
Like a young heart frost-nipped in its prime.”

Sere and wintry whistled the wind, and the setting sun had already wrapped herself up in a mantle of black clouds. I heartily regretted being out. To confound me more, I soon became entangled in a mass of rushes and young keur trees intermingled with the beautiful arum and bunches of Michaelmas daisies. My horse seemed inclined to lie down, and make the most of a soft bed. While doubting how to act, I perceived, some distance off, the rising smoke of a wood-cutter's fire. Cheered at the sight, I soon stood before a humble dwelling of wood, with a roof of decayed thatch, but without windows. Near the structure yawned the everlasting saw-pit, not unlike a vast grave, the neighbouring ground being thickly strewn with chips of various sizes and colours, some tokens of labour miserably recompensed. An old red buck-wagon rested close by—the worn-out witness of by-gone years of toil—which had borne upon its back the squared trunk of many a giant tree for shipment at the port. The barking of a dog brought out a middle-aged man, slender, tall, and pale, and who had been driven into his hut by the violence of the storm. I had no recollection of having seen him before, but he appeared to recognize me, and politely invited me to enter his shed while he tethered the horse to a tree without. As the evening was closing in, I resolved to take an amiable view of things, and make the most of my position for the night, feeling only too thankful for the shelter even of a pondok.

It was when sitting that evening upon a block of wood and shivering over the fire upon the floor of the hut of poor William ———, that I listened to the story of his experiences, and resolved to remember it. His father had been wrecked upon the coast many years previously. He had been a sailor, but took to wood-cutting after the loss of his ship.

"I recollect," said my host, as he put an extra stick or two upon the fire, "my father's startling tales of early adventure. Many a cold night, such as this, did he pass in the woods, with nought above him but the huge branches of the trees rocking to and fro. He had nothing to cover him but the old great coat he landed with from the wreck of the brig. For many years afterwards he slaved at his trade for his wife and only child. But the cold and damp of the situation soon laid one parent in the grave, and we buried her under a great yellowwood, within a stone's throw of the hut. My father himself now rests under the same tree. I remember as a youngster assisting some friends to bury him. It was late one lovely evening in September. I read the service out of the old prayer-book he brought with him from home. By the time we had done, the moon was beginning to peep between the trees. The men spoke not to one another, nor to me,—there was no sound save of the gentle movement of the night-wind, as it sighed through the leaves above. I really felt forsaken that night after my friends had quietly walked off to their own homes, in spite of all that I had been taught about trusting in a Higher Power. The weight of affliction had fallen upon me in so sudden a way. Two days before, my father had obtained the required licences to cut timber, and we had engaged the services of a neighbour's oxen to drag the huge trunks of some ironwood trees up a steep ravine. A shipment had to be completed, which necessitated our employing several additional hands, and a schooner was kept in port waiting for the timber, which we were unable to supply in contract time. Night and day were the saws and axes going, and, being the youngest, my business was to collect dead branches for the feeding of a great fire by the light of which the men could work. As the night grew on, we were startled by the trumpeting of a great bull-elephant, aroused, no doubt, and highly offended at our presuming thus to disturb his peace at such an hour. From the fearful crashing of trees, we knew at once that the spokesman was only one of a company; so, at a signal from my father, I ran to the hut and brought out his loaded gun. Snatching the rifle from my hands, he disappeared amongst the trees, but not before bidding me crouch down within the saw-pit for safety. No sooner done than I heard a shot, followed by a scream I shall never forget. Raising my head, I saw the wounded monarch of the forest rush by the very track along which my father had gone, but from which he never returned alive. He had been trodden under foot."



Here the poor fellow brushed his rough and sun-burnt arm across his eyes, and rising hastily to replenish the fire, seemed anxious to conceal the overflow of his emotion. I put in a cheerful word or two, and, in reply to a remark of mine, William said that he was fully conscious of the goodness of Divine Providence in his case. I now changed the subject, and, knowing it to be quite an unusual thing to find so much intelligence and right feeling in the person of a wood-cutter, got him to give me his opinion as to the advantages or disadvantages experienced by men of his calling.

"The life," he said, "is so remarkably beset with difficulties that few sensible men will knowingly enter upon it. I am badly off, and always shall be, for no wood-cutter does more than earn the bread he eats. The life is an everlasting tax upon health and spirits, and unless possessed of a chest of stone, consumption soon carries him off. Many a stout and lusty workman have I seen enter upon the occupation, whose health has rapidly declined under the influence of a humid climate, hard work, and a scarcity of animal food. Besides, men of our calling strive for a maintenance without either zeal or spirit, simply because all exertion is so wretchedly rewarded."

I here expressed my surprise that so few men of his class changed their manner of living after following a forester's life for a few years. Once a wood-cutter always one, seemed the rule. In reply, he gave me to understand that men like himself continue to labour at the business for the simple reason that necessity compels. "No man flings an axe over his shoulder until he has failed to obtain a living by other means. When he does, he invariably enters upon the work in debt. He has been forced to contract one debt to secure his licence, another for a supply of food, another for the hire of oxen, and a fourth for the conveyance of his timber to market. Before he fixes upon his tree, the man is an insolvent, and his creditors watch him as the hawks do the sparrows. A tacit arrangement has been made, and the wood is to be sold to those who have assisted him. He himself has but little to say in the matter of sale or price. He has become so entangled within the meshes of his obligations to other people that he is morally enslaved and sees no means of escape. As he takes a step out of one difficulty he takes two into another. In the end, he despairs, and is contented to remain in debt and poverty-stricken."

"But, surely," said I, "a man of your intelligence might manage better than this? Have you no desire to be free, and to improve your circumstances?"

"None at all," he replied. "I am now accustomed to the life, and feel fitted for no other, although I confess our labour is subjected to unreasonable hindrances. We pay for our supplies at a much higher rate than other people. The system of barter is an unwholesome one for all concerned, and until it is changed I don't believe in the prosperity of either side. But it is of no use my appearing to complain, for I dare say that here in my wooden shed I enjoy many a happy hour denied to men in higher places. I certainly have but little, but then my requirements are so few."

The rain by this time had ceased, and I was surprised to find how well I could rest that night upon the hard floor of my friend's cottage.

The next morning proved a lovely one after the rain of the evening before. All creation seemed thankful after the repose. The brushwood overhanging the narrow little path which led away from the wood-cutter's hut was still dripping wet, and the fresh air braced me up before ascending the hill. As I turned my head once more in the direction of William's abode I could again distinctly see the curling smoke against the distant trees, and hear the sound of the poor fellow's axe as it echoed in the vale. I then began to recal to mind the son's story of his father; and, imagining the old sailor in years gone by sitting at even at the door of his wooden shed in the forest, to repeat over the words of one who had described in verse a similar picture,—

"Thus in the night,  
He watches, while the rising moon describes  
The progress of the day in happier lands,  
And now he almost fancies that he hears  
The chiming from his native village church;  
And now he sings, and fondly hopes the strain  
May be the same that sweetly sounds at home!"

E.

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## EGYPT TEN YEARS AGO.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

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### CHAP. II.

LET us now pay a visit to the pyramids. Mounting our donkeys, we canter in a south-westerly direction to Old Cairo, where we, along with the said donkeys, cross the Nile in a barge. We disembark at the small village of Ghizeh,

about which the only point worthy of note is that it contains a large number of egg ovens, or artificial hens, where the business of chicken-hatching is carried on on a very extensive scale. The process is a simple one, and it is supplied with eggs by barter,—the proprietor giving one chicken for two eggs. From Government returns it appears that in 1831 over seventeen millions of eggs were hatched, and nearly seven millions spoiled throughout the land of Egypt. Whether, in the course of ages, this mode of procedure has affected the quality of the produce I cannot say; I can, however, confidently maintain that both the fowls and the eggs of Egypt are very inferior indeed, both in size and flavour, to those of any other country I have visited. The fowls, in fact, are of a very diminutive breed, and their eggs are about the size of those of the pigeon, and, when fresh (an uncommon occurrence, by the way), they have no flavour whatever.

About four or five miles from Ghizeh we come to the edge of the cultivated lands, and the ascent to the natural platform on which the pyramids stand. It is not, however, until we ascend the terrace, and approach the base of the greatest, that we are able to form any adequate conception of the size of the enormous piles before us; but then they appear literally as mountains of masonry. There are three principal pyramids, usually called the first, second, and third, three smaller ones at the end of the third, and several still smaller in front of the first.

The first and largest is that usually ascended by travellers; the successive courses of masonry are composed of stones about three feet high,—and, as each course is about that amount less than the one immediately below it, the sides form a gigantic staircase, whose ascent may be accomplished without much difficulty. The present dimensions are: height about 479 feet, and area of base over 12 acres; and yet, enormous as these dimensions are, the original ones were much greater. At first, the first and second pyramids were cased with polished marble or white limestone, smooth from top to bottom, while the third was cased in polished red granite, from the first cataract. These casings are now entirely removed from the first and third pyramids, and but a little is left near the top of the second; the pyramids were, in fact, used as quarries for Cairo, and some of the smaller ones have been altogether removed. In addition to this, the level of the ground has been so much raised by drifting sand that, whereas Herodotus tells us that the entrance to number one was half-way up the side, it is now not one

third. Herodotus makes the height 800 feet, Strabo 625, it is now 479; while, for the sake of comparison, the height of St. Paul's is about 300 feet. It is interesting to read what the Father of History says as to the mode in which the pyramids were finished: "The pyramids were constructed after the fashion of steps, and when completed so far, the remaining stones were raised up by machines, made of short wooden logs, by which the blocks were raised from the ground on to the first step, and so from the first to the second, the second to the third, till they reached the top, there being as many machines as steps, and thus they completed the top first, and gradually worked their way downward to the base, which was finished last." He also speaks of the stones as having been highly polished, and admirably jointed; none being less than thirty feet long.

The second and third pyramids are surrounded by traces of square enclosures, and their eastern faces are approached through enormous masses of ruins, as if of some great temple. At the entrance of the approach to the second pyramid is the sphinx, now in a very dilapidated condition. The features are so battered as to be scarcely distinguishable; the nose and beard, if indeed the latter ever existed, are gone; the leonine paws and a great part of the body are buried in the sand. The whole platform on which the pyramids stand is one mass of tombs; one lately cleared out must have been a magnificent temple full of gods in black marble. In another, called the Tomb of Trades, we find depicted on the walls many of the occupations and trades of common life; and perhaps the most interesting sketch of all (as it suggests that steel may have been known to the Egyptians) is that of a butcher sharpening a bloody knife on a *blue* rod.

The terrace on which the pyramids are built is chiefly composed of a highly fossiliferous tertiary rock, containing immense numbers of the fossils, called nummulites, from their resemblance to coins. The modern Egyptians believe these fossils to be petrified relics of the stores of lentiles, accumulated by the Pharaohs, for the use of the workmen.

The Arabs of the pyramids have the character of being the worst in the whole of Egypt. No sooner does a traveller approach than he is followed by an importunate herd, demanding backsheesh. They have even threatened to throw travellers headlong down the pyramid, if their extortionate demands are not complied with; and the guides accompanying travellers inside the pyramid have not unfrequently extinguished the lights, in order still further to terrify the visitor into yielding to their importunities.



This is, of course, very unpleasant, although there is no real danger; the Pasha knows too well that the influx of European visitors enriches his kingdom, to permit them to be injured; and the Arabs know that the death of a single visitor would cause the utter extermination of their village at the hands of their not over-scrupulous ruler. In our case we met with no annoyance, for knowing that there was no middle course, that we must either bully or be bullied, we chose the former alternative. Armed with revolvers, which, however, were not ready for action, we told them plainly that none but the guide we hired must accompany us; that any one who asked for backsheesh would be repaid with the sjambok; and indicated significantly that it would not be safe for them to follow us. When, in spite of what we said, the whole troop of not less than thirty or forty men started to accompany us, it was only necessary to present an empty revolver at the foremost, and challenge him to stop. Thereafter we had no annoyance whatever; we had afterwards a long friendly talk with them, and they hinted that we must be travellers of some experience, and must have lived for some years in the East.

The pyramids of Abour and Sakkara are smaller than those of Ghizeh, and need no special description. Near the latter are extensive ibis pits, in which the mummies of the sacred ibis were deposited. These pits form subterranean galleries, hewn in the solid rock; and the mummies of the ibis, having been inserted each in a pot of baked clay, are piled by thousands in recesses along the sides of these galleries, like bottles in a wine cellar.

Not far from the same locality a Frenchman made, a few years ago, a still more interesting discovery,—that of the tombs of the sacred bull Apis. These consist of long subterranean galleries, about twenty feet high, hewn, like the ibis pits, out of the solid rock. At intervals, along the sides of these, there are high arched vaults, each of which contains the sarcophagus of a sacred bull. These sarcophagi are hewn out of single blocks of black marble, highly polished, and generally covered within and without with hieroglyphics. The dimensions are about fifteen feet in length, by eight in breadth, and seven in height. A ponderous lid of the same material lies on the top of each. The margin of the desert along which we have come, including the pyramids, constitutes the vast Necropolis of Memphis and its kings, and for miles we pass over layers of bones, and pieces of mummy swathings—fragments of the fine linen of Egypt—half imbedded in the sand.

Another day may well be devoted to visiting the petrified forest. This interesting locality commences about six miles to the east of Cairo, and extends, we are told, more or less to Suez. The ride to the place would, in all probability, considerably modify the views of most persons as to what a desert really is. We are apt to associate with desert a level or undulating plain of sand, not unlike the sand-hills along the sea shore; and, no doubt, there are deserts which satisfy such conceptions.

Until we pass the tombs of the Mamlouks, we ride among brown mounds or hills of rubbish; but on passing these tombs we are at once introduced to a totally different style of desert. Before us are the Mokattem hills, displaying rocks of all colours,—one part is red, another is blue, another grey, and so on; the tints are duller, but the variety is as great as in any English landscape. In no other part of the world is it possible to have such scenery; for, however severe the drought may be in the Cape Colony, for instance, and however bare the ground may in consequence become, it is after all only the soil that we see; whereas in those deserts there is no soil whatever. To reduce, then, any other part of the world to a similar condition, it would be necessary to give the subjacent rocks equal variety of colour, and to remove every particle of soil. One hill that we pass seems to be composed of lumps of stone of all shapes, sizes, and colours, not unlike pieces of slag in an iron foundry; possibly these stones may be slag from one of nature's workshops, a volcano. By-and-by we arrive at the forest; it is not necessary that the donkey boys should announce this fact,—we can see it for ourselves. The whole surface of the ground is strewn with blocks of stone; it needs no close inspection to see that they are petrified wood, nor does it require botanical knowledge to be able to say that some look like bamboos, some like palms, and some unlike either. On measuring one trunk, destitute of either top or root, we found it to be sixty feet long, and this is no uncommon specimen. Of course, we immediately commenced to select specimens; and here lies the difficulty,—the pieces are so large that a little bit broken off does not show the nature of the wood so nicely as we would like. But at length we have as much as our donkeys can carry, and with lingering looks at the beautiful pieces which lie so thickly scattered around us, we return to Cairo.

We cannot leave the environs of Cairo without visiting the Shoobra Gardens. The road from Cairo to these is a fine broad straight avenue, about three miles in length,

shaded by rows of noble sycamores and acacias, and almost lined by splendid palaces and stately mansions. The gardens themselves are very extensive, and neatly kept; but the special object of interest is the splendid Kiosk of the Pasha. Its exterior, though handsome, is not unusually so; but the interior is a true Mohammedan elysium, with everything to feast the eyes and gratify the senses. The building is in the form of a large square, round the interior of which there runs an open cloister or piazza, supported by finely carved and polished alabaster columns. The side-wall and roof of this corridor are painted with frescoes and gilded tracery. The apartments all open from this, and the chief are situated at the four angles of the square. These four seem to be drawing-rooms, gorgeously furnished in four different styles, with all the splendour that Eastern imagination, aided by Western skill, could accomplish. The walls are covered with frescoes, and on the window-blinds are oil-paintings of hunting and other scenes, executed on suitable material. The centre of the square is a vast marble basin, supplied by water from numerous ornamental jets and fountains, and in the centre of each side there is an elegant recess, luxuriously fitted up with sofas, on which, if the visitor recline, he is sure to be soothed to sleep by the tinkling murmur of the water, and the dreamy langour that seems inherent in the place.

On our way back, let us make a detour, and pass the extensive palatial barracks of the Pasha. Here we may happen to witness a very curious spectacle. In front of the barracks, and on the opposite side of the street, there runs a long aqueduct or canal of masonry, in which I saw several thousand of the troops simultaneously engaged in washing their clothes. The Pasha very properly clothes his men in a white cotton uniform, and each soldier seems to possess two suits. To save trouble, they wash both suits at the same time; and the ludicrous appearance presented by a canal of more than a mile in length, crowded with men so engaged, may be more easily imagined than described.

Hitherto we have avoided Cairo itself, and have taken no notice of the people, vehicles, &c., we have seen in our excursions; we shall, however, see every phase of these, and a great deal more, in the streets of Cairo.

Cairo may even yet be regarded as the chief Arab city of the world; although Western innovations are every year producing a sensible change in the habits and feelings of the people. The manners and customs of its inhabitants are therefore peculiarly interesting, inasmuch as they are a combination of those which prevail, to a greater or less extent,

in the towns of all Mohammedan countries. As in all other towns, the streets are occupied partly by public buildings, such as mosques, &c., but chiefly by private houses and shops,—a continuous row of which latter is called a bazaar. The streets are exceedingly narrow; few are wide enough to admit a carriage, and still fewer permit two vehicles to pass. The latticed windows, called meshrebeehs, projecting on either side of the street, often nearly meet, and thus almost exclude the sun,—and from this circumstance, and from the constant sprinkling of water by the water-carriers, the streets are generally very cool. A portion of the widest street of all, called the Frank Bazaar, and not a few of the other bazaars are roofed, in a thoroughly primitive and Eastern fashion. These roofs consist occasionally of rough boards laid across (whether fastened or not I cannot tell), and sometimes of ragged mats loosely arranged on a few planks. It may give some notion of their character to learn that, though there were no apertures specially formed to admit the light, enough to serve all ordinary purposes found admission by the ends, and through the numerous chinks and rents.

The meshrebeehs are formed of turned wooden and lattice work, of various elegant and elaborate patterns, and are so close that they shut out much of the air and the sun, and screen those within from the view of those outside. In the better class of houses the meshrebeehs are now furnished with frames of glass on the inner side, which are closed in winter. The height of the houses, and the narrowness of the streets, are apt to convey the impression that Cairo is a very close and crowded city. A view from a minaret, however, at once corrects such an idea, there being (generally in connection with the mosques) a considerable number of open spaces planted with palms and sycamores.

It is usual in Cairo, as in all Eastern cities, that a portion of a street, or even more than one whole street, is devoted to the sale of one particular class of goods. This rule does not apply to the Frank Bazaar, where almost everything is sold; but the jewellers, the coppersmiths, the clothiers, the shoemakers, the armourers, &c., have separate streets, called the bazaars of that trade. The shop necessarily differs somewhat according to the nature of the goods to be sold; but it is in general a square recess about six or seven feet high, open in front, whose floor is from two to three feet above the level of the street.

In the bazaar where amber mouth-pieces, rosaries, and other trinkets are displayed many of the choice articles are



exhibited in glass cases placed at the outer edge of the floor, the shopkeeper squatting behind them on a cushion; in other bazaars the owner occupies the outer edge, within reach of most of his goods; while in the saddlers' and other bazaars, the owners are busily engaged in the operations of their trade. The shops are furnished with folding shutters, by means of which they are closed at night; and in this respect they differ from the principal bazaars of Constantinople, which form glass-roofed streets, and are sufficiently protected at night by massive gates at each end, under the charge of a responsible watchman. Articles of value are on certain days paraded by criers, and sold by auction to the highest bidder.

Let us now select an intelligent donkey-boy, who can speak rather more English than usual, and ride through the principal streets and bazaars to the citadel.

To reach the Frank Bazaar we have to pass through the acacia groves of the grand square, in which our hotel is situated. A few yards from the hotel we invariably find a number of Arabs playing at games of chance, of which one notable characteristic is that they are all sedentary. About the entrance to the Frank Bazaar we find numerous Jew money-changers, and if we are disposed to make any purchases in these bazaars, we had better apply to one of these for small change. These Jews sit on chairs or squat on the ground,—and their money-table is not unlike a shoemaker's seat and table, with drawers below to hold the valuable coins. Let us accost one of these, displaying a sovereign, and uttering the well-known words "How much?" "20s." he replies. "No! 20s. 6d.;" and after a little hesitation he says "*teieb*," good, and the bargain is made. To those who have not been accustomed to the laws of exchange, it may cause a little surprise why he should give 20s. 6d. for a sovereign; the explanation, however, is very simple. Gold and silver coins of any country pass in the East, but their value changes from time to time, according to their scarcity and the rate of exchange. In the beginning of 1860 the sovereign was worth 148 piastres, the shilling 7,—hence the sovereign was worth 21s. and a piastre, so that 20s. 6d. still left the Jew what he regarded as a handsome profit. As he doles out the change we must keep wide-awake, and be besides able to calculate mentally. He may pay us in all sorts of silver coins, from the smallest, worth  $\frac{3}{8}$  of a piastre or 5 half farthings, up to the Spanish dollar, worth 29 piastres. But supposing that, to simplify the matter, we confine him to English coins, he will endeavour to pass upon us worn

shillings, which, in Cairo, will only pass for 5 or 6 piastres, or he will give for a shilling three four-penny pieces, worth in Egypt  $10\frac{1}{4}$ d., or he may slip in a Greek coin, worth 10d., or even an Austrian piece, worth  $6\frac{1}{2}$ d.; and if we simply take what he chooses to give, we may find that his change is, in Cairo, not worth more than 15s.

On the opposite side of the street we observe the professional letter-writers and scribes, with table, ink-horn, and reed pens. In employing their services, it is only necessary to mention the message,—the salaams, &c., are according to rule, and the same for all.

The Frank Bazaar, as its name indicates, is the locality where most of the European tradesmen have their shops; it therefore has, in a measure, a comparatively European aspect; the nature and fittings of the shops being pretty much the same as in England. As this street is comparatively a wide one, there is not so much necessity for watchfulness on our part as in the other thoroughfares; the donkey boy has, however, sufficient occupation in clearing a way for us among the foot passengers by his voice. He calls to all who may happen to be in the way to move to the right (yemeenak) or to the left (shemalak) as the case may be, or to take care of their backs, faces, &c.; at the same time admonishing the rider to be wary of some dray, carriage, laden donkey, or camel that may be approaching. Curiously enough, the foot passengers quietly obey the directions given, without ever condescending to look over their shoulders to see for themselves what they ought to do.

But we now enter the other bazaars, and here we must exercise great caution. As carts can be taken into but few of the streets, stones are always transported in pannier nets by camels and donkeys; and though it is easy to avoid them in the Frank Bazaar, and a collision is of little consequence so long as the load is of clover or soft goods, it is no trifling matter to come into collision with a load of stones, and it frequently requires considerable promptitude on the part of the rider and boy, and considerable activity on the part of the donkey to avoid an accident. Of the two, the laden camel is, of course, by far the worst, not so much from his greater weight as from his greater size, and more particularly because his stony load is just about the height of the head, and the donkey is not high enough to feel a personal interest in the matter.

To make any necessary purchases in one of these bazaars is an exceedingly tiresome business, unless one is prepared to pay three or four times the value of the article. An exor-

bitant price is invariably asked, even from one of themselves, and if the purchase be not a trifling one, the buyer must make up his mind to a long altercation. Among the peasantry it is very common to say, "Receive it as a present." This ancient custom is exemplified in the history of Abraham, when desirous of purchasing the cave of Machpelah. Ephron offered it *pro forma* as a gift, and then named an exorbitant price. Abraham was, however, too great a sheikh to dispute about the price under the circumstances.

Among the many sounds, cries, and noises heard in the streets, there is one which, by its peculiarity, will always attract attention; it is the jarring noise made by the brass cups of the water-carrier. Equipped with a sack, made out of the entire skin of the goat, furnished with a long brass spout in the place of the head, and two brass cups, he parades the streets, and attracts attention, not so much by his cry of "Ya owud Allah" (oh may God compensate), as by his making the one brass cup dance and jar on the top of the other.

Besides this class of water-carriers, there are two others; those who, with donkeys, supply the private houses at the rate of a donkey load for a penny, and those who water the streets. This latter class is furnished with a very large sack, slung on the back, and with the mouth tightly grasped in the right hand. As the bearer walks along he makes a series of horizontal sweeps with his right hand, somewhat like a man sowing wheat,—and, at the same instant, he slightly relaxes his grasp on the mouth of the skin. The water that escapes is thus effectually scattered by the sweep of his arm.

To describe the dress of the Arab gentleman is by far too complicated a task to be attempted with success. It is by no means inelegant, though, according to our notions, it would be better suited for a lady. The costume of the lower orders is comparatively simple. Its component parts are a pair of drawers, a long and full shirt of blue linen or cotton, or of brown woollen stuff with wide sleeves, a white or red woollen girdle, shoes, a white, red, or yellow woollen shawl, or a piece of coarse cotton as a turban, wrapped round a tarboosh or fez cap, under which again is a thin white or brown scull cap. Many, however, are so poor that they must dispense with all but the scull cap and shirt.

Some covering for the head is necessary, in consequence of the universal practice of shaving the head entirely, or leaving one scalp lock upon the crown, like the American Indians. This operation of shaving is one which we may see performed any day in the streets.

My sketch would be very incomplete without some notice of the ladies. No Moslem ladies appear in public unveiled. For the upper classes the veil consists of a long narrow apron of white muslin, tied across the nose, under the eyes, and hanging down to the feet. Those of the lower orders wear a similar article, of a kind of coarse black crape, of which the upper part is often ornamented with false pearls, small gold coins, or other small flat ornaments of the same metal. This mode of wearing the veil is very different from that which obtains at Constantinople. There the forehead, as well as the lower part of the face, is concealed, or rather covered,—and, in the case of the thicker veils, nothing is seen but the eyes gleaming through the slit. Some writers have fallen into ecstasies with the beauty of the Egyptian ladies, and the exquisitely soft and bewitching expression of their eyes; speaking of them as exhibiting the perfection of female loveliness, and as, perhaps, unequalled in any country. To such propositions I am not, by any means, disposed to assent. My opportunities for observation were, no doubt, very limited in Egypt; but, so far as they went, I believe that but for the veil Eastern ladies would be generally regarded as far inferior in beauty to our own countrywomen. After enjoying better opportunities, at the “Sweet Waters of Asia,” of seeing the Circassian beauties of Constantinople, where almost every one with pretensions to beauty wore a thin muslin veil,—but, especially after witnessing the effect of the thin muslin veil on English ladies, my opinion is confirmed. It must be admitted that their eyes are naturally brilliant, and that their brilliancy is increased by staining their eyelids with *kohl*,—but it is still further enhanced by the thin muslin veil, which would make the dullest eyes appear to sparkle, and which, by half concealing the rest of the face, causes the stranger to imagine a defective face perfectly charming.

Ladies of the higher classes rarely walk in public, they either ride on donkeys or are driven in carriages; in either case, at least one forerunner and one guard invariably accompany them. In the case of ladies of the royal family, there are several forerunners with their staves of office, and several eunuchs with drawn swords run on each side. In riding, the ladies sit astride upon a very high and broad saddle, and seem very insecurely seated; the donkeys, however, are so well girthed, and so sure-footed and easy, that there is little danger of a fall,—and, in any case, the attendants would be sure to prevent the lady from reaching the ground.



## A MERRY-MAKING THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

THE present generation of Cape colonists have but little idea of the style of living their fathers indulged in not many years ago. Let me try to describe, for their edification—I may not say example—a birthday party in the year 1835.

Let us suppose that the host to whose residence we are going is one of the well-known owners of estates near Wynberg or Constantia. All his relatives and intimate friends are aware that this is his birthday. No invitations are issued; they are unnecessary. Up the grand oak avenue roll a constant succession of “bolderwagen,” drawn by teams of six or eight handsome, well-groomed horses, and filled with whole families, down to the baby in arms. Every now and then a party of horsemen, sporting the gayest and most startling of saddle-cloths, dash along, sparing no pains to attract the attention and gain the admiration of the young ladies. Guests arrive from all parts. Here are all the neighbours; there come friends from town; not last nor least numerous are the guests from Stellenbosch, who have made what was then no light journey, and whose “places” in their turn will be scenes of similar festivities. Our host is a popular man, and is one of a numerous clan. About noon you will find that, including men, women, and children, nearly two hundred guests have assembled. Soon the children are banished to the apartment set apart for them, where all that is nice, and much that is unwholesome, is prepared. The elders assemble in the “voorkamer” of the delightfully cool old Dutch house. If you have ever enjoyed the luxury of escaping from the fiery heat of the blazing sun, into a cool, dimly-lighted *voorkamer* of one of these houses, do you not feel amazed at the taste now rapidly spreading in the Colony for supplanting these roomy, sensible, thatched roofed houses of our fathers by cramped, hot, slate or corrugated-iron-roofed cockney villas? However, here in a cool atmosphere, the elders sit and inquire after matters of domestic interest. The younger folk in the meanwhile are amusing themselves as they please about the extensive grounds.

About three o'clock in the afternoon dinner is announced and the guests are ushered into the “eetzaal” by the host and hostess. The host takes the head of the table and the hostess sits next him—her proper place; and unless there is some guest especially to be honoured, the rest range themselves according to seniority in age, the oldest being nearest the host, the youngest at the far end of the table.

Now that we have time, let us look at the huge "spread" extending the whole length of the house. For this feast preparations have been made months before. Vegetables have been planted of every description, so that they may be ready for the great occasion. For this has the hostess cured most savory hams, for this have poultry been reared and fattened, and the sons and neighbours have taken good care to stock the larder well with game. Every delicacy of the season is here, and the cookery is perfection. Our host has in his kitchen two or three head cooks, superior, I venture to say, to any three Cape Town can produce now-a-days. Not common cooks, but professionals, with assistants under them. The waiting, which is excellent, is performed by fifteen or twenty slaves, neatly dressed, well drilled, quick, attentive, and noiseless.

The dinner proceeds through the various courses, and then dessert is placed upon the table. The ladies do not retire yet. Suddenly some one calls upon a lady for a song. She gratifies the company immediately, and now challenges a gentleman, who after doing his duty calls upon another lady, and so on it goes. Toasts are drunk, but, while the ladies are present, out of *wine-glasses*. At dusk the ladies retire to arrange their toilets, &c., for the coming dance. The men remain, and the serious part of the day's entertainment commences. At these feasts the host is president, and his authority absolute. Boys about fifteen or sixteen years of age, at the lower end of the table, are now allowed to retire, but those a little older must remain to drink some of the usual toasts. One of the principal guests rises, and holding in his hand a "*bokhal*" filled to the brim, proposes "*Verjaarsdag van onze Vriend*." He then drains the goblet off, amid cheering and a salute from cannon, which are drawn up in front of the house. He hands the *bokhal* to his neighbour, who rises, fills and drains it in the same manner, and passes it on till it has been drained by each guest. During this time a capital band of slaves, belonging to "the place," well trained by a regular bandmaster, plays some appropriate air. The toast having been pledged by all, the host replies. A second *bokhal* is now brought,—and here let me explain what a *bokhal* is. The *bokhal* is a valuable glass goblet, richly chased, and bearing the arms of the family—an heirloom, handed down from father to son—it generally holds about as much as an ordinary tumbler. Our host has several, each one engraved with the sentiment which is being toasted. For instance, the first one had the toast just drunk; this has been removed, and a second *bokhal*, now in the hands of

the gentleman speaking, has the words the “*Vrouwetje van het huis*.” This is the toast he is proposing; and when that is drunk in due form, and the *bokhal* has finished its journey, a third will be produced, with the words “*Welvaart van deze plaats*.” These toasts are all received in the same manner—with cheers, salutes from the cannon, and the band. Toast after toast succeeds, the *bokhal* being drained each time, until some of the weaker-headed begin to show signs of unsteadiness. Then the president allows the young men to join the ladies, but it would be in vain for any married man to attempt to leave. He is doomed, and must sit it out with the veterans. Dancing goes on with the fortunate juniors; but speech after speech, toast after toast, the *bokhal* circling with each, is the order of the day in the *eetzaal*. No excuses are permitted. Should any unlucky wight feel an inclination to shirk the *bokhal*, his attempts are vain. Four or five men, at the command of the president, surround him, a napkin is tucked under his chin, and he is “*gebalsemeerd*,” the liquor is poured down his throat, as if he were a naughty child taking medicine. Should he resist, force is used; he has not only to drink this, but has to take a “*pœnita*,” that is, an additional *bokhal*. A penalty more disagreeable even than this is sometimes inflicted. The oldest and ugliest female slave is sent for, and the recusant is compelled to submit to half a dozen chaste salutes from her withered lips. As the evening progresses, the slain lie strewn on the floor (for every *bokhal* must be drained standing), and great is the satisfaction of the one or two seasoned casks who find themselves alone in their glory. The following anecdote will give some idea of the extent to which this *bokhal* drinking occasionally was carried: The most celebrated *bokhal* drinker of Stellenbosch, Mr. X—, happened accidentally to meet Mr. Y—, who had gained a similar enviable reputation, near Cape Town, at the house of Mr. Z—, a mutual friend. After dinner, as the gentlemen were sitting over their wine, Mr. Z—, seized with a sudden and natural desire to behold these heroes contend, ordered the wine-glasses to be removed and the *bokhal* to be brought in. Twice or thrice the *bokhal* was emptied by the whole party; but soon the gallant pair became eager for the fray. It was resolved that this occasion should determine once and for ever as to who should rule supreme the champion of the *bokhal*. Mr. Z—, lucky man, was appointed umpire. It would require an abler pen than mine to describe the Homeric glories of that night. Suffice it to say that the reputation of each was nobly sustained. What

amount was drunk I will not dare to put down on paper, as I verily believe I should be judged guilty of romancing. Each one in his turn filled the *bokhal*, rose, proposed a sentiment in appropriate words, took off his bumper and handed it to his opponent. The opponent having pledged the toast in a brimmer, sat down—then refilled the glass and rose in his turn to propose a toast. This continued until the Stellenbosch hero rose, staggered, and fell unable to utter the noble sentiments which, no doubt, filled his breast. He was borne to a couch where suddenly he displayed symptoms so alarming that the house was roused, and a messenger sent post haste for the doctor. All thought the poor fellow was dying. His late opponent in the meanwhile, seated at the table, was steadily gazing at his prostrate rival. Suddenly it flashed across his brain that the number of *bokhals* had been equal. Seizing the goblet, he filled it to the brim, and staggering over to the wretched sufferer, he held it close to his lips and shouted "*vaincre ou mourir*." The fallen knight gallantly made an effort to seize the glass, but fell heavily back. Whereat the other drained off the conquering *bokhal* with a cheer, and went to bed. Events luckily turned out well, and the gallant victor was rewarded with the enthusiastic admiration of his friends.\* However, to return to our party. About three or four o'clock the votaries of Bacchus and Terpsichore seek their couches; many, I fear, of the former are carried thither. Nearly the whole of the guests (perhaps a hundred or more) sleep in the house. The best rooms are given up to the ladies. The men sleep in rooms set apart for them, the floors of which are covered with mattresses. The next morning is devoted to recruiting the shattered systems. At eleven o'clock the seedy ones get some soup, as hot as chillies and cayenne can make it; the rest roam about and amuse themselves. At three, again, the scenes of the last day are repeated; the dinner now being chiefly curries and highly spiced meats. Again the fun gets fast and furious. Some one's family insists upon going home. Entreaties are used—they will not stay; threats are of no use—"then go," says our host; but turning to his slaves, he gives some order aside. The horses, six fine-spirited animals, are harnessed, and are fidgeting to be off, the family get in, they are just ready to start, when, bang! goes a cannon just under the wagon, where, by the host's order, it had been placed and fired. The

\* I believe I am right in saying that to the venerable Moderator of the Synod, the Rev. Dr. P. E. Faure, the credit is due of having thoroughly put down the fashion of excessive conviviality above described.



panic-stricken horses dash off madly, the women and children shriek, but, luckily, drivers such as you do not now see many of hold the reins, and no mischief is done, so we all return, heartily enjoying the humour of the jest. There are not a few alive now, however, who were present, and who thought at first the joke was of rather too practical a nature. Another day of jollification ensues, and then we break up and go our ways. We may, perhaps, some of us older men, have drunk too much wine; but if laughter, good humour, fun, frolic, and good temper, with total absence of ill-feeling, of spite, and of all the demons of discord can make men jolly, we have had a pleasant time of it, and a weak head was considered a misfortune, not a crime. I have not fully described the amusements of the younger folk; they are the same in every age,—merry games, thorough business-like dancing, some flirting, much downright honest love-making. I have described only what is of the past. These merry-makings often lasted for two or three days, and the number of guests sitting down to dinner were rarely under sixty or seventy. Oh! the good old times, the grand old times!

S. R. N.

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## PROFESSOR GUTHRIE ON THE LAWS OF MAGNITUDE.\*

THE Colony is not destitute of mathematicians. While a Cape Town Professor has been discussing the singular properties of the ellipsoid, and collecting and dispersing rays of light from reflecting and refracting surfaces, a Graaff-Reinet Professor has been writing a more elementary, though not less useful, treatise on the laws of magnitude.

The object of this treatise is to state more definitely than is usually done in text-books, and to *demonstrate*, the principal rules of arithmetic and algebra; and we have no hesitation in saying that the author has fully met the expectations held out in his preface.

It is notorious that even our best text-books often give very poor reasons for the rules which guide arithmetical operations; and the elementary character of those operations is in itself a formidable difficulty in the way of exhibiting to young beginners, unaccustomed to logical reasoning, satis-

\* The Laws of Magnitude, or the Elementary Rules of Arithmetic and Algebra demonstrated. By Francis Guthrie, LL.B (U. S.) Lond., Professor of Mathematics at Graaff-Reinet College, Cape Colony. London: Trübner & Co., Paternoster Row, 1870.

factory demonstrations of the various rules. The so-called reasons are, as Mr. Guthrie truly observes, "generally verbose, deficient in logical accuracy, and often, indeed, rather illustrations than proofs."

The practice of excluding symbols from elementary treatises on arithmetic is, we think, at the root of this looseness in the demonstration of its rules. It is generally supposed that a beginner would be confused by the early introduction of symbols, whereas no sufficient reasons can be given without their use. Much time, we are convinced, is generally lost by dissociating arithmetic and algebra altogether. They should go hand in hand. In these days, when boys' mental powers are taxed almost to the utmost, and when new subjects are constantly cropping up to engage the attention of teachers and students, it is surely a great object to consolidate as much as possible, so long as consolidation does not give rise to confusion. Practically, several years would be gained; the minds of boys would be gradually accustomed to processes of logical reasoning; and sufficient time would be found to devote to other subjects.

Some authors have taken a step towards the removal of the existing evil, and have interwoven symbolical demonstrations into arithmetical works; and others have treated of arithmetic and algebra in one work; but the work of combination has been only commenced, and the present *must* give place to a new order of things.

Mr. Guthrie's demonstrations can certainly not be accused of being verbose. They are clear, concise, and to the point. The work is not intended to supply the place of other text-books, the author merely claims that it should be considered as an adjunct to them. It therefore contains no practical illustrations.

Mr. Guthrie will, however, pardon us if we take exception to the proof of his Corollary IV, p. 3, which we quote *in extenso*.

*"If the first of two magnitudes is equal to the second, the second is equal to the first.*

If  $a = b$ , then  $b = a$ .

For, if  $b \neq a$ ,  $b > a$ . B 1, D 4, C 2

But then  $a < b$ ; B 1, D 1

$\therefore a \neq b$ . B 1, D 4, C 3

But  $a = b$  (H\*), which is impossible;

$\therefore b = a$ ."

\* The symbol H means "according to hypothesis."

B 1, D 1, on which the proof partly depends, states that, "*When the first of two magnitudes of the same kind is greater than the second, the second is less than the first.*" But the converse of this, although perfectly true, is nowhere stated. It cannot, therefore, be assumed that if  $a < b$ ,  $b > a$ ; or if it can, it can likewise be stated, almost *a fortiori*, that if  $a = b$ , then  $b = a$ . But then the proof of the Corollary would be quite unnecessary. In fact, the definition at page 2, "The equality of two magnitudes is indicated by writing the sign  $=$  between the two," would seem to show that the meaning of  $a = b$  is that there is a perfect equality between  $a$  and  $b$ ,—and that  $a$  is equal to  $b$ , and  $b$  to  $a$ .

Mr. Guthrie's definition of a fraction is a much happier one than any we remember to have met with. It is perfectly general. "By a fraction of a magnitude we mean some multiple of some measure of that magnitude." And his strictures on the current definitions are not at all out of place.

The chapter on Mensuration and Notation treats of those subjects in a simple, yet comprehensive, manner; while that on Logarithms gives all that is necessary for a practical application of the subject. Perhaps of the seventeenth chapter, on Variations, it can be said more forcibly than of any of the other chapters, "It will only serve as an adjunct to other text-books." But the whole treatise is full of evident tokens of the care which Mr. Guthrie has bestowed upon the preparation of his laws.

We congratulate the Graaff-Reinet College on its possession of a Professor who has been one of the most successful teachers in the Colony; and we shall be glad to see his work duly appreciated in England, as well as here.

X.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### GENADENDAL AND MISSION STATIONS.

IN the August number of the *Magazine* appeared, under the head of "Jottings by the Way," strictures on the subject which heads this notice. Only a few of these it is now intended to comment on, and that with brevity.

Passing over the incorrect historical part of the article\* as regards the formation of this interesting Institution, I will proceed to say that I

\* In a future communication I will be glad to give a sketch of the interesting history of the foundation of the Institution in 1736, and of its founder, the Missionary Schmidt, who for his religious faith had been a prisoner in Bohemia for seven years before he emigrated to the Cape.

imagine the Rev. J. A. Miertsching will hardly be gratified with the notice bestowed upon him, at the expense of his brother missionaries. Mr. Miertsching has more than once to the writer bewailed his five years' sojourn "amidst snow and ice," in the Arctic Circle, as a complete blank in his life. But from the remark of *Delta*, one would suppose that the scientific expedition to find the north-west passage, is of greater importance than the christianization of our fellow-men.

Without due consideration, the writer of the article expresses his horror at the physiognomy of the old men and women of the Institution. Old age does not improve the appearance of any of us, and least of all those who, during their whole life long, have been exposed to the fierce sun of this almost tropical country, and the wet and cold of winter. Much of such exposure leaves an indelible stamp on the features; added to this are hard work and often insufficient food. Then, again, when a labourer has been for years and years in service, and old age comes on when he no longer can earn his bread, he is charitably taken in to board by relatives and friends, at an institution, and there dies. No poor-house, for him. The poor do more for the poor in this country than most superficial observers are aware of. But such worn-out, poor old men and women, whom such an observer may see when he visits an Institution ought not to be held up as samples of the rest. The young, the stalwart and strong men and women, are out in service; some near and some far away from the Station. Perhaps only once or twice a year do nearly all meet together, and then you will see as fine a lot of men of the coloured class as the Colony can produce.

*Delta* complains next as follows, when commenting upon the results of the mission work at Genadendal: "The colonists who desire a material test of all this training, look in vain for some few of the educated natives to become *enterprising men of business*." This point is first to be taken up. *Delta* must be almost a stranger here if he does not know the difficulty all have experienced who wish to put an educated native into a counting-house or shop. When attempted, a rebellion takes place immediately amongst all the other hands. The only open way for such a native is to become a schoolmaster or teacher. But at Genadendal you will find some coloured people keeping shops, although you cannot expect a large proportion out of persons of the condition of mere labourers to become "*enterprising men of business*," and these, besides, belonging to a degraded and despised race. *Delta* goes on to say that the Mission Station produces no "*workers at remunerative trades*." Well, that is an extraordinary statement, for, perhaps, no station in the Colony has produced more artisans than this one under review. Do not the missionaries, as part of the teaching, instruct the people in their workshops, as blacksmiths, carpenters, cabinetmakers, wheelwrights, tanners, millers, and stone-dressers? Are there not brickmakers, thatchers, and builders of all sorts; and shoemakers, and harness-makers? A fair proportion of the natives have flocks of sheep and goats. And here let me inform *Delta* that the horse-sickness, then the lung-sickness and droughts, with a confined pasturage, have made in the last few years fearful havoc in the property of the people. The natives have a great weakness for cattle, and nearly all their savings were invested in such property, and by these drawbacks they were much impoverished. Added to these misfortunes were deficient crops, and to cap all, in 1866 and 1867, no more work was to be obtained amongst the farmers. Pestilence soon came in the footsteps of famine, and the sufferings endured by them were something terrible. Then it was to be seen of what stuff their missionaries were made. No hesitation on their part to visit the sick and com-



fort the dying. One of the worthy men, the Rev. Mr. Heinrich, died, and the then Superintendent, the Rev. F. W. Kuhn, was brought by the fever to the brink of the grave. In this extremity the Missionaries applied to Government for medicines—not food, mind.—Sir Philip Wodehouse refused the application, although recommended by the Medical Board, whilst the poor in Cape Town had everything provided for them. The refusal on the part of the late Governor is to be attributed to so many mistaken and erroneous statements that have been put forward about the Station, the Missionaries, and the people, which checked sympathy when these poor people stood most in need of kindly help in the hour of their most severe affliction. Here let me point out to *Delta* that he ought to remember that fever did not prevail at Genadendal alone—that it commenced at Robertson, when the Rev. Mr. de Smidt fell a victim; that it raged with terrible severity in Cape Town, the Paarl, Stellenbosch, and Somerset West. Why, then, should the fever, so terrible a visitation, be placed solely to the account of the poor at Genadendal?

But I digress. *Delta* says, Genadendal does not produce "*industrious and trustworthy labourers*." This is easy to disprove. No sooner are the boys nine or ten years of age, than they are taken out by their parents to assist in the harvest, to lead oxen, and to do other farm work; as a necessary consequence, they are expert farm labourers when they arrive at manhood, and are constantly in requisition as shepherds, ploughmen, gardeners, drivers of oxen, mules, and horses; can plough, sow, and reap, wash and shear sheep, trench and cut vineyards, and are invaluable to those who go on togt or a trading expedition. No European labourer can perform so many duties as one of these coloured labourers. The only regret is this, that in ordinary times the demand for such as these exceeds the supply. But let me not be misunderstood. What is said here of the Genadendal labourer may be said of all those of other Mission Stations. Of course, you will find masters of the Gradgrind species even in this Colony, whom no labourer can ever satisfy. There are also captains of ships who almost always speak ill of poor Jack. If you were to judge the British sailor by remarks of such captains, alas! for the reputation of the "Mariners of England." Added to the feeling of *class* in this Colony, is also allied the stronger prejudice of race and colour.

*Delta* also speaks of "Model Farms." Well, Genadendal has that along with its other excellent industries. There are the vegetable gardens, the orchards, plantations, and sowing lands, all kept by the Missionaries. They correspond with their friends, in other parts of the world, on agricultural matters,—and are capable of giving the best advice to the people for the cultivation of their gardens, in addition to example or "model," set them in the Mission grounds. The result of this is, that nowhere do labourers possess better cultivated gardens than here. *Delta* says, a *few* of the cottages are neat and clean inside. This is not doing the Institution justice. The great majority of them are clean and neat, the few are the untidy and dilapidated; and the most of the latter you will find, on inquiry, were caused by excessive poverty, consequent on the trials the people have undergone, already alluded to above.

*Delta* thinks that the religious exercises of the Moravian Church consist of "choral services" and "mechanical religious exercises." Why give forth so erroneous a view? No Church is so careful of admission into the pale of membership as the Moravian, and after admission to keep the discipline of the Church exercised. There are weekly meetings for classes, the Missionaries take the men, and their wives instruct the women. As far as Christian teaching goes, the Moravian Church is strictly evangelical, and the reverse of those who practise mere religious

mechanical exercise. Examine any member of their Church on the point "why are you a Christian?" and you will find that an intelligent exposition of their faith will be given. In regard to the results of their Christian teaching, I would ask *Delta*, when he visited Genadendal, was his pocket picked; or did any one crib the forage of his horses whilst in the stable? Did any one say when he walked amongst their shady walks, "I say, Bill, here's a stranger; 'eave a half brick at him?" Was he, *Delta*, or any of his party collared by brigands and carried up the River Zonder End mountains,—or was he fired upon from behind a hedge? Did he see any such sights as you see amongst the loafers in Cape Town, or such *saturnalia* as are witnessed before every canteen in nearly every village in this Colony? If *Delta* had taken the trouble to inspect the police returns, he would have found that there are fewer police cases at Genadendal than in any other place in the Colony, considering the number and the class of the population. I commend these and other considerations to the notice of *Delta*.

Then, as to the general *appearance* and conduct of the inhabitants of the Moravian missions, I would ask *Delta* to call on the Hon'ble Wm. Porter, late Attorney-General of this Colony, and ask him what he thinks of those Levies that went to the frontier to fight as loyal subjects for their Queen and country in 1851. Their conduct in the field has been favourably mentioned in several general orders when they were permitted to return to their homes. And I may say that in nearly every war these Levies were almost always first in the field. As to their characters as farm servants, ask such intelligent farmers as Mr. Chapman, of Kwartel River, Caledon; and even here, in our neighbourhood, as reapers they are not unknown to Mr. M. J. Louw, M.L.A., to Mr. Jan Louw, Phisantekraal. Surely the gentlemen I have named must be considered free of any undue bias in giving an opinion.

*Delta*, in ignorance of the ulterior objects of some, seems to recommend the "throwing open" of these institutions. The real meaning of this is, to open canteens and demoralize the people. The people themselves do not desire it, nor do they wish to have title deeds and diagrams of their erfs, even if they could be granted, which many hold to be impracticable. Why force this upon a people that do not need or wish it?

Let *Delta* reflect whether he has done justice to the self-denying efforts of the Missionaries of the Moravian Society, who for the last eighty years have laboured continuously for the welfare of a race who, being deprived of their country, have by that act been reduced to poverty. How different, let me put it to *Delta*, is the conquest of Hindostan. The people of India were never dispossessed of an acre of land. Their Government was changed, much to their own benefit. And only till lately no European could legally hold an acre of land in India. Then, again, see on the map of Natal what extensive Native reserves have been kept for the Zulus; but in this our Colony the land reserved for natives could be adequately represented by a dot of a pen on Hall's map.

There is much in the "jottings" about the "protective system" of the Institution, the control exercised by the "tenure of cottage and garden during outward good behaviour," the comparison instituted between the congregation of the Rev. Mr. Esselin, of Worcester, and that of Genadendal, all of which would require more space for review than can be afforded. As a colonist, as an employer of labour, I am of opinion we owe a debt of gratitude to the devoted men who have left their native land to instruct and raise the despised and often down-trodden of this Colony.

To conclude observations already too extended, one must express an unfeigned regret that *Delta*, evidently an accomplished gentleman, should

run a tilt against those who are doing a good work for the Colony; and that in his "jottings" he leaves unnoticed such real and gigantic evils as the canteen system as carried out in the country districts, in most cases without any police to check its evils,—a state of things which is a lasting opprobrium to the Legislature and Government of this country, a nuisance and loss to the farmer and employer of labour, and ever a copious spring of moral and social evils to the poorer classes, more especially when such belong to the Aborigines or their descendants, whom "in the providence of God" we have dispossessed of the land they once could call their own.

SIGMA.

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## LITERARY REVIEW.

OF the literature of the last month, by far the most remarkable development is that connected with the Franco-German war. "Our Special Correspondent" has distinguished himself on various occasions before, but never more conspicuously than now. It is simply marvellous to see how all the leading journals of England are supplied by ubiquitous correspondents with the most minutely accurate as well as broadly graphic sketches of the great events transpiring,—many of them manifestly written almost amid the fierce heat and fury of the battle-field. We quote a few extracts of these here, not as news—for our readers are already acquainted with all the facts—but as historic records, written with a dignity and power worthy of the Historic Muse, even in her very gravest and grandest moods. What can be a more terrible picture—hardly surpassed, indeed, in horror by any scene from the *Inferno*—than the following view of the battle-field, when the battle itself had ceased to rage? No other hand than Dr. Russell's could have drawn it:

"The greatest event of our time has occurred under the eyes of those who saw the battle of Sedan. I think the British public must have had enough of battle-field horrors and hospital scenes. There will be plenty of letters describing *Kranken-trügers*, burial parties, wounded men, heaps of dead, the hideous reverse of the medal, on the other side of which are the bright emblazonments of Glory and Victory. I will not dwell on the topic, but ask your readers to be content with the assurance that no human eye ever rested on such revolting objects as were presented by the battle-fields around Sedan. Let them fancy masses of coloured rags glued together with blood and brains, and pinned into strange shapes by fragments of bones. Let them conceive men's bodies without heads, legs without bodies, heaps of human entrails attached to red and blue cloth, and disembowelled corpses in uniform, bodies lying about in all attitudes, with skulls shattered, faces blown off, hips smashed, bones, flesh, and gay clothing all pounded together as if brayed in a mortar, extending for miles, not very thick in any one place, but recurring perpetually for weary hours, and then they cannot, with the most vivid imagination, come up to the sickening reality of that butchery. No nightmare could be so frightful. Several times I came on spots where there were two horses lying dead together in harness, killed by the same fragment. Several times I was four, five, and six men, four, five, and six horses, all killed by the explosion of one projectile, and in one place there lay no less than eight French soldiers, who must have been struck down by the bursting of a shell over a company, for they lay all round in a circle with their feet inwards, each shattered in the head or chest by a piece of shell, and no other dead being



within a hundred yards of them. A curious and to me unaccountable phenomenon was the blackness of most of the faces of the dead. Decomposition had not set in, for they were killed only the day before. Another circumstance which struck me was the expression of agony on many faces. Death by the bayonet is agonizing, and those who die by steel, open-eyed and open-mouthed, have an expression of pain on their features with protruding tongue. A musket ball, which is at once vital, does not seem to cause much pain, and the features are composed and quiet, sometimes with a sweet smile on the lips. But the prevailing expression on this field of the faces which were mutilated, was one of terror and of agony unutterable. There must have been a hell of torture raging within that semicircle in which the earth was torn asunder from all sides with a real tempest of iron hissing, and screeching, and bursting into the heavy masses at the hands of an unseen enemy. I cannot imagine anything so trying to the bravest man as to meet death almost ingloriously in such a scene as that—nothing so maddening to soldiers as to be annihilated without a chance of vengeance—nothing so awful to the fugitive as to see his comrades blown to fragments all around him.”

And next let us see how Dr. Russell describes the great historic event of the surrender of the Emperor Napoleon with a beaten and helpless army of 80,000 men, and the consequent collapse of all the ill-starred glories of the Second Empire :

“The Emperor could not oppose counsels dictated by obvious prudence, nor could he encourage the despair of brave men. A white flag was called for, but none was forthcoming. A Lancer’s flag was raised aloft. General Lauriston stood upon the battlements and waved it, while a trumpeter sounded, but in that infernal din neither sight nor sound attracted the besiegers, and it was only when the gate was opened, after attempts in which officers and men were killed and wounded, that the Prussians recognized the first omen of their stupendous victory. The firing suddenly ceased after the discharge of a few dropping shots, and then, as all along the bloodstained hills and valleys in which the smoke of battle had been hanging, the news, or rather the instinct, prevailed that the enemy had asked for terms, there rose, as I am told, cheers such as only can be given by a triumphant soldiery. Shako, thousands of helmets and caps, thousands of bayonets and sabres rose in the air. What an additional pang of agony that must have been to the wounded French, who felt that they had given their blood in vain, while the Prussians beside them, maimed as they were, tried to swell with their feeble voices the chorus of joy! An officer related to me that he saw a huge Prussian who had been lying with his hand to his side in mortal agony rise suddenly to his feet as he comprehended the reason of the ringing voices, utter a loud hurrah, wave his hands on high, and then, as the blood rushed from his wound, fall dead across a Frenchman.

“The officer who came out eventually and met General Moltke in consultation was, I believe, General Reille, who was the officer in attendance on the King when he was at Compeigne. He was the bearer of an autograph letter from the Emperor addressed to His Majesty, and written in no agitated hand. You already know the terms: ‘*Mon Frère,—N’ayant peut mourir à la tête de mon armée, Je dépose mon épée au pied de votre Majesté.*’ This letter was immediately conveyed to the King who, with Count Bismarck, General Moltke, and his staff, was looking down from a height above Wadelincourt on the extinction of an Empire. His Majesty’s answer was courteous and firm, and meantime General Wimpffen was informed that the terms offered to the army was the surrender of the whole force, guns, horses, and material, to the Prussians.”



"At ten o'clock the town was to be bombarded, and the French army around it to be shelled, unless the capitulations were signed. It is stated that the scene inside the walls and out was, to use a strong expression, 'Hell broke loose.' When the Emperor, who passed weary hours, looked out in the early morning he beheld a forest of steel and iron on valley and hill-top, batteries posted on every eminence, cavalry in all the plains as far as his eye could reach the hosts of embattled Germans. His decision was taken at last. He would see the King, and seek to obtain from him some mitigation of the terms. Attended by a few of his staff on horseback, His Majesty proceeded along the road from Sedan in a brougham.

"Count Bismarck was in bed in his quarters in Donchery, when an officer rushed in and announced that the Emperor was coming to meet him and to see the King. Count Bismarck rose, dressed hastily—you may be sure in the white-peaked cap with yellow band, dark uniform coat with metal buttons and yellow facings—and hastened off to meet the Emperor. He was just in time to stop the *cortège* outside the town. I was away on the field, and therefore cannot, of my own personal knowledge, state what occurred. As His Majesty alighted I hear Count Bismarck uncovered his head, and stood with his cap in his hand, and on a sign or request from the Emperor to put it on, the Count replied, 'Sire, I receive your Majesty as I would my own Royal master.' There happened to be near the place where the interview occurred, a few hundred yards outside the squalid town of Donchery, the humble cottage of a handloom weaver, of whom there are numbers around Sedan. Count Bismarck led the way, and entered it. The room was not inviting. The great Count walked upstairs, and found that the apartment was filled by the handloom and appliances of the weaver, so he descended, and found the Emperor sitting on a stoue outside. Two chairs were brought out of the cottage. The Emperor sat down in one outside the cottage, Count Bismarck took the other and placed it on His Majesty's left-hand side. The officers in attendance on their fallen master lay down some distance away upon a small plot of grass in front of the cottage. The conversation was a strange one, and as Count Bismarck has repeated it freely, or the principal points of it, no doubt it will soon be known and remain for ever as historic. The great point to be gained was peace, but, as far as his Imperial Majesty was concerned, no assurance of it could be obtained by Count Bismarck. The Emperor stated that he had no power. He could not negotiate a peace; he could not give orders to the army, nor to Marshal Bazaine; the Empress was Regent of France, and on her and her Ministers must devolve negotiations. So Count Bismarck thereupon remarked that it was of no avail to hold any further conversation on political matters with His Majesty, and that it would be of no use to see the King. The Emperor desired to see the King in person, but Count Bismarck declared that it was not possible to accede to His Majesty's wishes 'until the capitulation had been signed.' 'Then as the conversation was becoming rather dangerous, and as the situation was becoming difficult on both sides, we ended it.' The interview terminated. Count Bismarck went to see the King. The Emperor withdrew to consult his officers. It was a stupendous moment. The garrison of Sedan was furious at the idea of capitulation. But there, in grim black lines, on every bluff and knoll, on every ridge above the Meuse, on all the heights around, were drawn up the batteries which would rain a hail of fire on the devoted town. Some 600 guns would burst into a sheet of iron against every house. The town, with a few old guns on the walls, with the French field artillery utterly crushed, completely commanded from

three sides, could offer no resistance. The troops outside would have simply been turned into a mass of shattered bones and torn flesh in such a shambles as history has never recorded in its page of horrors. Negotiations as to terms went on, and at last the modifications which the French urged as to the officers' side arms and parole were agreed to. At 11:30 the capitulations were signed, as agreed upon by General Wimpffen and General von Moltke, and I believe Count Bismarck took part in the deliberations: The garrison and army of Sedan to surrender, as prisoners of war, to be sent into Germany; the officers to be liberated on parole that they would not serve against the King of Prussia in case the war goes on; all horses, guns, and munitions of war to be given up. The Emperor's detention in Germany was understood to be a part of the stipulation. When all this had been arranged, the King of Prussia met the Emperor as his prisoner on a wooded knoll sloping down to the Meuse. A short way outside Sedan, and separated from it by the river, stands a pretty country house built in imitation of an old château, but perfectly new, and provided with glass conservatories at the angles. It commands a beautiful view of the valley and town, and is surrounded by a pleasure ground and a small plantation, secluded from the road. About 2 o'clock, the King, with his body-guard and an escort of cuirassiers, attended by the Crown Prince and a staff of general officers, proceeded to this château, which was charmingly furnished, and received the Emperor, who came with his personal followers and staff in charge under escort, which was ranged on the other side of the avenue facing the cuirassiers. The King and his captive retired into the glass house off one of the saloons on the drawing-room floor, and they could be seen by the staff outside engaged in earnest dialogue. After the interview with the King, the Emperor had a few moments' interview with the Crown Prince, in which he was much agitated when alluding to the manner of the King. His great anxiety seemed to be not to be exhibited to his own soldiers. The result was, however, that His Majesty, wishing to avoid one mischief, was exposed to a great humiliation, for his course had to be altered to avoid Sedan, and thus he had to pass through the lines of the Prussian army."

And thus further he paints the picture of the fallen Emperor on his melancholy way to captivity and exile:

"Donchery, Sept. 3, 9 a.m.—The Emperor of France, a prisoner of war, has just passed below my window through the main street of Donchery. It is raining in torrents, and a column of Wurtemberg troops coming in the opposite direction blocks up the way a little. The *cortège* is preceded by a troop of Black Hussars in full uniform and uncloaked. Then came a brougham with the Emperor. He wore a kepi and the undress uniform of a Lieutenant-General, with the star of the Legion of Honour on his breast. His face looked exceedingly worn—dark lines under his eyes, which were observant of what was passing around, for he saluted an Englishman who ran out to see him, and who raised his hat. By his side sat a French officer, I think Achille Murat; but who could look at any one but the one man, and it was only a glance any person with good feeling would care to give at such a moment even to him? The horses, all unconscious of the fallen estate of their master, were worthy of the Imperial stables. The two postilions were as smart as if they were in the Bois, or *en route* for St. Cloud on a wet day. They and the two who sat behind wore long waterproof cloaks, glazed hats, and the Imperial cockade. As the brougham was stopped for a moment my courier caught a sight of His Majesty's face. 'What a change,' he says (even allowing for the lapse of years), 'since the Prince Napoleon lodged in my house

in London before he went to live in King-street!" He had his hand to his moustache, which had the well-known pointed and waxed ends, but there was no nervous twitching visible, and the emotion which shook him for a moment when he was speaking to the Crown Prince yesterday of the kind manner of the King had passed away. Then he brushed the tears from his eyes with the gloves he had in one hand, and was overcome for several seconds. After the brougham came a *char-à-banc* with Normandy percherons, filled with French and Prussian officers together, mostly cloaked, with hoods drawn over kepis and caps. Among the latter were General Boyen and Prince of Limars, who are appointed to wait upon His Majesty. Some ten or eleven Imperial carriages *char-à-banc*, *fourgons*, with superb horses filled with officers, followed, then some French officers on horseback, and after a long string of saddle and *renfort* horses, ridden by grooms, sixty or so in number, the rear being closed by a troop of the same Black Horse. I shall leave it to others to moralize on the spectacle."

In connection with this war literature and the future prospects of peace or war in Europe after the present conflict with France shall have ended, we quote the following significant passage from a remarkable article in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine* :

"There is another source of disquietude for Europe's future in the certainty that Germany having made of late such rapid steps towards her unity as defied anticipation, will not rest satisfied on her Austrian side with the consequences of Sadowa. The Treaty of Prague cut off from her nine millions of her race, whose sympathies in her cause have been so plainly manifested in the late crisis that it would be vain to expect so powerful a nation in the height of its prosperity to ignore them. Austria is already cut in twain by her own political necessities. The opposing sentiments of her two great races, which have forced on her a dual administration, cannot but be strengthened by the effect of late events upon the Teuton element in the empire. The desire to complete the German nation by bringing back those sons she has for a time thrust out is a force that must act in this direction when the fear of France ceases to influence the policy of Berlin. The work of the Great Minister stands unfinished until it be crowned by a fresh humiliation of Austria. Years since he pointed out that *Pesth*, and not *Vienna*, was the proper capital of the *Hapsburg*, and in due time he will (who can doubt it that has watched his past career?) find means and opportunity to accomplish his prediction or bequeath the task to others as their duty to the Fatherland."

THE sixth and last part of *Edwin Drood* has been published, and the *Mystery* remains, and will remain a mystery for ever. The concluding page of what now appears was written only two hours before "the event occurred, which one very touching passage in it (grave and sad, but also cheerful and reassuring) might seem almost to have anticipated." The event thus spoken of in a note by the publishers was the fit which struck Mr. Dickens into unconsciousness, and shortly afterwards into death; and the passage particularly referred to is the following beautiful and thoroughly characteristic one:

"A brilliant morning shines on the old city (of Cloisterham): its antiquities are surpassingly beautiful, with the lusty ivy gleaming in the sun, and the rich trees waving in the balmy air. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods, and fields—or rather from the one great garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding time—penetrate into the cathedral, subdue its earthy



odour, and preach the Resurrection and the Life. The cold stone tombs of centuries ago grow warm; and flecks of brightness dart into the sternest marble corners of the building, fluttering there like wings."

This picture was clearly drawn from the life after a ramble through Rochester in the balmy July air of the days just immediately before Dickens died. The prefatory notice already quoted from adds :

"The only notes in reference to the story that have since been found concern that portion of it exclusively which is treated in the earlier numbers. Beyond the clues therein afforded to its conduct or catastrophe nothing whatever remains; and it is believed that what the author would himself have most desired is done. in placing before the reader, without further note or suggestion, the fragment of *THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD*."

We had intended referring to several other new works received this month at the Public Library. Foremost of them in importance are the *Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews* by Professor Huxley. They deal with some of the gravest questions now being agitated between the physicists and the theologians, as well as other serious scientific questions affecting only the rival schools of the former. That the treatment of them is lucid, suggestive, and instructive in a very high, if not the highest, degree is but to utter a truism about any work proceeding from the pen either of Huxley or of Tyndall. But at the same time we appreciate the justice of a remark in the *Saturday Review*, that Professor Huxley, in calling them *Lay Sermons*, seems to have been half conscious that they possess no small share of the dogmatism of assertion which he himself imputes to sermons of the clerical order. Another intensely interesting work received is Mr. Wilkie Collins's latest novel, entitled *Man and Wife*, which presses the singularities of the British laws of marriage into effective service for the purposes of sensational but not unwholesome fiction. But to these and several other works, the pressure on our space prevents any further reference. We can but allude to a charming series of literary memoirs and reminiscences which that literary veteran, Mr. R. H. Horne, the author of *Orion*, has commenced in the latest number of *Macmillan*. We have personal sketches of a correspondence, hitherto unpublished, from Miss Brontë, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Browning, Leigh Hunt, and Thackeray, which are quite delightful, and from which, if space permitted, we would like to give pages of quotation. In the last number of the *Westminster Review* there is another of the admirable series of articles on the relations subsisting between England and her Colonies, which have recently appeared both in that organ and in *Fraser*. The one we now refer to is entitled "The Future of the British Empire," and we believe we are violating no confidence when we mention that it was written, as several of the others were, by Mr. John Robinson, of Natal, a gentleman who has oftener than once enriched our own pages. The thanks of all colonists are due to a fellow-colonist who thus ably vindicates their cause through organs which command attention and exert a powerful influence even among the Statesmen of England.

We have to acknowledge receipt of an interesting *brochure*, of which the second edition has just been published, by the Rev. W. Thompson, of Cape Town, entitled, *Theology: the Old briefly stated, with a Glance at the New*. The subjects discussed are, of course, not suitable for treatment in the pages of such a periodical as the *Cape Monthly Magazine*. But this much we may say, that we observe with pleasure the courtesy of tone and the utter absence of anything like personal rancour in the spirit with which opponents and their opinions are disposed of throughout the work.



# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## WIT AND HUMOUR.\*

THE lamented death of the late Charles Dickens, following so soon upon that of his great contemporary and brother humourist—Thackeray,—has reduced to a very small circle the number of English prose poets and wits. Henceforth we shall have to turn to America for our supply of fun and satire; and in the pages of Hosea Biglow, of Dr. Holmes, and the accomplished author of “Hans Breitman’s Ballads,” look for the flashes of mirth which Hood and Dickens, Ingoldsby and Father Prout were wont to periodically furnish to the rising generation of Europe.

The wit and humour of Americans have a peculiar flavour. They are entirely free from satiric earnestness, and seem incapable of the power and wisdom which we associate with the laughter of Sydney Smith and writers allied to him. Their merits are like the merits of still champagne. They glide pleasantly o’er the tongue; give a fillip to social converse; and are not likely to seriously affect our health or digestion. Their wit is rather “wut,” than the outcome of a keen sense of humour, and has hitherto failed to attract its due share of attention; but Dr. Holmes bids fair to surpass Washington Irving in popularity, and can claim at the present moment to be the most thoroughly original writer and thinker the Yankees have produced.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the subject of this paper, is now in his 60th year. He was born at Massachusetts, and after coquetting between law and medicine, finally settled in Boston in 1840, where, at the early age of thirty-one, he became Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical School connected with his own College at Harvard University.

“I hardly know,” says Miss Mitford, “any one so original

\* “*Wit and Humour*,” by the “Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,” price 1s.; to be had at J. C. Juta’s, Wale-street, Cape Town.

as Dr. Holmes. For him we can find no living prototype; to track his footsteps, we must travel back as far as Pope or Dryden, and, to my mind, it would be well if some of our own bards would take the same journey, provided always it produced the same result. Lofty, poignant, graceful, grand, high of thought, and clear of word, we could fancy ourselves reading some pungent page of *Absalom and Achitophel* or of the *Moral Epistle*, if it were not for the pervading nationality which, excepting Whittier, American poets have generally wanted, and for that true reflection of the manners and follies of the age, without which satire would fail alike of its purpose and its name."

In the following pages we propose to make a few extracts from his latest volume of WIT AND HUMOUR, so as to give a fair sample of the teeming and genial thoughts of this accomplished and extraordinary man. Before doing so, we should like to quote the honourable tribute which he offered to Charles Dickens in his poem of "Terpsichore," as recited at the annual dinner at Cambridge on August 24, 1843, where, alluding to "Boz" and his reception in America, he says:

" — This shrunken *crust*, that Cerberus could not bite,  
Stamped (in one corner) 'Pickwick Copyright,'  
Kneaded by youngsters, raised by flattery's yeast,  
Was once a loaf, and helped to make a feast.  
He, for whose sake the glittering show appears—  
Has sown the world with laughter and with tears,  
And they whose welcome wets the bumper's brim  
Have wit and wisdom—for they all quote him.  
So, many a tongue the evening hour prolongs  
With spangled speeches—let alone the songs,—  
Statesmen grow merry, lean attorneys laugh,  
And weak teetotals warm to half-and-half,  
And beardless Tullys, new to festive scenes,  
Cut their first crop of youth's precocious greens,  
And wits stand ready for impromptu claps,  
With loaded barrels and percussion caps,  
And Pathos, cantering through the minor keys,  
Waves all her *onions* to the trembling breeze,  
While the great Feasted views with silent glee,  
His scattered limbs in Yankee fricassee."

Equally graceful is his sly allusion, in the same verses, to the American fondness for a good word and high-falutin recognition:

"Thou, O my country, hast thy foolish ways,  
Too apt to purr at every stranger's praise;  
But if the stranger touch thy modes or laws,  
*Off goes the velvet and out come the claws!*"

\* \* \* \* \*

Their disgraceful national sins of slavery and repudiation meet with but little mercy at his hands.

"What's this?—A PARCHMENT! Surely it would seem  
 The sculptured impress speaks of power supreme;  
 Some grave design the solemn page must claim  
 That shows so broadly an emblazoned name;  
 A Sovereign promise! Look, the lines afford  
 All Honour gives when Caution asks his word;  
 There sacred Faith has laid her snow-white hands,  
 And awful Justice knit her iron bands;  
 Yet every leaf is stained with treachery's dye,  
 And every letter *crusted with a lie*.  
 Alas! No treason has degraded yet  
 The Arab's salt, the Indian's calumet;  
 A simple rite,—that bears the wanderer's pledge,  
 Blunts the keen shaft, and turns the dagger's edge;  
 While jockeying senates stop to sign and seal,  
 And freeborn statesman *legislate to steal*.  
 Rise, Europe, tottering with thine Atlas load,  
 Turn thy proud eye to *Freedom's best abode*,  
 And round her forehead, wreathed with heavenly flame,  
 Bind the dark garland of her daughter's shame!  
 Ye ocean clouds, that wrap the angry blast,  
 Coil her stained ensign round its haughty mast,  
 Or tear the fold that wears so foul a scar,  
 And drive a bolt through every *blackened star*!"

One would have thought that the writer of these scathing lines would be hooted out of Pennsylvania, instead of which, as man, author, and physician, he commands the very highest popularity in Boston. His moral courage must be of a very pure order to thus venture upon bearding "the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall;" but, as we shall hereafter see, Holmes is always equal to the occasion. In his mild "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," as well as in his "Professor," he has given some very hard hits to national vanity, and love of a lord; and few passages in Carlyle can be found more telling than Holmes' comparison of a shoddy aristocracy to the dazzling film of the putrid waters of society. "We are forming an aristocracy, as you may observe, in this country, not a *Gratiâ Dei*, nor a *jure-divino*, but a *de facto* upper stratum of being, which floats over the turbid waves of common life, as the *iridescent film you may have seen spreading over the water about our wharves*;—very splendid, though its *origin may have been tar, tallow, train oil, or other such unctuous commodities*. I say then we are forming an aristocracy; of course money is its cornerstone. But now observe this. Money kept for two or three generations transforms a race, not merely in manners and hereditary culture, but blood and bone. Money buys

air and sunshine, in which children grow up more kindly, of course, than in close back streets; it buys country places to give them happy and healthy summers, good nursing, good doctoring, and the best cuts of beef and mutton. As the young females of each successive season come on, the finest specimens among them, other things being equal, are apt to attract those who can afford the expensive luxury of beauty. The physical character of the next generation rises in consequence."

Further on, in an article upon the need now-a-days of "*every man being his own Boswell*,"—Dr. Holmes draws the attention of colonists like ourselves to the weakness which underlies all society that does not count *heroism among its virtues*,—that without *pluck* as its backbone, you can never interest good society in the religion born of muscular exercise; and that it is a fatal mistake on the part of every community, not to develop the physical energies of their young men and women, instead of being bound hand and foot to the traditions of intellectual growth. He thinks, for instance, that the United States furnish the greatest market for intellectual *green fruit* of all the places in the world; but that "the demand for intellectual labour is so enormous, and the market so far from nice, that young talent is apt to fare like unripe gooseberries—*get plucked to make a fool of*. Think of a country which buys eighty thousand copies of Tupper's 'Proverbial Philosophy,' while the author's admiring countrymen have been buying twelve thousand! How can one let this fruit hang in the sun until it gets fully ripe, while there are eighty thousand such hungry mouths ready to swallow it, and proclaim its praises. Consequently, there never was such a collection of crude pippins and half-grown wind-falls as our native literature displays among its fruits. There are literary green-groceries at every corner, which will buy anything, from a button-pear to a pine-apple."

Although we have not yet arrived at this state of school-boy infatuation, the warning is not without its value. Good books and good writers are too precious a national possession to be lightly discarded in favour of mere novelties in style, or literary eccentricities, and we would do well to lay to heart the vital truth of absolute trust in "a sound mind and a sound body," as the basis of all professional well-being and progress in art.

There is a good deal of humour too in Holmes' idea, that hospitality is a good deal *a matter of latitude*; that in cities where the evenings are generally hot, the people have porches at their doors where they sit, and this is of course is



a great provocative to the interchange of civilities. "A good deal, which in colder regions is ascribed to mean disposition, belongs really to *mean* temperature;" and then he goes on to say, that when you are bothered by all the noises and distractions arising from the distinctness of sounds conveyed to the ear on a very warm day—"then it is that one would like to imitate the mode of life of the natives at Sierra Leone; stroll into the market in natural costume, buy a watermelon for a halfpenny, split it and scoop out the middle, sit down in one half of the empty rind, clap the other half on one's head, and feast upon the pulp. At all events, this would be a more feasible feat than Sydney Smith's notion of how life might be made passable at the tropics, provided one could get rid of one's muscles and skin, and be allowed to walk about in one's bones!"

The great test of Holmes' excellence as a writer is the impossibility of making him acceptable to a mixed audience at a public reading. The flavour and fun of his satire is too delicate for the tastes of those who are rather inclined to be gross in their feeding; and much of his excellent fooling is robbed of its aroma when offered at lectures to lovers of strong drinks. For one who will appreciate his resemblance to Hood, Charles Lamb, and Prout, dozens will gape and stare at his subtle meaning, and prefer the more downright humour of poor Artemus Ward, with his trick of bad spelling, to anything so exquisite as Holmes' "Minor Verses of Society." When the doctor asks the cholera patient in Ward's story *How do you sleep?* and he replies *Two in a bed!* everyone grins. How many, we wonder, would appreciate at its true value, Holmes' plan for converting "self-made man" into "men of family," with portraits, books, heirlooms, and antique upholstery supplied to order? "Your self-made man is all very well, but *all other things* being equal, I prefer a man of family, by which I mean a man that inherits family traditions, and the cumulative humanities of at least four or five generations. Above all things, as a child, he should have tumbled about in a library. All men are afraid of books that have not handled them from infancy. One may have, it is true, all the antecedents spoken of, and yet be a boor or a shabby fellow. One may have none of them, and yet be fit for councils and courts. Then let them change places! The struggle for fame, as such, commonly ends in notoriety; that ladder is easy to climb, but it leads to the pillory, which is crowded with fools who could not hold their tongues, and rogues who could not hide their tricks. If you prefer the rough jolting of public opinion to

the gentle touch of friendship, try it like men. Only remember this, that if a bushel of potatoes is shaken in a market cart without springs to it, the small potatoes always get to the bottom."

Equally witty is his advice to those who are going to rush into print—*not* to be in a hurry. "The poetaster who has tasted type is done for. He is like the man who has once been a candidate for the Presidency. He *feeds on the madder* of his delusion all his days, and his very bones *grow red* with the glow of his foolish fancy. One of these young brains is like a bunch of China crackers; once touch fire to it, and it is best to keep hands off until it has done popping, if it ever stops. And you may set it down as a truth which admits of few exceptions, that those who ask your opinion really want your *praise*, and will be contented with nothing else."

It need scarcely be said that Dr. Holmes is fond of puns and practical jokes, and that like many better men, he hates being hoisted by his own petard. His writings, therefore, bristle with these forms of wit, and are full of humorous lament over his unhappy trials and privations, from the wit of others.

Take for instance his "MUSIC GRINDERS" as a fair specimen of his minor "Verses of Society:"

"There are three ways in which men take  
One's money from his purse,  
And very hard it is to tell  
Which of the three is worse;  
But all of them are bad enough  
To make a body curse.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You're sitting on your window-seat,  
Beneath a cloudless moon;  
You hear a sound that seems to wear,  
The semblance of a tune,  
As if a broken fife should strive  
To drown a cracked bassoon.

"And nearer, nearer still the tide,  
Of music seems to come;  
There's *something like a human voice*,  
And something like a drum;  
You sit in speechless agony,  
Until your ear is numb.

"Poor 'home, sweet home' should seem to be  
A very dismal place;  
Your 'auld acquaintance' all at once,  
Is altered in the face;  
Their discords *sting* through Burns and Moore,  
*Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.*

" You think they are Crusaders, sent  
From some infernal clime,  
To *pluck* the eyes of Sentiment,  
And *dock* the tail of Rhyme,  
To *crack* the voice of Melody,  
And *break* the legs of Time.

" But hark ! the air again is still,  
The music all is ground,  
And silence, *like a poultice*, comes,  
To *heal the blows* of sound ;  
It cannot be—it is,—it is,—  
A hat is going round !"

\* \* \* \* \*

The poem concludes with the advice that, if you are a portly man, you had better threaten to send for a constable, and shut the window, but if not, then—

—— " If you are a slender man,  
Not big enough for that,  
Or if you cannot make a speech,  
Because you are a flat,  
*Go very quietly*, and drop  
*A Button* in the hat !"

Equally quaint in its way is his song of the " *TOADSTOOL*," where he says of the enamoured toad, that

" His breeches are made of spotted skin,  
His jacket is tight, and *his pumps are thin*,  
In a cloudless night you may hear his song,  
As its pensive melody floats along.  
He sings at her feet through the livelong night,  
And creeps to his cave at the break of light ;  
And whenever he comes to the air above,  
His throat is swelled with baffled love."

The " *Spectre Pig* " is almost as good as Coleridge's song of the Albatross, but is too long for quotation here. We were especially tickled by the fancy of the butcher's youngest son, who finding his favourite little pig, killed and hanging on a beam, goes blubbering to his parent, and cries

" O Father, father, list to me ;  
*The Pig is deadly sick*,  
And men have hung him by his heels,  
*And fed him with a stick !*"

To which the bloody butcher unfeelingly replies, laughing, as if he would die,

" O Nathan, Nathan, what's a Pig,  
That thou should'st weep and wail ?  
Come bear thee like a butcher's child,  
*And thou shalt have his tail !*"

But the stings of conscience haunt the butcher when he goes to bed, and make him miserable.

“He slept, and troops of murdered Pigs,  
Were busy with his dreams;  
Loud rang their wild unearthly shrieks,  
*Wide yawned their mortal seams.*”

Eventually the dead pig shakes himself free of his beam and rope, and hunts up the butcher; gets on to his bed, and bids the frightened wretch not be afraid, but clasp the spectre's tail; which being done, they sally forth and

— “Fleeter than the wind,  
The shadowy spectre swept before,  
The butcher trailed behind.

Fast fled the darkness of the night,  
And morn rose fair and dim:  
They called full loud, they knocked full long,  
They did not waken him.

Straight, straight towards the oaken beam,  
A tramped pathway ran,  
A ghastly shape was swinging there,  
It was the butcher man!”

It would be exceeding the limits assigned to us were we to dilate upon the excessive funniness of the “ONE HOSS SHAY,” or the “STETHOSCOPE SONG,” which betray an intimate professional acquaintance with the secrets alike of coach-building, and of Parisian schools of medicine; and are really admirable specimens of facile rhyme; but Dr. Holmes is so little appreciated in this Colony, that if it were in our power we should distribute his shilling volumes *gratis* amongst our rural friends, so as to let them cheaply share our enthusiasm in his verse. We would strongly recommend his “SONG OF THE TREADMILL” to budding legislators, who shrink from tickling the backs or starving the stomachs of our coloured “ne’er-do-weels,” so that they might learn the delight of treading wheels, that go round about, “like planets in the sky”—

“They’ve built us up a noble wall,  
To keep the vulgar out;  
We’ve nothing in the world to do,  
*But just to walk about!*  
So faster now, you middle men,  
And try to beat the ends—  
*Its pleasant work to ramble round,  
Amongst one’s honest friends!*



"Hark! fellows, there's the supper-bell,  
 And so our work is done;  
*It's pretty sport*—suppose we take,  
 A round or two *for fun!*  
 If ever they should turn me out,  
 When I have better grown,  
 Now hang me, but I mean to have,  
*A treadmill of my own!*"

The variety of chaff in which Holmes indulges is truly surprising. He is equally at home in quizzing animal as well as human nature; and seems to take an especial delight in microscopic study of the habits of insects and fish. The Yankee gentleman who converted eggs into "*hen-fruit*" has found his match in the author, who looks upon fleas as "mediæval gentlemen in semilunar smalls," or who speaks of CONTENTMENT in this cold-blooded way:

"Of pictures, I should like to own  
 Titians and Raphaels, three or four—  
 I love so much their style and tone—  
 One Turner, and no more.  
 (A landscape, foreground *golden dirt*,  
*The sunshine painted with a squirt.*)  
 "Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,  
 Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;  
 Shall not carved tables serve my turn,  
 But *all* must be of *buhl*?  
 Give grasping pomp its double share,  
 I ask but *one* recumbent chair.  
 "Thus humble let me live and die,  
 Nor long for Midas' golden touch;  
 If Heaven more generous gifts deny,  
 I shall not miss them much—  
 Too grateful for the blessing lent,  
 Of simple tastes, and mind content!"

Throughout these volumes there are many sly pokes made at the medical profession (of which Dr. Holmes is a special ornament), as where he invokes them to

"Take a whiff from our fields, and your excellent wives  
 Will declare it's all nonsense insuring your lives,  
 Ye healers of men for a moment decline,  
 Your feats in the Rhubarb and Ipecac. line;  
 While you shut up your turnpike, your neighbours can go  
 The old roundabout road to the regions below.  
 By the side of yon river *M.* weeps and he slumps;  
 His boots fill with water, *as if they were pumps*;  
 Till sated with rapture, he steals to his bed,  
 With a glow in his heart, and *a cold in his head*.  
 Oh! what are the prizes we perish to win,  
 To the first little 'shine' we caught with a pin?  
 No soil upon earth is so dear to our eyes,  
 As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial pies!

Then come from all parties and parts to our feast,  
 Though not at the 'Astor,' we'll give you at least,  
 A bite at an apple, a seat on the grass,—  
 And the best of old —— water, *at nothing a glass.*"

He cannot even refrain from teasing his aunt, whose  
*"waist is ampler than her life, for life is but a span."*

"They braced my aunt against a board,  
 To make her straight and tall;  
 They laced her up, they starved her down,  
 To make her light and small;  
 They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,  
 They screwed it up with pins;  
 Oh! mortal never suffered more,  
 In penance for her sins!  
 'Oh,' said my grandsire, as he shook  
 Some powder in his pan,  
 'What could this lovely creature do,  
 Against a desperate man!'"

Questions of this delicate nature are especially dear to Holmes; and his pages are full of most exquisite little pictures of pastoral life and scenery. While free from the grotesque figures of speech indulged in by poor Artemus Ward, and scorning the buffoonery to be detected in bad spelling and Yankee idioms, Dr. Holmes grapples boldly with scientific phenomena, and imparts a most vivid reality to his weird conception of the consequences of a Comet being on the loose.

"The Comet! He is on his way,  
 And singing as he flies;  
 The whizzing planet shrinks before  
 The spectre of the skies;  
 Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,  
 And satellites turn pale,  
 Ten million cubic miles of head,  
 Ten billion leagues of tail!"

"On, on, by whistling spheres of light,  
 He flashes and he flames;  
 He turns not to the left nor right,  
 He asks them not their names;  
 One spurn from his demoniac heel,  
 Away, away they fly,  
 Where darkness might be bottled up,  
 And sold for 'Tyrian dye.'

"And what would happen to the land,  
 And how would look the sea,  
 If in the bearded devil's path,  
 Our earth should chance to be?  
 Full hot and high the sea would boil,  
 Full red the forests gleam;  
 Methought I thought and heard it all,  
 In a dyspeptic dream!"

We had marked many other passages for extract, but for the present must be content with his ludicrous and unequalled performance of "EVENING," by a Tailor! Here Byron's famous lines upon the letter H are fairly excelled. It is difficult to conceive a more quaint conceit, in the best acceptation of that term, than the employment, by the tailor in this poem, of all his stock-in-trade epithets to pile up the agony higher and higher. With what a truly Cockney air doth he not commence :

"Day hath put on his jacket, and around  
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars,  
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,  
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,  
And hold communion with the things about me.  
Ah me ! how lovely is the golden braid,  
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe !  
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,  
Do make a music like the rustling satin,  
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.  
\* \* \* \* \*

"Is that a swan that rides upon the water ?  
Oh, no, it is that other gentle bird,  
Which is the pattern of our noble calling.  
I well remember in my early years,  
When these young hands first closed upon a goose ;  
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,  
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition ;  
It happened I did see it on a time,  
When none was near, and I did deal with it,  
And it did burn me—oh ! most fearfully !

"Ah me !

"It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,  
And leap elastic from the level counter :  
Leaving the petty grievances of earth—  
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,  
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,  
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence."

We cannot conclude this feeble attempt to give some idea of the wealth of imagery, diction, and wit, employed by Oliver Holmes in dashing off these delicate delineations of his thoughts, his tastes, and his friends, without alluding to his touching lines to "TIME," our oldest friend. The man who wrote them *must* be a good man, and have a kind heart, together with the riches and the troops of friends which are proper to his calling. They are not unworthy of poor Thackeray, and must awaken echoes in many a happy home. Who is Time? Our oldest friend !

"He never leaves us, and he never will,  
Till our hands are cold, and our hearts are still ;  
On birthdays, and Christmas, and New Years too,  
He always remembers both me and you.

"Every year this faithful friend,  
His little present is sure to send ;  
Every year, whereso'er we be,  
He wants a keepsake from you and me.

"How he loves us ! he pats our heads,  
And lo ! they are gleaming with silver threads ;  
And he's always begging one lock of hair,  
Till our shining crowns have '*nothing to wear.*'

"At length, he will tell us, one by one,  
'My child, your labour on earth is done,  
And now you must journey afar to see,  
My older brother—Eternity !'

"So here's a health, in homely rhyme,  
To our oldest classmate, Father Time !  
May our last survivor live to be,  
As bald, but as wise and tough as he !"

W. H. R.

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## IN THE DESERT.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF MY "FIRST JOURNEY."]

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### CHAP. I.

MANY a time had I sighed "for a lodge in some vast wilderness," little dreaming of a wigwam in such a waste as this, with its "boundless contiguity," not of shade, but of rugged rocks and arid sand. It was not long before I caught myself muttering,

Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place.

The duties each day brought were so novel in their character, the people with whom I came in contact differed so much from those I had left, the sense of isolation was so oppressive, that the luckless aeronaut of Piquetberg would have had little difficulty in persuading me to embark with him, if he could have held out the faintest hope of our being deposited, however ingloriously, in the middle of the most malodorous duckpond of "our village." But there was no escape ; we were bound to the wheel, and ere long its motion ceased to be painful. Like the solitaire of Juan Fernandez, we found that there is mercy in every place. Fountains of enjoyment began to bubble up where we least expected



them. He who takes no blessing away from His creatures without ample compensation, caused waters to break out in the wilderness and streams in the desert.

It was, indeed, a wide scene of desolation which spread around us far as the eye could reach. An irregular line of ferruginous peaks and hills bounded the view at no great distance to the north. Through the opening in this range lay the course of the 'Hooms,—a river which, like all those of Great Namaqualand, seldom has anything but the driest of sand in its bed. Vegetation is exceedingly sparse on the stony plains which swell upwards to a considerable height on each side of the so-called river. One tiny tuft of withered grass, or one low scrubby plant, sapless and black with protracted drought, was about the average amount of vegetable growth to each square yard. In the river itself, a few stunted tamarisk bushes maintained a feeble struggle for existence; a struggle which would long since have ended, but for their utter uselessness, even as fuel. In the whole landscape, trees were so few that a child might write them. A mimosa, which had seen better days, stood near the church, but it had been sorely scathed and riven by lightning. A camelthorn with a few scattered leaves on its topmost twigs appeared in the centre of the cattle-kraal. Another which had located itself in a dry watercourse was in a more thriving condition. Besides these, there was not another tree in sight. Nearly half a mile from the house was our garden, the one oasis in the desert. Watered from the thermal spring which gives its name to the place, it amply repaid the labour and care bestowed upon it, and supplied us with abundance of figs, as well as with such vegetables as were suited to a soil so thoroughly impregnated with salt. The attention it demanded was by no means trifling. All through the intense heat of the long summer, the loose sandy soil required irrigation twice a day, and when the fruit began to ripen, the trees had to be guarded incessantly against the depredations of feathered and unfeathered bipeds. Hottentots and crows betrayed the same weakness for figs. How we revelled in the luscious fruit! We had no other, and luxuries were few. The whole country knew, somehow or other, when they were ripe, and as we gathered three bushels a day for some weeks, we were able to regale those who visited us. A wedding party travelled fully a hundred miles one season to the Bath, intending to stay and enjoy themselves for a couple of weeks after the solemnization of the nuptials. They brought no provision with them; their friends were to supply them with

milk and we with fruit. Alas! friends and figs alike failed them; the friends were absent, the figs had refused to ripen as usual. The happy pair and their companions were sadly chopfallen when they discovered their mistake, and after three days' fasting returned home in no amiable mood, having failed

To cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
By bare imagination of a feast.

It not unfrequently happened that a thunderstorm laid the garden waste. A fierce torrent would sweep through it in spite of all embankments, and carry away, not only its produce, but the soil itself to the bare rock. One of my predecessors had to pursue his pumpkins down the river, picking up one here and another there, for a distance of several miles.

For some time after our arrival we had to receive a succession of visits. One of the first to honour us was the highest personage of the realm, Abram Christian, Chief of the Bondelzwarts. Sir James Alexander said of him in 1836: "He is one of the ugliest men that can be conceived. His figure is tall and good, but his face is most disagreeable to look on, with a flattened nose, wide mouth, hollow cheeks, high cheekbones, and narrow eyes." The lapse of twenty years, which had deprived him of eyesight, had by no means added to the charms or improved the temper of the old heathen despot, in whose country, and, if Naugabib spoke the truth, by whose command, the missionary Threlfall was murdered.

Some who presented themselves—such as were of colonial origin or belonged to the higher families of the country—were grave and dignified in their deportment, and their garments, if not cut in the height of fashion, were scrupulously clean. Here and there faultless linen appeared, got up by the wearer himself, starched with native gum, and ironed with a stirrup-iron on his wagon-chest. These were the aristocracy and gentry. The majority of our visitors were neither cleanly in their persons nor their dress. One saw at a glance that linen was a scarce article. There were shirts, half-shirts, and no shirts at all. One could not but think of Falstaff's followers, and the jovial knight's description of their raiment: "There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves." Substitute cotton kerchiefs for napkins, add continuations of indescribable texture and make, and you

have the whole attire of many a Namaqua gentleman who favoured us with a call. In most instances skin and costume were alike ignorant of the cleansing property of soap and water. Water, indeed, is ordinarily too precious to be used for the purpose of ablution. A garment, once donned, is seldom removed from the person until, rotten and ragged, it drops off piecemeal. It cost us an effort to comply with the strict rule of Hottentot etiquette, which requires a stranger to shake hands indiscriminately. No ladies appeared at our levees in native costume. Their full dress was, however, scanty enough. Skirt and bodice were rarely seen in combination. The former was, of course, indispensable, and over all, a sheepskin kaross or woollen shawl was thrown. "The cynosure of neighbouring eyes" was she who sported a red blanket. Kaross, shawl, or blanket, was worn on all occasions when duty or pleasure called the fair one out of doors. It mattered not whether the thermometer stood at 40° or 140°, one or other of these articles was put on. Give a Namaqua lady a silk kerchief of bright colours for her head, a red blanket over her shoulders, and you would see her promenading in all her glory in the hottest noonday sun; her chin carried well up, her hands resting on her hips with the elbows drawn far back, her gait listless and sauntering, her body inclined gently forward, and all innocent of padding as her rounded contour is, you have an attitude as striking as the Grecian bend of the most accomplished coquette. I am not sure that the Hottentot belle does not surpass her more pretentious sister of the city.

The daily round of our life admitted of little variety. Flocks and herds required an amount of attention which was at first irksome, but which constituted one of our chief pleasures when we became reconciled to a pastoral life. We rose at daybreak to superintend the milking of cows and goats, and to dispatch Kena and Kabariép with their respective charges to the distant pasturage while the morning was yet cool. An hour's work, or make-believe work, in the garden employed us until the time for morning prayers. During the forenoon, books, school, or workshops furnished sufficient occupation, though the intense heat indisposed one for much mental or physical exertion. In spite of the inevitable siesta, the after-hours of the day dragged heavily along. Panting and perspiring, we waited impatiently for sunset, and even night brought little relief during the summer months. At such seasons we retired to our dormitories with extreme reluctance, leaving every door and window open. Snakes abounded; scorpions crawled nightly

round our bed ; wolves came prowling up to the very doors ; but we ran all risks for the sake of cooler air.

Now and then mutton ran short, and I sallied forth with a gun, a boy, and a basket to obtain a few Namaqua partridges. It is as well to state at once that, as my object was not sport but the supply of our table, I did not go about the work of slaughter in a sportsmanlike manner. In fact, as a sportsman, I belong to the Pickwickian School, as represented by the distinguished Nathaniel Winkle, Esq. After carefully sighting my bird, I pretty often discovered that the trigger resisted every attempt to draw it, and as the operation had to be gone over again *de novo*, the patience of the intended victim did not always equal my own. As to shooting on the wing, I might as well think to bring down the man in the moon. I laboured under another disadvantage ; the slightest pressure of the forefinger was preceded by a nictitating motion of the eyelids and a violent palpitation of the heart which interfered with the accuracy of my aim. Were these extraordinary symptoms indicative of heart disease ? or were they sent to intimate that such carnal pursuits ill became one of my cloth ? Clergymen and ladies "who live at home at ease" may perhaps incline to the latter opinion ; but the missionary in the desert country north of the Orange River, who has more than a dozen mouths to fill every day, has to do many things which would horrify his brother of the white cravat and M. B. waistcoat. Imagine my delight when, after much sighting, winking, and pulling, I took home thirty-five birds as the result of one morning's sport. After this I found no difficulty in providing a dinner. The last shot I fired before leaving the country killed sixty-eight birds. Large as the number was, it was exceeded by "old Ernest," who secured seventy-two. The Namaqua partridge of the Colonists is a grouse, known to ornithologists as *Pterocles tachypetes*. Shade of Temminck ! What a name ! Layard tells us it is occasionally seen in the Cape Flats. Its visits must be few and far between, for in all my wanderings in that delectable region I have not met with it. I would walk a weary pilgrimage to hear its shrill "tweet, tweet," again. As may be inferred from the success of such a wretched gunner as I am, it was exceedingly abundant in the arid plains of Great Namaqualand. When all the waters of the surrounding country were dried up, these pretty birds congregated every morning to drink of the perennial fountains of the Bath. They began to appear in coveys about seven o'clock, making hasty flights over the station and retiring again to the plains, shortly to



return with additions to their numbers. The larger parties thus formed went through similar evolutions. The process was continued; flocks forming and amalgamating, circling overhead and emitting their shrill piping cry, until at the end of about an hour, all were united in one vast flock of tens or hundreds of thousands. From the main body, which hovered above the waters like a cloud, single birds were first sent down to reconnoitre. If these spies were allowed to drink without interruption, the whole flock descended with a mighty rushing sound, and settled around the dams and by the tiny rills which trickled among the rocks. The Namaqua boys took advantage of the few minutes occupied by the birds in quenching their thirst to knock them down with sticks and stones; and I, as unsportsmanlike as they, having ensconced myself where the unsuspecting victims could be best enfiladed, obtained as many as I needed at a single discharge.

Sunday in the desert was as calm and bright as Sunday elsewhere. It is true we had no cathedral with its

.                    high-embowed roof,  
And antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light,

no pealing organ, no white-robed choristers, nothing to gratify one's æsthetic tastes. Our service was severely simple, but none the less acceptable to Heaven; none the less profitable to us who strove to worship in spirit and in truth. Even in the wilderness the day was not like other days. It breathed its own tranquil spirit into our breasts, and relieved the sense of isolation which at other times oppressed us. Far from the friends and scenes we loved, we enjoyed the more

.                    the breeze  
That plays with Sabbath flowers; the clouds that play  
With Sabbath winds; the hum of Sabbath bees;  
The Sabbath walk; the skylark's Sabbath lay;  
The silent sunshine of the Sabbath day.

Our church was an unostentatious, but commodious building, lying parallel with the dwelling-house. It had a pulpit, two benches for the mission family, and a very nice paved floor for others. Gentlemen who possessed chairs or stools brought them with them, slung over their shoulders, when they came to church; all others contented themselves with the pavement, as did also the ladies. The lady would have been deemed very proud indeed who aspired to

anything higher than a skin spread upon the ground. Abram, the sightless heathen chieftain, when he was present, sat on a chair apart,

Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,  
With bent and yellow forehead.

One seldom hears such singing as that of a Namaqua congregation; so soft, so sweet, and yet, when the hymn is in the vernacular, with such strange sounds, for all manner of clicks—dental, palatal, guttural—occur in combinations which would baffle the most skilful sol-fa-ist. Worship was sometimes interrupted in a ludicrous manner. A flock of kids or lambs, racing, chasing, gambolling in the morning sun, would espy the open door, and rush into the church. Amazed at finding themselves in such a presence, the playful creatures would come to a sudden stand, stare a few moments in solemn silence at the only speaker, and uttering a simultaneous *baa*, dash to the door again, pursued by the grinning Kol and Kena, whose frantic efforts to restore order only added to the confusion. It is to be forgiven if the occupant of the pulpit, whose facial muscles are usually under command, betrayed an agitation which ill accorded with his reputation for gravity.

I can easily imagine what kind of missive the Superintendent-General of Education would have dispatched to the managers of our school had it been within his jurisdiction. Methinks I see his bland smile as he enters the building and contemplates its ample space, and how the smile gives place to a look of dismay as his keen eye glances round. Not a bench is to be seen, not a desk, no black board, no prints, no maps, no abacus, not even a hat-pin. A couple of alphabet sheets, some tattered spelling-books, a few testaments, half a dozen slates, a diminutive table, and that is all. A troop of flat-nosed urchins, breeless and unkempt, squatted on the ground in a semicircle; a class of grown girls, in motley attire, painfully picking their way through the gospels; a writer standing at the tiny table with her copy-book, one hand guiding the pen, the other fully occupied with a refractory kaross, which ever inclines to slip from her shoulders; a group of boys staring in blank despair at mysterious numerals: such was the scene the school presented. More than once I have missed all but the very infants when I entered the room, and discovered the truants, monitress and all, under the shelter of a friendly wall, passing the pipe from mouth to mouth and distending their juvenile cheeks to the utmost with the fragrant cloud. Unpromising

as such a school might appear, it did good service in its day with the three R's. A large proportion of the christianized Namaquas read the sacred books. Young Namaqualand pens no sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow, but he writes love-letters, to which Totta responds. Epistles often came to hand which were veritable curiosities of literature. With some correspondents I was plain Mynheer; others styled me Honourable; and one good man, determined not to be outdone in courtesy, favoured me with a communication addressed "His Majesty Mr. R——."

Dutch was the language employed in our religious services, the sermon being rendered into the vernacular sentence by sentence. With an intelligent interpreter, conversant with both languages, much interest may be excited and a fair amount of religious instruction conveyed. Timas was a model in this respect. He had read many books, spoke five languages, and was quick to catch the speaker's meaning, manner, and spirit. His version seemed often to be an improvement on the original discourse. Alas for the preacher who is dependent upon an incompetent interpreter! His blissful ignorance is short-lived. As he acquires some knowledge of the native language, he becomes painfully cognizant of the astounding statements put forth in his name. Good old Jan Ortman, who had been "the hero of a hundred fights" before his conversion, and since then a sincere christian and faithful ally of the missionary, was often guilty of the most egregious errors and interpolations. He would introduce Moses and the Prophets when my remarks were confined to Saul of Tarsus, and make sad havoc of all the preacher's rhetoric and logic. The most classical poetical quotations were as pearls cast before swine. I ventured once on a very familiar line, which Ortman thought referred to the legs of my auditors, and rendered accordingly. Kol, Kena, and Kabariëp profited little by doctrinal instruction conveyed in what were to them, as regards religious subjects, unknown tongues. They and their swarthy brethren of the Damara nation were liable to fits of drowsiness, which they endeavoured to check by placing pieces of straw vertically between their eyelids, which were thus perforce prevented from closing. The expedient might be adopted by hearers in cooler climes, upon whom a sermon produces a soporific effect.

It was a prudent regulation which forbade the erection of any native hut within a certain distance of the mission-house. Experience had taught those who preceded me that there were many disadvantages attending too close propinquity which

might as well be avoided. A Hottentot hut, as every one knows, is a hemispherical structure, slightly flattened at the top. It is constructed of a number of mats, which are secured to bent poles, and is admirably adapted to the wants of a nomadic people. The hut is the property of the wife; and in its erection, removal and repair, she receives no assistance from her husband. A young lady no sooner entertains a matrimonial proposal than she sets about the making of mats. Accompanied by a friend or two, she trudges off to the river or other locality where the particular kind of reed which she requires is to be found, and after many days returns with a sufficient quantity. The cord or twine which she also needs cannot be had for love or money. Another journey has to be undertaken to obtain the fine inner bark of the white thorn tree, which she strips off and carries home for manipulation. I should have said for mastication and manipulation, for the one process must precede the other. As mutton suet is chewed in the river, for caulking purposes, thorn bark is subjected to a similar operation in order to separate its fibres and fit it for manufacture into twine. But the astringent bark is not so tempting as the suet, and has to be made palatable for the children whom the lady summons to assist in manducation. It is with this view that the long strings of bark are first steeped in milk or mutton broth before they are handed to the hungry brats, whose juvenile jaws never cease to grind while a drop of liquid remains to be extracted. A little further preparation fits the fibre for being twisted by the hand into a strong and even twine, by means of which the reeds are threaded together with a stiletto formed out of the shankbone of an ostrich.

The hut remains the property of the wife, and Namaqua law protects the rights of married women. She lodges whom she thinks proper, irrespective of the husband's will or convenience. Should anything occur to disturb their connubial harmony—and such things do occur, even in the desert—and the husband prove refractory, the offended dame literally “pulls the house about his ears.” She rolls up the matting, takes down the poles, defies any one to touch them, marches off with her milch goats to her friends, and leaves her lord “out in the cold.” Overtures of submission from the repentant husband quickly follow this summary proceeding.

A Hottentot housewife with any pretensions to respectability does not allow her hut to stand long in one spot. Every week or two it is taken to pieces and removed to



another site, on account of certain predatory parasites, which increase with astonishing rapidity in that warm climate. Speaking of parasites—if it be pardonable to speak of such things to ears polite—I may mention an entomological fact which is to me most inexplicable, and which I commend to the attention of Mr. Trimen. North of the Orange River, at least as far as my observation extended, that particular species of *pulex* which manifests a special partiality for the family of man is “not at home.” It abounds on the colonial side, and a stray individual may accompany the traveller a short distance, but the air does not agree with him, and he is soon left behind. Happy for us that it was so, for where creeping things abounded we could well dispense with these saltatory persecutors of our race. I know no other country, “from Indus to the Pole,” not even “Araby the blest,” so favoured as this.

Should Great Namaqualand ever be included in the diamondiferous region—I believe it will—let me warn all diggers against pitching their tents under a camelthorn tree. The soil around such trees swarms with a tick, “ugly and venomous,” which the natives call *sampang*. Weary and exhausted you seek such shade as the scanty foliage affords, and pillow your head on the saddle. In a minute or two these hideous insects make their presence known. They

“Smell the blood of an Englishman,”

and hasten to the feast. Not one was visible when you threw yourself down on the ground, and now you see them, of all sizes, up to that of your thumb-nail, hurrying towards you from all quarters. The cry is still, They come! Woe unto you if any effect a lodgment in your skin! I could not at first understand why, when our religious worship was conducted under the shade of these trees, my hearers took such pains in the arrangement of their garments before settling themselves for the sermon, the men tying their tightly round their ankles, while the females secured themselves amid inexplicable folds. Once bitten, I comprehended it all, and gained another wrinkle at the cost of a week's intense suffering. The heathen Namaquas are said to have punished certain offences against their code of morality by binding the frail sinner to a tree where these insects abounded, and leaving her to die there in all the excruciating torment which their venomous bite produces. The *sampang* rarely, if ever, occurs in connection with any tree but the one mentioned. So much for predatory insects, though the half hath not been told.

## HEAVEN UPON EARTH.

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### EARTH SHOWS US HEAVEN.

Not to the sever'd soul alone  
 Are God's Eternal raptures known ;  
 Death has no dire, exclusive right  
 To give us gleams of Heaven's pure light—  
 In life that light is oft reveal'd ;  
 To man those joys are oft unseal'd :  
 In thoughts that move to Godlike measure—  
 In sudden bursts of sinless pleasure—  
 In high-born ecstasies that seem  
 The passage of some saintly dream  
     Earth gives us Heaven.

### EARTH PICTURES HEAVEN.

Oh ! icy hearts, that say this Earth  
 Is but the travail of our birth ;  
 Who say that struggle, pain and woe  
 Are all the flesh-bound soul should know—  
 Whence come the thoughts ye hold of Heaven,  
 If not by Earth's fond moments given ?  
 How can ye fancy joys celestial,  
 If all untaught by bliss terrestrial ?  
 Nay, when, with mute, vague wonder, ye  
 Think of the mystic state to be,—  
     Earth whispers, Heaven.

### EARTH SPEAKS OF HEAVEN.

In many a subtle, silent tone,  
 Heard by responsive hearts alone—  
 In many a thought that thro' us sweeps  
 Like sudden blasts down craggy steeps,—  
 In many a throb our spirits flushing  
 From nature's splendid heart outrushing—  
 In rapid bursts of high emotion ;  
 In quicken'd acts of meek devotion ;  
 In moments when our sad souls turn  
 Unsought, to God, and Godward yearn,  
     Earth brings us Heaven.

### EARTH GIVES US HEAVEN.

When kindly deeds are gently done  
 By those who human plaudits shun ;  
 When helpful hands bear other's cross,—  
 When good reaps gain, and self gets loss ;  
 When loving words to sinners spoken  
 Leave vice rebuked and hard wills broken ;  
 When pride of wealth and pomp's condition  
 Fall self-abased in sad contrition ;  
 When passion's fires are bravely quench'd,—  
 Or doubt's fierce fang by faith is wrench'd,—  
     Then Earth is Heaven.

## EARTH PRELUDES HEAVEN!

Oh, happy man! Oh, gleeful boy!  
Blest is the sense of stainless joy.  
Oh, smiling woman!—radiant maid!  
Only on earth joy's light doth fade.  
The gladness that the heart confesseth  
Is kin to that which Heav'n possesseth!  
E'en as in mute delight ye tremble.  
What do thy raptures most resemble?  
What?—if 'tis not some finer sense—  
Outcome of that sweet innocence  
Earth gets from Heaven.

## EARTH WEEPS WITH HEAVEN.

Sad watcher by forsaken clay,  
Angels lament when mortals stray.  
Victim of human spite or wrong,  
Think of the Son-God, and be strong.  
Oh! heart whose hopes of Heaven languish  
Beneath crush'd sin's remorseful anguish,  
Heaven hails with highest exultation  
One fallen creature's restoration,—  
While that brief hist'ry—"Jesus wept,"  
Thro' ages long hath closely kept  
Earth bound to Heaven!

## EARTH LOVES WITH HEAVEN.

The parent-woe which fondly sheds  
Heart-affluence over infant-heads;—  
The filial love which lives and clings—  
Pure amidst dross of viler things;  
The mystic spell of virgin passion,—  
The graver grace of wedlock's fashion;  
The loyal friend's intent devotion  
Thro' grief's distress and life's commotion;  
Link us to that far sphere above  
Where He who says that "God is Love"  
Joins Earth and Heaven.

## EARTH THROBS WITH HEAVEN.

Electric thrill of glad surprise  
That fires the blood and blinds the eyes,  
When on our startled vision first  
Marvels of mountain-beauty burst!  
Times when our full hearts swell, uplifted  
By words that seem Divinely gifted!  
Times when creation's solemn chorus  
Far from the world's distractions bore us!  
Times when the spirit's depths have been  
Still'd by a sense of Hope serene,  
All breathe of Heaven!

## EARTH STRIVES WITH HEAVEN.

The victor's crown if fitly earn'd  
 Shall not in Heaven be lightly spurned.  
 The statesman's work if nobly done,  
 Eternal honours may have won.  
 The scholar, who, by tracks unbeaten,  
 Seeks life to cheer, and toil to sweeten—  
 The poet's pen to men appealing,  
 Great truths in common things revealing—  
 Are heralds of a higher birth—  
 Sureties that this long-lab'ring Earth  
 Leads straight to Heaven.

## EARTH LEADS TO HEAVEN!

This mortal garniture we wear  
 In finer forms may clothe us there;  
 Earth's atoms never cease to be,  
 Tho' change transmutes they circle free—  
 Nor can the canker of the tomb  
 For ever blight life's deathless bloom.  
 Heaven's echoes thro' our lives are sounding,  
 Heaven's hopes in noble hearts are bounding;  
 Earth's long experience unfoldeth  
 Shadows of things no eye beholdeth—  
 Prophetic thrills! Thrice hallow'd tears!  
 Hints of the vision that appears  
 When Earth meets Heaven!

J. R.

## THE BA-NTU PREFIXES.\*

BY THE REV. F. W. KOLBE.

AFTER the publication of the extensive and scholarlike researches of Dr. W. BLEEK, in his *Comparative Grammar*, Part II, the present attempt may appear to some uncalled for; but it must be borne in mind that "the field of inquiry is very large" (Bleek); the formative or concord-indicating prefixes of the South African Ba-ntu family are so enveloped in mystery, and of such vast philosophical and practical importance, as to make it desirable that every one who can in any way throw light on the subject, should do so. Having been engaged, for a number of years, in the study of Otyihereró or Damara, I may be able to offer some hints

\* That exacting personage, "the general reader," is informed that this article is not intended for him. While we cater for our omnivorous friend as zealously as we may, and with a success which, we are glad to find, he has very liberally acknowledged, we occasionally insert articles of this technical sort, which, though "caviare to the general," have to special students a scientific value. Indeed, it was one of our objects in reviving this periodical to provide a channel for the publication of studies of this character.—[Ed. C. M. M.]



and suggestions useful to the linguist and missionary, and of some interest even to the general reader.

Dr. BLEEK says, in his late elaborate work, that of all Ba-ntu languages known to him "Otyihereró is the richest in classes of nouns." In his arrangement of the prefixes it figures as the leading dialect. And it is not at all improbable that at a future period, when complete vocabularies of the several Ba-ntu languages shall be procurable, Otyihereró will win the prize, not merely for having preserved the largest number of classes of nouns, but also because it has best retained the original meaning of the prefixes. In endeavouring to find a clue to the proper understanding of the latter, Hereró ought to be our starting-point. Even Zulu is behind Hereró in this respect.

I shall state at once, in a few words, the leading ideas of the paper of which the present lines form a part.

(1.) The prefixes of the Ba-ntu nouns, identical with the corresponding pronouns, are obsolete nouns of very high antiquity. They are as old as language itself. They must have had originally a wide range of meaning, something like *the moving one, the walking or running one, the waving one, the dead, lying, motionless one.*

(2.) Consequently, they were employed in the beginning of the language to distinguish between different *motions*, and the *absence of motion*, observed in nature. They represented :

- a. Living, moving creatures, and whatever resembled them.
- b. Waving objects (trees, &c.), and things like them.
- c. Motionless things.

(3.) The prefixes stand in close affinity to some verbs still in use.

(4.) Like the verbs, the prefixes appear in groups with the three primary vowel sounds *a, i, u*. Thus the prefix *ka-* (13), for example, has the parallel forms *ki-* (7) and *ku-* (15). In some of the prefixes, the primeval powers of the vowels (as described in the writer's pamphlet, "The Vowels;" Cape Town: J. C. Juta) can still be observed.

(5.) The eighteen prefixes in Hereró fall into three divisions, viz., guttural or palatal, labial, and dental or lingual. Each division contains *simple* and *compound* forms.

(6.) The compound prefixes had originally a dualistic meaning, and some of them seem to have served as signs for what may be called the SEXUAL DUAL or COMBINED GENDER.

(7.) Of the primitive intuition, on which the compound

prefixes are based, scarcely a shadow seems left in the mind of the Ba-ntu nations. The dual prefixes are now in use to form either singular or plural nouns. In the former case they mean *united* being or object, in the latter *both* beings or objects, a plurality, more than one, many.

1. The following are the prefixes of the nouns in Hereró, with their corresponding pronouns in juxtaposition. The prefixes are grouped together according to their mutual affinity. The numbers refer to Dr. BLEEK'S Comparative Grammar. As to the characters employed, they are pronounced as in English, with the following exceptions in Hereró words. *H* is either strongly aspirated or spoken as *sh*, *s* is lisping somewhat like *th* in *through*, and *z* is the harder *th* in *the*. The vowels are spoken as in German.

| PREFIX.          | NOUN.                      | PERS. PRON.   | DEMON. PRON.                |
|------------------|----------------------------|---------------|-----------------------------|
| <i>oKA</i> 13    | <i>oKA-ti</i> , stick      | <i>KE</i>     | <i>in-GA</i>                |
| <i>oKU</i> - 15  | <i>oKU-oko</i> , arm       | <i>KU</i>     | <i>in-GU-i</i>              |
| <i>oTYI</i> - 7  | <i>oTYI-na</i> , thing     | <i>TYI</i>    | <i>i-HI</i> , <i>in-DYI</i> |
| <i>oMA</i> - 6   | <i>oMA-ke</i> , hands      | <i>E</i>      | <i>in-GA</i>                |
| <i>oMU</i> - 1   | <i>oMU-ndu</i> , man       | <i>U</i>      | <i>in-GU-i</i>              |
| <i>oN</i> - 9    | <i>oN-gue</i> , leopard    | <i>I</i>      | <i>in-DYI</i>               |
| <i>oVA</i> - 2   | <i>oVA-ndu</i> , men       | <i>VE</i>     | <i>im-BA</i>                |
| <i>oU</i> - 14   | <i>oU-ta</i> , bow         | <i>U</i>      | <i>im-BU-i</i>              |
| <i>oVI</i> - 8   | <i>oVI-na</i> , things     | <i>VI</i>     | <i>im-BI</i>                |
| <i>oMU</i> - 3   | <i>oMU-ti</i> , tree       | <i>U</i>      | <i>im-BU-i</i>              |
| <i>oMI</i> - 4   | <i>oMI-ti</i> , trees      | <i>VI</i>     | <i>im-BI</i>                |
| <i>oRU</i> - 11  | <i>oRU-tu</i> , body       | <i>RU</i>     | <i>in-DU-i</i>              |
| <i>e</i> - 5     | <i>e-ke</i> , hand         | <i>RI</i>     | <i>in-DI</i>                |
| <i>oZON</i> - 10 | <i>oZON-gue</i> , leopards | <i>ZE</i>     | <i>in-DA</i>                |
| <i>oTU</i> - 12  | <i>oTU-tu</i> , bodies     | <i>TU</i>     | <i>i-SU-i</i>               |
| <i>oPO</i> - 16  | <i>oPO-na</i> } places     | <i>PE</i>     | <i>im-BA</i>                |
| <i>oKO</i> - 17  | <i>oKO-na</i> }            | <i>KE, KU</i> | <i>in-GA, in-GU-i</i>       |
| <i>oMO</i> - 18  | <i>oMO-na</i> }            | <i>MU</i>     | <i>MU-i</i>                 |

2. The initial vowel *o*, which is found in all Hereró prefixes except the fifth (*e*), and which is a sort of article, seems originally to have been *a*. To this conclusion we are led by viewing the table of the Kongo prefixes in BLEEK'S Grammar, p. 224. The prefix *e*, in Otyihereró, seems not a contraction of *ori*, but of *a-iri*. Let us compare the Kongo, Zulu, and Hereró prefixes.

| ZULU.               | KONGO.                        | HERERÓ.             |
|---------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------|
| <i>uKU-</i>         | <i>KA-</i>                    | <i>oKA-</i>         |
| <i>iSI-</i>         | <i>oKU-</i> (a-uku)           | <i>oKU-</i>         |
| <i>aMA-</i>         | <i>eKI-</i> (a-iki)           | <i>oTYI-</i>        |
| <i>uMU-</i>         | <i>oMA-</i>                   | <i>oMA-</i>         |
| <i>iN-, iM-</i>     | <i>oMU-</i> (a-umu)           | <i>oMU-</i>         |
| <i>aBA-</i>         | <i>eN-</i> (a-in), <i>oN-</i> | <i>oN-, oM-</i>     |
| <i>uBU-</i>         | <i>A-, oA-</i>                | <i>oVA-</i>         |
|                     | <i>oU-</i> (a-ubu)            | <i>oU-</i>          |
| <i>uMU-</i>         | <i>eI-</i> (a-ibi)            | <i>oVI-</i>         |
| <i>iMI-</i>         | <i>oMU-</i> (a-umu)           | <i>oMU-</i>         |
| <i>uLU-</i>         | <i>eMI-</i> (a-imi)           | <i>oMI-</i>         |
| <i>iLI-</i>         | <i>LU-</i>                    | <i>oRU-</i>         |
|                     | <i>eRI-</i> (a-iri)           | <i>e-</i>           |
| <i>iZIN-, iZIM-</i> | <i>oTU-</i> (a-utu)           | <i>oTU-</i>         |
|                     | <i>eZIN-</i> (a-izin)         | <i>oZON-, oZOM-</i> |

From this table it appears that the prefixed *o* originated from a clashing between *a* and *u*, and *e* is a contraction of *a* and *i*. In Hereró the vowel *o* gained the ascendancy, and was generally adopted, with the exception of the single prefix *e* (5), which seems to have been retained, in order to distinguish this class from some nouns of the 9th (*on-*, *o-*) gender,—*e-hoze*, tear, for instance, from *o-hoze*, spy. The Hereró prefix *e-* seems nothing else but a remnant of the identical Kongo prefix *eri*. There must have been a time when the Hereró prefixes *otyí-*, *ovi-*, *omi-*, were pronounced *e-tyi*, *e-vi*, *e-mi*, as in Kongo. Thus we have in the prefixed *e* (ai) and *o* (au) in the Bunda genus, a sort of *double* article; the primitive simple article, preserved in the Zulu prefixes *uMU-*, *iSI-*, *iLI-*, &c., having been joined by a prefixed demonstrative *a*, with the result that *au* became *o* and *ai* *e*,—viz., *a-umu*, *omu*; *a-uru-*, *oru*; *a-iri-*, *eri*, &c.

3. Some of the prefixes must have been different originally from what they are now. This opinion, which I have entertained for years, I find also stated by Dr. BLEEK, Comparative Grammar, p. 285. The forms *omu-* 1, *oma-* 6, *on-* 9, *omu-* 3, *omi-* 4, were not *ama*, *umu*, *imi* originally; but they must have had, besides the labial *m*, consonants which have been lost, though they have been preserved in the corresponding demonstrative pronouns. It is clear that the prefixes of the noun and the corresponding pronouns

are identical. It may, therefore, be laid down as a rule that the consonant of the pronoun must originally have been found also in the corresponding prefix; and, if that prefix was a *double* one, in the *first part* of the compound prefix. In searching for the ancient form and meaning of the prefixes, it is of great importance to bear this in mind. Of the compounding of prefixes there are still many traces in Hereró, as, for example :

|                           |                                   |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| <i>E-ruka</i> , anger     | <i>o-MU-inyo</i> , breath, soul   |
| <i>oVI-E-ruka</i> , pride | <i>oRU-MU-inyo</i> , air, breeze. |

Now, in the case of such compound forms as *ovi-e-*, *oru-mu-*, the pronoun corresponds to the *first* of the two combined prefixes, viz. :

|                              |                    |
|------------------------------|--------------------|
| <i>E-ruka in-DI</i> ,        | anger this         |
| <i>oVI-E-ruka im-BI</i> ,    | pride this         |
| <i>oMU-inyo im-BU-i</i> ,    | breath this        |
| <i>oRU-MU-inyo in-DU-i</i> , | breeze this        |
| <i>oRU-vio in-DU-i</i>       | knife this         |
| <i>oKA-RU-vio in-GA</i> ,    | little knife this. |

4. Following this rule, we are led to the conclusion that the first *omu-* was originally *KU-MU* ;\* *oma-* 6 must have been *KA-MA* ; *on-*, *om-*, *in-*, *im-* 9, *KI-MI* ; the second *omu-* 3, *BU-MU* ; *omi-* 4, *BI-MI*. Let us again cast a glance on these prefixes in connection with their corresponding pronouns.

| PREFIX.                   | PERS. PRON.   | DEMON. PRON.           |
|---------------------------|---------------|------------------------|
| <i>oMA-</i> 6             | <i>E</i> (ka) | <i>in-GA</i>           |
| <i>oMU-</i> 1             | <i>U</i> (ku) | <i>in-GU-i</i>         |
| <i>oN-</i> , <i>oM-</i> 9 | <i>I</i> (ki) | <i>n-DYI</i> (in-gi) † |
| <i>oMU</i> 3              | <i>U</i> (vu) | <i>im-BU-i</i>         |
| <i>oMI</i> 4              | <i>VI</i>     | <i>im-BI</i> .         |

Now, according to rule, the pronominal forms *ga*, *gu*, *dyi* (*gi*), or *ka*, *ku*, *ki* must have had, originally, their places

\* This opinion I held when I was still in Damaraland, some twenty years ago. It is interesting to me to find that so distinguished a scholar as Dr. BLEEK has arrived independently at a similar conclusion ; but he supposes the ancient form to have been "something like *NGUA*," Comparative Grammar, p. 536. My friend, the Rev. Mr. RATH, after having seen Dr. BLEEK's book, was also struck with this coincidence, and wrote to me in a letter, dated 2nd August, 1869 : "Das präf. *omu* 1, meint Dr. BLEEK, war in früherer Zeit *ngua*. Hat er das von Dir? Wenn ich nicht irre, hast Du im Damaralande auch den Gedanken ausgesprochen."

† With few exceptions, the gutturals *k* and *g* in Hereró, when coming into contact with the vowel *i*, are changed into the palatals *ty* or *dy*, or the spirant *h*. The parallel *i-* form, for example, of the prefixes *oka-* 13 and *oku-* 15, is not *oki-* but *oty-* 7. In verbal roots, the vowel *i* shows the same tendency. Thus there can be no doubt that *in-DYI* is the parallel *i-* form of *in-GA* and *in-GU*, as stated above. Analogous cases we have in the Latin *c* and the English *g*, when pronounced with the vowel *i*.



respectively in *oma- 6*, *omu- 1*, *on-*, *om- 9*; and as, for obvious reasons, neither a commutation of *m* into *k*, nor an amalgamation of two genders so different as *ka-* and *ma-* is probable, the safest way seems to be to abide by the rule as we find it in the language, and to conclude that *omu- 1*, *oma- 6*, *on- 9*,\* *omu- 3*, *omi- 4*, are compound prefixes, viz.:

| PREFIX. | PERS. PRON. | DEMON. PRON. |
|---------|-------------|--------------|
| KA-MA 6 | KA          | in-GA        |
| KU-MU 1 | KU          | in-GU        |
| KI-MI 9 | KI          | in-GI        |
| BU-MU 3 | BU          | im-BU        |
| BI-MI 4 | BI          | im-BI        |

5. Suppose this to be correct, the prefixes must be arranged under two heads,—simple and compound forms:

A.—SIMPLE PREFIXES.

| HERERÓ. | KONGO.  | ZULU. |
|---------|---------|-------|
| oKA- 13 | KA-     |       |
| oKU- 15 | oKU-    | uKU-  |
| oTYI- 7 | eKI-    | iSI-  |
| oVA- 2  | A-, oA- | aBA-  |
| oU- 14  | oU-     | uBU-  |
| oVI- 8  | eI-     |       |
| oRU- 11 | LU-     | uLU-  |
| e- 5    | eRI-    | iLI-  |
| oTU- 12 | oTU-    |       |

B.—COMPOUND PREFIXES.

|                 |          |              |
|-----------------|----------|--------------|
| oMA- 6          | oMA-     | aMA-         |
| oMU- 1          | oMU-     | uMU-         |
| oN-, oM- 9      | eN-, oN- | iN-, iM-     |
| oMU- 3          | oMU-     | uMU-         |
| oMI- 4          | eMi-     | iMI-         |
| oZON-, oZOM- 10 | eZIN-    | iZIN-, iZIM- |

6. If it is admitted that *omu- 1*, *omu- 3*, *omi- 4*, and *oma- 6* are compound forms, the seeming irregularity in their respective correspondences is easily accounted for, or rather no irregularity remains to be explained. Then we need not suppose (Comparative Grammar, §§ 408, 409) that *w*, in *w-etu* (Kafir), is derived from *mu*, in *mu-etu* (Isubu), or *y*, in *y-etu* (Kafir), from *mi*, in *mi-etu* (Isubu); but the case stands thus. The full ancient forms were:

*BU-MU-ti* *BU-MU-a-itu*, tree of us, our tree  
*BI-MI-ti* *BI-MI-a-itu*, trees of us, our trees.

Now, in Hereró and Kafir, the first part of these prefixes, namely, *BU* (Kafir *w*, Hereró *u* or *vu*), *BI* (Hereró *vi*,

\* It cannot create surprise that the parallel *i-* form of *ma- 6* and *mu- 1*, should have degenerated into a mere *n- 9*. The easy transition from *m* to *n* is clearly seen in Mpongwe, in which dialect the fourth prefix *imi-* has assumed the form of *in-* (Comparative Grammar, p. 282).

Kafir *y*, a corruption of *bi* or *vi*) is repeated; but in Isubu we have the second part *MU*, *MI*, or, which amounts to the same, the whole of the mutilated prefix as it now exists.

Hereró and } *VU-mu-ti*, *W-etu*  
 Kafir. } *VI-mi-ti*, *VI-etu*, or *Y-etu*.  
 Isubu and } *vu-MU-ti*, *MU-etu*  
 Kongo. } *vi-MI-ti*, *MI-etu*.

In like manner the seemingly irregular correspondences of *mu-* (*ku-mu* 1) and *ma-* (*ka-ma* 6) become clear. In some dialects the first part, or remnant of the first part (*ku*, *gu*, *u*, *o*; *ka*, *ga*, *a*, *o*), is repeated; but in others the second part, or the whole prefix in its present incomplete shape (*mu* 1, *ma* 6).

7. The following table presents a view of what may be considered to be the full ancient forms of the Hereró prefixes:

| A                                       | I                                   | U                                                           |
|-----------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| GUTTURAL                                | OR PALATAL DIVISION.                |                                                             |
| <i>KA-</i> (13, 17)<br><i>KA-MA</i> (6) | <i>KI-</i> (7)<br><i>KI-MI</i> (9)  | <i>KU-</i> (15, 17)<br><i>KU-MU-</i> (1)                    |
|                                         | LABIAL DIVISION.                    |                                                             |
| <i>VA-</i> (2)<br><i>PA-</i> (16)       | <i>VI-</i> (8)<br><i>VI-MI-</i> (4) | <i>VU-</i> (14)<br><i>VU-MU-</i> (3)<br><br><i>MU-</i> (18) |
| DENTAL                                  | OR LINGUAL DIVISION.                |                                                             |
| <i>THA-MA-</i> (10)                     | <i>RI-</i> (5)                      | <i>RU-</i> (11)<br><i>TU-</i> (12)                          |

8. We shall now try whether we can find some clue to the primary meaning of these ancient words. It appears to me that they have a far more important bearing than, for instance, "dom in kingdom, ship in clerkship," (Comparative Grammar, § 415). These illustrations are well chosen; it must, however, not be forgotten that there is a vast difference, in regard to origin as well as influence, between the endings "ship," "dom," and the Ba-ntu prefixes,—for, whilst

the former stand isolated, having been accidentally introduced, the latter appear in clusters and extend their sway over all parts of speech. The prefixes in each division evidently stand in relationship to each other, and it is only natural to infer *that there must be one leading principle in each group*. There is undoubtedly some affinity or other between such forms as *omu- 1, oma- 6, on-, om- 9; eri- 5, oru- 11*.

9. Though it would be inaccurate to say that the prefixes of the noun have been derived from verbs, yet, I think, it is sufficiently plain that they are closely allied to, or identical with, some ancient monosyllabic verbs which still exist in the language, either in their monosyllabic form, as, for instance, *ya, i*, to go, or double, as *ra- ra*, to lie, to sleep. It appears to me that the prefixes of the first guttural division are related to the monosyllable *ka\**, verbal prefix, signifying to move, to go; the second or labial division to *pa- pa* (Zulu), to flutter, to flap the wings (Hereró *va- va* in *otyji-vava*, wing), and the third or lingual division to *ra- ra, la- la*, to lie; *ru- ru, lu- lu* in *rur-ama, lul-ama*, to rise, to be erect, straight, &c. This I conclude from the nature of the nouns in the different divisions.

10. The first guttural or palatal division, with the exception of the 7th neuter class, contains chiefly nouns which denote *living, moving beings*, as man (*umu- 1, kumu-*), animal (*im- 9, ki-mi*), and moving members of the human and animal body, viz., *oma- rama* (*ka- ma- rama*) legs, *oku- rama*, one leg, *oma- oko*, arms, *oku- oko*, one arm, *oma-tui*, ears (perhaps from the moving ears of animals), *oku-tui*, one ear, also *ome- va* (*ka- ma- iva*) water and other liquids (and collectives), or *that which is running*, following probably the analogy of *oma- rama*, legs, runners, the prefix *oma-* in *ome- va*, water, signifying that which runs like *oma- rama*.

11. The second, or labial division, comprises many names for *wing-like, waving objects*, which move not, however, like living creatures, but as the boughs and branches of trees, waved by the wind. Hence those members of the human body† which, either in form or motion, resemble wings, have the prefix *omu- 3* (*bu- mü*), viz., *omu- na*, lip, from the wing-like, flapping motion, of the lips, *omu- nue*, finger (*-row*), because the finger-row resembles a wing; also *omu-ti* (*bu-*

\* Radically identical with the preposition *ku* (a motion) *to* and *from*, and the infinitive *ku*.

† It will be found that those nouns which represent members of the human or animal body are, in most cases, *leading nouns* in their respective classes, a large number of objects being likened unto and named after them.

mu-ti), tree, its boughs and branches waving in the air, *ou-ta* (bu-ta), bow, *ou-tyi*, honey, referring to tree, plant. This will not sound strange to those who have made themselves acquainted with the Ba-ntu languages, and know that, far from being the production of savages, they are based on a very close and intelligent observation of nature. Thus some of the leading nouns in this division, *omu-ti*, tree, *omu-nue*, finger, *omu-na*, lip, though at first it would seem they had nothing in common, are reduced to beautiful harmony.

12. The third, or lingual division seems to have contained, originally, names for *dead*, *lying*, *in-lying* (eye-like), or (with the vowel *u*) *rising* objects, viz., *e-ho* (li-ho, *in-lying* object), eye, *e-tuba* (li-tuba, dead, *in-lying* object) bone; *e-hi*, earth, *e-heke*, sand, *e-kende*, ice, glass (dead, motionless things), *e-ue*, stone; but *oru-ua* (rising, high stone), rock, *oru-uma*, dust (from its rising), *oru-u*, reed, *oru-eti*, creeper, *oru-yako*, flame (rising objects), *oru-sepa*, thread, *oru-tenda*, chain (long objects), the vowel *u* signifying upward, high, long, &c. (See "The Vowels," p. 7.)

13. In a certain sense the three divisions may thus be said to correspond to the three kingdoms in nature,—the first to the animal, the second to the vegetable, and the third to the mineral kingdom. But it must be observed that the meaning of the guttural or palatal prefixes reaches further than the word "animal,"—it must have comprised, in the beginning of the language, not only all going, running, living creatures, but also such objects as resembled them; the labial prefixes conveyed not only the idea of "tree" and "vegetable," but they represented, besides trees and plants, all wing-like, waving objects; and the prefixes of the lingual division included, together with "minerals," all dead, motionless, lying, and—with the vowel *u*—rising things.

14. Our next step will be to inquire into the nature of the compound prefixes *oMA-* (*KA-MA* 6), *oMU-* (*KU-MU* 1), *oN-*, *oM-* (*KI-MI* 9), *oMU-* (*BU-MU* 3), *oMI-* (*BI-MI* 4), *oZON-*, *oZOM-* (*THA-MA* 10). We shall make an attempt to answer the question: what is the cause which to these prefixes gave their compound form? Can we discover any leading principle which pervades them all, the singular prefixes *omu-1*, *on-9*, *omu-3*, as well as the plural forms *oma-6*, *ozon-10*? At first sight it would seem that there is an insurmountable difficulty in the fact that some of them have a singular, and the rest a plural meaning. But it must be kept in mind that, with the exception of *omi-4*, *ovi-8*, and *ova-2*, there is probably not another



prefix which is in itself a plural. (See Comparative Grammar, § 454.) Thus the fact that the compound prefix *omu- 1*, in *omu- ndu*, man, is singular,—and the parallel compound *a-* form *oma- 6*, in *oma- oko*, arms, is plural, cannot serve as an argument against the mutual affinity of the two prefixes.

15. I think I am not mistaken when I hold that Mr. RATH'S observation, respecting the dualistic meaning of *oma- 6* (see Comparative Grammar, p. 200), to which also Dr. BLEEK attaches some value (Comparative Grammar, § 540), will be of great assistance to us in attempting to explain the nature of the compound prefixes. If this observation is founded on truth (and I believe it is), if originally the prefix *oma- 6* was employed to denote such objects, of which two are found united,—as, for example, the two arms, the two legs, the two eyes,—it seems quite natural, and in keeping with the spirit and structure of the language, that a *double prefix* should have been used to name a *double object*, *oma- oko* (ka- ma- oko), two arms, double arm, *ome- ho* (ka- ma- iho), both eyes, double eye. Now that a dual prefix should have become a plural, in this there is nothing uncommon. It is so in some instances in Hebrew, that the plural is expressed by the dual form. We can easily understand how *oma-ke*, both hands, came to mean hands, *ome- ho*, both eyes, eyes.

16. But the truly wonderful structural originality of the language forces us to conclude that, if *ama-* (ka- ma- 6) be a kind of dual, *omu-* (ku- mu 1), *on-*, *om-* (ki- mi 9), *omu-* (bu- mu 3), *ozon-*, *ozom-* (tha- ma 10)\* must be of the same nature, though, with the exception of the last, they are at present only used as *singular* forms. A glance at the following prefixes and their corresponding pronouns, will convince us of that:

| PREFIX.                          | NOUN.                    | PERS. PRON. | DEMONS. PRON.                    |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|-------------|----------------------------------|
| <i>oMA-</i> (ka- ma)             | <i>oMA- oko</i> , arms   | <i>E</i>    | <i>in- GA</i>                    |
| <i>oMU-</i> (ku- mu)             | <i>oMU- ndu</i> , man    | <i>U</i>    | <i>in- GU</i>                    |
| <i>oN-</i> , <i>oM-</i> (ki- mi) | <i>oM-bahe</i> , giraffe | <i>I</i>    | <i>in- DYI</i> ( <i>in- GI</i> ) |

\*. Thé compound form of the 3rd (*bu- mu-*) and the 10th (*tha- ma-* or *thi- mi-*) prefixes leads to the conclusion that they had dualistic power in the ancient language. It would seem that, for instance, *omu- na* 3 (*bu- mu- na*), lip, meant originally pair of lips, united lip, *omu- nue* 3 (*bu- mu- nue*) finger, pair of finger-rows, united finger-row; *izim- pondo* 10 (*thi- mi- pondo*) horns, properly both horns (Zulu), *ozon- gaku* 10 (*tha- ma- gaku*) sandals, properly pair of sandals. When the compound prefixes lost their dual meaning, *Mu-* 3 (*bu- mu-*), together with *Mu-* 1 (*ku- mu-*) and *N-* 9 (*ki- mi-*) took their places at the side of the singular prefixes, whilst the 10th (*Thin-*, *Thi- mi-*, *Tha- ma-*) prefix assumed a plural character.

It seems to me beyond all doubt that the same principle, according to which *oMA-* (ka- ma 6) was formed, applies also to *oMU-* (ku- mu 1) and *oN-*, *oM-* (ki- mi 9). But then *omu- ndu*, *om- buhe*, are singular forms; we can understand, as we said before, that the dual should become plural; but that it should also have been made to serve as singular seems not so clear. And yet instances may be found that a dual form is used as singular, and, in that case, it means *double* or *united* object. In Malagasy, for instance, the word *ma-so* (no doubt identical with the Ba-ntu plural or dual forms *omeho*, *messo*, &c.) means "the eye." In Dikele Dr. BLEEK found at least one noun of the 6th *ma-* class in the singular number "*M-oka* 6, sole fish, pl. *mi-oka* 4." Similar cases we meet in the 1st *umu-* and the 9th *in-* prefixes.

17. Now how are we to explain the strange fact that, in the Ba-ntu languages, the singular of *man* and *animal* (real gender) is represented by the compound or originally dual prefixes *uMU-* (*KU-MU* 1), and *iN-*, *iM-* (*KI-MI* 9), radically identical with the sixth dualistic prefix *aMA-* (*KA-MA*) ?

Here I proceed with some reluctance. The idea I am going to advance is, as far as my experience goes, quite unknown in philology. The common dual in the Hottentot language, which denotes a man and a woman, is merely a shadow of what I think originally existed in the ancient Ba-ntu language, namely a SEXUAL DUAL or COMBINED GENDER; *oMU-ndu* (*KU-MU-ndu*) must have originally meant "united man," male and female, man complete, man in the full sense of the word, something like the word Adam, which, according to Gen. v. 2, means united man, male and female: "He called *their* name Adam in the day when *they* were created." And if *uMU-* (*KU-MU* 1) means united man, the compound prefix *iN-*, *iM-* (*KI-MI* 9), must signify united animal,\* male and female,—and this idea would easily be transferred to members of the human and animal body, and other objects which exist in pairs, and which naturally appeared to primeval man as couples, male and female united.

18. The second part of the compound prefixes (viz. *-MA-*, *-MU-*, *-MI-*) in *oMA-* (*KA-MA* 6), *oMU-* (*KU-MU* 1), *oN-* (*KI-MI* 9), *oMU-* (*BU-MU* 3), *oZON-* (*THA-MA* 10) must be regarded as auxiliary prefixes, meaning as much

\* In DÖHNE'S Zulu Kafir dictionary one hundred and fifty-eight nouns of the 9th *in-*, *im-* gender, and in HAHN'S Hereró vocabulary one hundred and twenty are names of animals, besides a considerable number which evidently refer to animals.

as *mate*,—viz., *oku-oko*, arm, *oma-oko* (ka-ma-oko), arms, both arms, the arm and its mate.

19. It would thus seem that, after all, there is something of *real gender* in the Ba-ntu languages, but it is hidden. The original meaning of the dual prefix “the being (or thing) and its mate,” or “male *and* female,” having been lost in the long lapse of ages, the idea “male *or* female” was substituted, and so it happened that the dual prefix was applied to males or females indiscriminately, in the same way as also our *man*, *mensch*, pron. *man*, is used to denote man in general “male *and* female,” but also “male *or* female.” We have in the Ba-ntu languages the germ of what is more extensively developed in sex-denoting languages. It is not impossible that, in the former, the much-discussed question of grammatical gender will find its solution. The transferring of the distinction of natural gender to lifeless objects arose perhaps originally simply from the circumstance that some members of the human and animal body, and other things (eyes, ears, arms, sandals, &c.), appeared in *pairs*, being looked upon as *male and female*, and consequently thrown into the same division with the latter, for example:

*oMU-ndu* (*KU-MU-ndu*) man, properly united man, male and female.

*oMA-oko* (*KA-MA-oko*) arms, properly both arms, united like male and female.

At this early stage of the development of gender, the ancient Ba-ntu language was stopped in its progress and became stereotyped; but other (sex-denoting) languages, whilst dropping the sexual dual, or retaining only a shadow of it in the common dual, extended the idea of gender to all objects whatever, no matter whether they appeared in *pairs* or not.

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## LIFE AT THE CAPE.

BY A LADY.

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### LETTER V.

Gardens, 10th November, 1861.

\* \* \* \* \* —We are now fairly in for two months of “south-easters,” and, from what I have seen of them lately, it gives one quite a new experience of the power of wind.

During the past week we have been terribly flustered by this howling nuisance. It has been blowing great guns for several days together, lulling towards sunrise, and generally more furious towards sunset; but at intervals tearing over the town and bay in terrific gusts that are almost appalling from their force and fierceness. Sometimes the houses in town are quite obscured from view by clouds of fine red dust, while the waves of Table Bay are lashed and churned into galloping steeds, white with foam and scud, and as if impelled by the furies to sweep Robben Island out of their path. Around us the forest trees are in wild commotion, groaning and creaking dismally as the wind comes crashing down in a *thick white wall*, tearing away huge branches with ease. Although the air up here is cold and dry and not unpleasant out of doors, yet inside, oh! how close and *stuffy* are most of the rooms, for the sake of keeping out the dust. One pants and puffs for fresh air. Then you open the windows, and everything in the way of furniture is almost immediately disarranged. You fly to the garden, and, when there, can scarcely keep your eyes open for the irritating particles of dust. Your best flowers are shrivelled into straw; your prettiest plants look as if they had been burnt. In your neighbours' premises all is ruin, desolation, and waste. There is only one thing to do, and that is to get on to the Kloof Road where the wind has little or no effect, and then the change is delightful. \* \* \* But it is the lull *after* the storm that really upsets one the most, making you feel languid, out of sorts, depressed, and indisposed to even *think* cheerfully; for then the wind has died away into a frizzling calm, succeeded by *intense dry* heat, and an almost hot-house atmosphere, enough to bake you brown. No wonder they call this wind "the Cape Doctor," for no sooner has it left you than you have to put up with all sorts of disagreeable consequences. As for trying to do any shopping, it would be simply madness to attempt it. I tried it once, and never shall I forget the way in which I was twisted and twirled about until I was only too glad to take refuge in a cab. To venture into the streets, then, while a strong south-easter is blowing, is to expose yourself to ridicule and disgrace, for it is impossible to keep your balance, much less your bonnet, during its continuance. And then the clouds of dust, choking your windpipe and making you swallow the proverbial peck of dirt we are born to eat some time or other *all* in a minute or two; the rattling hail of small pebbles, and the frightful eddying blasts that toss your clothes over your head, wrench



your shawl off your back, and pelt your face and eyes with a perfect battery of gravelly sand torn from the street surface,—are evils sufficient to make a Quaker lose his presence of mind. \* \* \* And all this time the Devil's table-cloth is being neatly and smoothly laid half-way down over the mountain, and a *perfect cataract* of wool and cotton is flaking off in big sheets and ragged bales of vapoury cloud, as if all the fleeces of the Colony had been suddenly sent flying over the summit, and tossed into space. \* \* \* And when, after two or three days' extravagance, the supply seems at length to have become perfectly exhausted, and the outline of the mountain is of grotesque and dazzling clearness, and its skyline appears to be only interrupted by funny groups of coolies or baboons sweeping away the fragments from the rocks, then the wind will occasionally blow with greater violence than before, even while the bright blue sky is perfectly free from cloud, and you might almost fancy yourself in Italy but for the wind. \* \* \*

Oh! but this wind is an awful infliction upon Cape Town residents. It is enough to make you cry to see the mischief done in one short night to the exposed flower beds of the Botanic Gardens—everything looking brown, withered and sapless, where two days previously all was green, crisp, and glistening with vigorous growth. The constant roaring in your ears is very irritating, and upsets your temper abominably. It makes your skin hot, harsh, and crackling; and my hair almost *snaps* and *fizzes* if furiously brushed during these trying times. \* \* \* Then we are sometimes blessed with a *black* south-easter, which is nothing less than a south-easter *in the sulks*, all tears, rage, and freezing ill-nature. The mountain is then *quite buried* in cloud, the air is laden with moisture, the winds run howling hither and thither, doors bang, windows rattle, horses jib, the rain descends, the dust ascends, everybody tumbles up against his neighbour, and no one knows whither he is going or where it will all end. Even the very pigeons are afraid to venture out, and pedestrians gaze very fixedly at their boots, while vainly trying to make headway against this oppressive tax upon locomotion. \* \* \*

Then, the dust—ah! my dear——you don't know what *dust* means till you have dwelt in Cape Town. To you, who are accustomed to have streets well swept, and the pavement kept clear of rubbish by constant relays of scavengers, how *can* you realize dust so fine that it works its way into your friend's drawing-rooms, defying sight, but spoiling piano keys, bronzing fenders, and toning down the too

brilliant foliage of wall-papers into a very sober brown. Of course, there are water-carts; but, oh! so few and far between, that before they have well turned out of one dusty street the parched ground is as dry as if never soused at all. Then it is quite diverting to watch the lazy way in which the young imps who guide the quick-stepping horses, and sit a-straddle of the hogsheads on wheels, go about their business of laying the street dust. With the check-string in the right hand, and the reins in the left, they keep jerk, jerking away, just *sprinkling* the streets, and making as few visits as possible to the troughs where they get their supply. Dirty salt water from the beach is often used, and leaves anything but a balmy odour behind; so that it is wonderful how people put up with the grievance. Were it not for the wind, however, the town would never get rid of one half of its abominations; so that we must take the good it does as a set-off to the mischief it works during the season, and be thankful for small mercies. \* \* \*

*November 20.*—The weather of late has been getting sensibly hotter; but I cannot say that I find it in any way to be disagreeable. Although the glass sometimes rises to eighty, there is very little of that sweltering sultry heat which we associate with an African summer. Provided you sit quiet, broiling in the sun is almost agreeable; and the labourers at noon think nothing of lying flat on their backs, drawing their hats over their faces, and going fast asleep in a blaze of sunshine. In fact, our life out here would be very hum-drum indeed if we did not spend so much time out of doors. Gardening means personal exertion; and I know one old gentleman whose chief exercise is to get up early in the morning before the dew is off the grass, and mow all his lawns smooth with his own clear-sweeping scythe; while many ladies would never have gardens at all if they did not do all their potting and transplanting with their own hands. This open-air life has already robbed me of gloves and parasol; and I think one's moral cuticle seems to grow thicker also in this sensuous climate. It is not that I have grown stronger-minded, but I fancy familiarity with colonial surroundings has made me less sensitive to social requirements, and more content to "take the goods the gods provide us." \* \* \*

Barring the wind, I find my life here very endurable, and you are quite mistaken in conjuring up the host of evils contained in your last. Of course, if the heat should grow intolerable, as we may probably expect at the time when you are shivering over your Christmas fires, why we must

only adjourn elsewhere, and cultivate the Muses in shade. There are lots of places from which to choose.

Our *suburbs*, such as Wynberg and Rondebosch, on the other side of the mountain, are said to be deliciously cool and free from wind, and very much resorted to by those who can at all afford the luxury. Were it not for the children, it would be delightful to make a round of visits to many pleasant places situate on the other side of Table Mountain; but it is such a tax upon our friends' good-nature to be dragging the family about with us, that hitherto I have forborne from accepting invitations. \* \* \* There is one place, however, mentioned by Lady Anne Barnard, called "Paradise," which amply justifies all her praises; and in its immediate neighbourhood the Viceroy is wont to take up his summer residence; although, for my part, I infinitely prefer the house and splendid adjoining estate of "Groot-schuur," now in the possession of the Hon. ——. "Westbrook" has a fine view over the Flats; but "Groot-schuur" is a truly princely residence, and is almost buried in trees, extending right up to the foot of the mountain. Among them are groves of the lovely silver pine, and magnificent specimens of colonial oak and fir, growing to an *enormous* height. The owner of this place is a rare specimen of the old Dutch school, and nothing could exceed his kindness and hospitable courtesies during our too brief visit. He pointed out to us with great pride the boundaries of his estate, said he looked upon his trees as he would have looked upon his children had he been blessed with any, and that he never allowed any to be cut down unless they showed signs of decay or were injured by storms. If every land-owner were as conservative as this polite old gentleman, the chief drawback of the country would rapidly be got rid of. I suppose there must be tens of thousands of fine young trees on this huge slice of land, and yet they never think of thinning them out. \* \* \*

If, however, you wish to see a pleasant sight in the way of *silver* trees, you should join us in a ride to Bishop's Court, over what is very properly styled "Silver-tree Hill," by a path leading from Wynberg, where our troops are now established in a "Sanatorium." Such grand scenery is literally thrown away upon the residents and the soldiers in camp, who think more of coolness than intellectual luxuries, and laugh at the idea of climbing a steep hill to see a sun-set; but the Bishop and his family are immensely proud of the well-wooded valley in which they have secluded themselves from the world, and in this calm retreat can

almost realize the happy dream of Rasselas, so full of beauties is the surrounding scenery. The Bishop has a bright sparkling, *sherry*-coloured river skirting his property; and along the banks of it are to be seen as pretty little "*bits*" as ever were sketched from the pools of the Conway or the Wyc.

\* \* \* I suppose it is rather wet at Protea in winter, for ——— told us that the water-falls above their property are upon so grand a scale that when full they can be plainly seen and heard two miles off; and that they cause the river Liesbeek to sometimes rise six or seven feet in a single night. They showed us a primitive bridge, self-constructed by the river burrowing away at the roots of an immense poplar, until it tumbled across the brook, the banks of which were here at least sixteen feet high, and I can quite fancy the roaring and whirling of the flood when in full spate. \* \* \*

The bed of the stream was full of big, smooth boulders, evidently swept down from above; and the crumbling walls seemed to be packed full of myriads of French rolls and crusty loaves of *petrified* bread. The fantastic creepers, twining their strong tendrils round the ragged roots of the overhanging trees, served to bind the mould somewhat; while the yams, pig-lilies, and brilliantly-green varieties of fern flourishing on every ledge, gave an animation to the scene worthy of Birket Foster. These poplar trees shoot up to a considerable height, and at the slightest breath of wind their quivering leaves shimmer and rustle like the veriest aspens; and as there is always a gentle murmuring issuing from the brook, you can fancy how soothing is the blending of these sounds on a thoroughly sunshiny day. For those who like to climb a bit, the panorama spread out before you, when standing upon the hill overlooking Bishop's Court, is really marvellous for variety; and though I admired our extensive view from the top of Table Mountain, I liked the scenery here even better when seen at closer quarters. The presence of the steep massive wall of mountain *as a background* has a most impressive effect, and the numbers of fine trees growing about the ravines and spurs make the landscape full of interest. Of course, flowers were *everywhere*, and the number and variety of native heaths are very distracting and beautiful. They abound upon the hills as well as upon the Flats, and can be gathered in quantities right up to Wynberg, which, as all the world knows, is one of the prettiest villages in the Colony, and on the direct road to Constantia. \* \* \*

The ride home through Claremont and Rondebosch is very



charming. The old fellows who planned it, and the wealthy burghers who planted the roadside with wide-spreading oak trees, and filled their gardens with rare exotics and lustrous shrubs, richly deserve the praise which all must shower down upon their memories who are tempted to pass that way in the dog-days. It is like a triumphal procession, culminating in a hill, about three miles from town, called Mowbray, looking from the top of which you might fancy yourself on the road from Tunbridge Wells to Tunbridge, so wide is the prospect, so fair the scene, and all so thoroughly English.

From the top of this same hill there is a splendid side view of my favourite Devil's Peak, and a range of mountains trending to Simon's Town. The land between it and the main road is as finely cultivated as it would be in England, and it gives one quite a thrill to witness such thorough *high* farming so far from *home*. Overlooking it on a bluff, is a "blockhouse" in ruins, about which, no doubt, some story must be attached, as I suppose these were placed there for offensive as well as defensive purposes before the Cape passed into our possession. Be this as it may, it has a most picturesque effect, and tells capitally in the middle distance. I wish I could send you a good sketch of it, and the grand old mountain behind. \* \*

28th November.—Our visit to Bishop's Court reminds me, that I have never yet complied with your wishes about the churches and the clergy here. The fact is, we ought always to attend the Military Church, but don't, on account of the distance, preferring the so-called Cathedral of St. George's, where everything is hideously plain, and the intoning almost too tedious for any but saints; but the preacher is very eloquent and earnest. The church itself is a huge white-washed barn, with a tower like a succession of blacking-bottles standing on each other's shoulders in regular acrobatic style. Beyond a few mural tablets, there has been no attempt at decoration, no stained glass, groined roof, or any of the usual architectural accessories of a place of worship. It is just a big square building, and can hold a large congregation, and it is high time the Protestants here did something to improve its shabbiness. The Dean is a hardworking man, and is always on the trot; but the clergy here don't mix much in general society, and if you want to cultivate them, you must join them in their rounds among the poor. The life they lead in the poorer districts is very fatiguing, and how they get through so much work is surprising. \* \* District visiting among the ladies must be almost impossible here, but there are many other ways of proving your benevolence, especially by helping to get up bazaars, teaching in Sunday schools,

&c., and though last, not least, supporting the local charities. The population of 30,000 is too mixed to make it safe for ladies to go about quite unattended; and one's motives are liable to misconstruction by the ignorant many; but there must be a wide field here for missionary enterprise. One thing is curious, and that is, the numbers of children of all creeds who attend the infant schools, without apparent offence to their parents' views of religion. These little chits have capital voices, and sing away *con amore*, while learning by rote. Ragged schools here are full of precocious little monkeys, and their faces and eyes are bright with intelligence. The answers you get from them beat anything you ever yet saw made fun of in *Punch*; and I am quite sure that the average Cape "boy" is quite equal in sharpness to the "*gamin*" of Paris. Whether he will improve as he grows older is quite another thing; but if I may judge from what I have heard and read in the Cape papers about the wretched homes of the poor, I should fancy not. According to eye-witnesses, some of the dens visited by our clergy are mere cellars—gloomy dungeons, where *during the day* candles have to be lit, because there had been no provision made for sunlight entering, except through the doorway. \* \* \*

This I hear is another relic of the old slave times, and I have had the curiosity to go into one or two dismal dens, the poverty and unwholesomeness of which fairly frightened me out again. How is it possible to maintain life, much less health, in such airless vaults, and drag out existence on old rags and offal? Yet the thing is done, and no one seems to think it at all worth inquiring into. No wonder small-pox epidemics have so frequently attacked the coloured people. These dens are just the places to breed them. \* \* \* \*

The public buildings here are in what you may call the "packing case" style, and must be anything but luxurious. If they are half as dingy inside as they are dirty and weather-worn outside, they must be indeed happy hunting grounds. The Post Office, especially, is a sight to see. Some of the houses here have some queer ornaments stuck on to their parapets and corners, usually seated figures, griffins, cherubs, lions, &c., &c., and the ordinary sweepings of stone masons' yards. Nothing can well be imagined more comical than to look at the battered brick-and-plaster images of lions couchant on the gates of the South African College. They have been mended from time to time by native masons, till all fierceness has left them, and they look in a chronic state of wanting poultices to reduce swellings in odd places, and

relieve the mumps; you cannot conceive how funny it makes them look.

Perhaps the most remarkable building here is the range of barracks, constructed by the Dutch East India Company. The walls are at least four feet thick, and all built out of small Dutch bricks brought out direct from Holland. These bricks are as hard as flint, and cannot now be procured; but the barracks must have consumed millions of them. Another trace of Dutch rule has been wiped out of the town by the filling up of the system of open canals, and their conversion into hollow streets, the drainage being carried off by brick tunnels to the sea. Men are divided here as to whether the new plan is half as good as the old for a hot town. Time will tell.

Some of the relics of old times, I am told, are still religiously kept up in the more remote country towns, and it is very diverting to hear old-fashioned people hold forth on the quaint ideas of the days when they were young; when young people were kept in their proper places, and when Government settled everything for you, from the clothes you wore, to the dishes you were allowed to put upon your table. I expect the "niggers" in those days had sharper mistresses to look after them than we now see; and that the class of servants then bred here were less independent and better trained to their duties. At all events, they seem to have been made to turn their hands to anything, and could safely be trusted then to do what now neither money nor love can procure. I hear funny stories descriptive of sumptuary laws, of modes of conducting funerals, of the relations of children to parents; all of which, I presume, are now considered obsolete and in bad taste. And so the world wags on, "always mending, never ending, always grumbling and offending." \* \* \*

*December 4.*—By the merest accident I learned to-day that our old washerwoman's daughter, Rachel, was going to get married to a young Malay tailor; so I had the curiosity to get invited to the proceedings, as I greatly wished to inform myself on the matter. At the appointed hour one of our maid servants set off with me, not to the *bride's* house, but to that of the mother of the bridegroom, where in great state and clad in gorgeous array sat enthroned the heroine of the *week*. Early that morning she had been carefully fetched from her mother's house by the bridegroom, followed by relatives and bridesmaids, and then duly installed in the midst of her maidens. This is the first stage. Having presented her future husband with a beautifully-embroidered



pocket handkerchief, he then departs in the company of a priest to the Mosque where the marriage service is to be gone through. The bridegroom is now directed to put his right thumb upon the priest's, who thereupon immediately covers their joined hands with the bride's gift, makes him plight his troth, and after considerable chanting and reading from the Koran, finally pats him thrice upon the head with the sacred volume, and the ceremony so far is completed. These two then return to the house, where festivities are going on, and where the happy couple, together with their friends and such of the public as like to look in, spend the rest of the day in dancing, singing, and feasting till sundown, when the bride and her attendants are again escorted back to her mother's house. This sort of thing will go on for *seven* consecutive days, at the end of which time—the matter will have been so thoroughly published—that Mrs. Samodien can then in peace set up her own house and consider herself a wife. On each of these seven days, the poor bride is expected to appear in a different dress, each one if possible more gorgeous than the last, and sit for many tiresome hours to be stared at by all comers. We were much surprised by the warm welcome we received, for the hostess, a fat jolly-looking old Malay, as clean as a new pin, stiff from pride and rustling with highly starched petticoats, and with her smooth black bands skewered up tight with two gold bodkins, and shining with cocoanut oil, at once came to the front, and with a broad smile of welcome ushered us into the "*Salle du Ceremonié*," where we were introduced to the young olive, and almost pretty bride as "*een van die officiers' juffrouws van de Kasteel*." Blushing through her pale brown skin, the poor girl tried to rise up and receive us, but was so incommoded by all her finery, tight white satin boots, &c., &c., that she quickly sank back again in her satin-covered arm chair, which, was wreathed with gold and silver-gilt leaves, and seemed a fit resting place for her richly draped figure. Her costume was really almost elegant. It consisted of a white satin skirt, with any amount of richly embroidered slips beneath, artistically revealed by a slight looping up of the dress in front as if by accident. The loose Garibaldi body which all Malays wear was on this occasion composed of the finest gauze and lace, whilst the raven black hair was arranged in many shining plaits, with a wreath of gilt leaves and orange blossoms surmounting the whole. Of course white gloves and white satin boots gave a finish to the stylish *tout-ensemble*. Need I say there were *no cards, and no veil!*



Having looked as long as I decently could, without utter rudeness, and spoken a few kind words of approval, I was taken into a second chamber, where, as a guest to be honoured, I was permitted to inspect its arrangements. It was the bride's bed-chamber; and the dressing-table, washing-stand, mirrors, &c., were tricked out with gold and silver wreaths; and even the floor was strewn with scraps of foil and artificial flowers, regardless of expense. To do things in this fashion must exhaust all the savings of the family, but *chacun à son gout*. Thinking we had intruded quite long enough upon these civil people, we were just going when they insisted upon my taking some refreshment before leaving. So as I thought acceptance would oblige them I stayed, and was led into a *third* room, where every description of pastry and sweetmeats were displayed on a long table for the benefit of visitors and friends, and really everything was beautifully arranged. We departed quite pleased with our visit, but not envying the poor bride the wearisome ordeal of six days of feasting and celebrations, through which she would have yet to pass before being allowed to retire quietly into domestic life again. Only fancy what a trial of patience it must be to have merely to *sit still*, and allow yourself to be criticised for a week. No wonder a Malay woman seldom gets married *twice*, though Malay husbands frequently marry a couple of wives, when able to afford the luxury. \* \* \*

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## STONE IMPLEMENTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A RESPONSE to the request, expressed in a former article, for authentic information and specimens to illustrate the modern use of stone implements in South Africa, has been promptly and kindly made by Mr. W. C. Palgrave, who has forwarded from the Northern border an arrow actually used by natives in that region. The construction of it is highly interesting as a key to the method of fixing stone arrow-tips in the shaft. The workmanship is wonderfully neat and effective.

A careful examination shows that the shaft consists of two lengths of fine reed, between which (for strength and weight) is socketed in a bone of three inches in length. The joints are firmly secured by tightly-bound strips of the sinews of animals. Into the end of the reed-shaft is inserted a small leaf-shaped arrow-head of quartz-crystal; the fissure is narrow, and the arrow-head, excepting the very tip,

and edges, is embedded in a fine cement, apparently of clay, and evidently dressed with some poisonous matter. The stone arrow-head is sharp at the edges and the point. A horn barb is spliced on about an inch from the arrow-head. There is a coating of clay along the shaft for about three inches, securing the barb, and giving weight, as well as preventing the splitting of the reed. This constitutes a formidable weapon.

The specimen, thus described, authoritatively confirms what has been asserted, that the smaller stone arrow-heads are still in use among the Bushmen, and, perhaps, other roving tribes; and that the reed (probably found in the vicinity of the Orange River) serves as a convenient vehicle for the reception of such arrow-tips.

It is remarkable that in my collection I have a well-shaped arrow-head, found on the Cape Flats, of the same size and material as the one fixed in this Bushman's arrow. We still want corroboration of the use of the larger and more elaborate tools, as axes, saws, spear-heads, and scrapers.

The prevalence of stone weapons in Basutoland and in the neighbourhood of Aliwal North, and also in caves of the Stormberg range, is referred to in a very interesting communication, inserted below, from "A. B."

Mr. St. Vincent Cripps had discovered, during his recent visit to Basutoland, a collection of arrow-heads and flakes near Stephenson's Drift, Orange River, at the Native Reserve. The implements were lying on the undisturbed surface along the terraced ridges of the river-bank.

The presence of many chips of implements and a coarse kind of pottery in some of the Stormberg caves leads us to hope that explorers may yet bring as startling facts from the discoveries to be made there as have been elicited from the thorough search in haunts of the so-called cave-men in England and elsewhere.

A.

Having read an interesting article in No. 4, vol. 1, of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, on "Stone Implements in South Africa," in which no allusion is made to the ancient mounds and stone implements occurring in the vicinity of Aliwal North, and more especially in some parts of Basutoland recently annexed to the Orange Free State, I presume that a short note on these localities will not be unacceptable to the readers of your useful publication, as general conclusions are often affected by a more extended range of observations.

About ten miles south of Koesberg, lately Bushuli's country, is an extensive plain, intersected by a valley nearly five miles in length and five hundred yards in width, which is the site of a very interesting series of ancient mounds or refuse heaps. The rocks forming the sides of the

valley consist of coarse gritty and quartzose sandstone, occasionally vitrified and indurated. Underneath the terrace band of sandstone, which, in general, considerably overhangs the valley, and affords secure shelter from the weather, are numerous caves, whose floors are covered with the refuse deposits or mounds, varying from two to eight feet in thickness.

The mounds are now overgrown with a coarse and rough grass, which binds them so firmly together that the rains and rush of water over the ledge of rocks have scarcely any effect upon them. Their uppermost surfaces are strewn with numerous fragments of stone implements, made of materials obtained from rocks which do not exist within many miles of the spot. They are composed of a mass of ashes, charred wood, fragments of implements, and numerous comminuted bones; many of the bones have not only lost a large percentage of their animal matter, but sometimes occur in a sub-fossil condition.

In the caves, subsequently occupied, probably by Bushmen, are innumerable paintings representing the history and habits of the cave dwellers. Hunting, modes of killing animals, and battles are the chief events depicted. The bow and arrow, and a spear-like weapon, differing considerably from the assegai, are the chief instruments figured. The unicorn and other animals no longer existing in those parts, are carefully indicated by those rude artists. In more recent paintings, are Europeans, in an unknown style of dress, drawn of much larger proportions than the other human figures—one of them, with clearly indicated European features, armed with a peculiar curved sabre, is marching at the head of a number of men in the attitude of attack. The walls of the caves have undergone great disintegration—a large proportion of the drawings have been swept away, and the remainder have become, in most instances, nearly obliterated, from the action of aqueous and atmospheric influences.

In Aliwal North is a deposit of black tenacious loam, in which have been found very ancient sub-fossil bones covered with an incrustation of oxide of iron. The bones consist chiefly of metatarsals and vertebrae of Ruminants, and teeth and jaws of a species of Aardvark (*Orycteropus Capensis*). Side by side with a well-preserved femur in the alluvium was found a well-marked section of a spear-head, made of a very hard rock from some distant locality. This specimen has a clearly defined prominent ridge throughout its length, analogous to the ridge in the assegai, lance, and dagger, and, less prominently, in the sword of the present day.

Besides the spear-head, near at hand have been found unfinished tools as sharp as a knife, some scrapers, and a rude axe-head. But the small number of specimens yet found, and their doubtful relations to the alluvium, does not at this stage warrant the conclusion, that they belong to the same age as the small but well preserved series of mammalian remains found therein.

Remains of stone implements are sparsely scattered on the surface of the ground within easy distance of Aliwal North. Also in some caves of the Stormberg there have been found many chips of implements, together with a coarse kind of pottery.

A. B.

Aliwal North, October, 1870.

## ON THE GEOLOGY OF THE DIAMONDIFEROUS REGIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

BY DR. JOHN SHAW, COLESBERG.

### NO. 3.—THE FREE STATE DIAMOND-FIELD OF DU TOIT'S PAN.

MEANTIME this paper must finish my notices of investigation into the geological structure of the Diamond-fields. I am sorry that at the present stage in the history of the discovery I am the only geological observer, and the periods of vacation which I enjoy have been by far too short to enable me to make anything like a thorough examination.

I have stated in a former paper that underneath the gravelly mass of the Pniel diamondiferous soil there is a clayey and calcareous shale of varying colours into which there has been no systematic digging operations. In the farm of Bultfontein, in penetrating through the *halk* in which the diamonds are found, a similar clayey shale is struck. This consists of broken and rotten fragments of talcose slate, thin sandstone, and chalky limestone, &c. It would thus appear that the same series of lower strata were persistent throughout a considerable area, and, at all events, to Bultfontein, which is some twelve miles as the crow flies from the Vaal. Although the surface soil is vastly different at Bultfontein in being a calcareous tufa and not alluvial, and although there is no evidence of water-wearing in the pebbles, I shall connect this Diamond-field with those of the Vaal, and finish my observations for the present with an account of the geology of Du Toit's Pan. The Jagersfontein and other Diamond-fields of the Free State I must investigate much more fully before I can commit myself to writing. They exhibit certain peculiarities, which, moreover, seem to me to point them out as distinct and isolated from the Vaal region.

Bultfontein and Du Toit's farm are one and the same Diamond-field, and are parts of the same *salt pan*, which differs in no respect, as far as first appearances are concerned, from the many *pans* which abound in all parts of the Orange and Vaal River regions.

I cannot endorse the views of Mr. Wyley in regard to the origin of the salts of these pans; that the saltiness has been left to them by the sea, which at some period (he thinks comparatively recent) swept over the whole, or nearly the



whole, of South Africa. With reference to his opinion that the land has been gradually elevated above the sea, I think no one who studies even the botany of the Cape can have doubts—apart from all considerations as to the character and genera of the plants,—that the flora, as a whole, is that of an insular region, and points to a time when South Africa was an island, or it might be an archipelago. There are certain facts also in the distribution of plants in the early Eocene age in Europe, which I cannot particularize here; but which can only be explained on the hypothesis of considerable changes in the land areas of the southern hemisphere during the latter part of the Secondary Epoch. So far we are at one. But however much the following paragraph may apply to some parts of the Cape near the coast, it cannot certainly apply to the upland and inner regions, which have come under my own observation. He remarks: \* “It will therefore follow that at a comparatively recent geological period, the greater portion of South Africa was beneath the waters of the sea; that during that time the sandy drift which forms the soil of most of our plains and valleys was deposited; and when the country was gradually elevated above the waters, a portion of salt was still retained by what had been the old sea bottom, while in many instances the sea-water remaining in hollows would give rise by evaporation to these larger salt deposits we frequently meet.” Without attempting anything like a thorough refutation, it does seem extraordinary to hear of “sandy drifts” and a “soil” deposited by the sea, when the work of ordinary disintegration, weathering, and washing by rain going on at present is so rapid as to deposit in most tracts new soils in our plains and flats in the course of a few generations. The absence of evidences of sea life in traces of marine shells, &c., in the sands and soil, if so deposited, is altogether inexplicable, since in other such deposits, as in the great European plain of Russia and Prussia, where marine shells are constantly picked up from the ground, there are abundant evidences of this kind. The present deposits on the surface and to a considerable depth have no connection, I think, with the period of submergence, and we must look to their origin and that of the salt of salt-pans to times subsequent, and to causes in operation at the present time.

We have a *vera causa* in the present localization and isolation of these pans. They receive the drainage of the surrounding heights, and none of it passes away except

\* Page 37, Report on the Geology of South Namaqualand.

what may percolate through the lower strata. The various salts from the rocks—sandstones, argillaceous limestones, &c., but chiefly from the trappean greenstones—settle in the pans, and are held in solution by their waters. They are, therefore, but a particular example in the general induction, that all bodies of water into which rivers flow and from which no waters pass out are salt.\* They obtain their salt in being miniature seas—as the ultimate receptacles of the land drainage around them. All the constituents of chloride of sodium, nitrate and sulphate of soda, are in the rocks in connection with which they obtain their waters.

The formation of these pans is most instructive. Deep wells have been sunk at Bultfontein, on the upper part of the slopes of the pan. One of these must be considerably over thirty feet deep. The dip of the strata is here seen to advantage, and is about  $30^{\circ}$  towards the pan. This inclination is caused by the elevation of a greenstone porphyry from beneath, forming a more or less regular ring around the pan, where marginal strata have thus come to be raised. Unlike Scottish and other lake-basins, which have been eroded and hollowed by ice or other frictional agencies, this pan has been made naturally by internal geological forces. General denuding *processes have* in time, no doubt, added their work in enlarging; and its waters in having been confined and imprisoned have become also salt from being at first after the upheaval brackish. This, I feel convinced, is its history in a few words.

But, in addition,—gradual wearing of the tilted strata would give a base soil of the constituents of the rocks which are mainly siliceous and calcareous. Hence the *kalk* so abundant everywhere, and conspicuously so in the pans. The hardness of this substance merits for it the name of rock, but it is deposited in the same way as an ordinary earth. Sublimated from the water running from the heights in the manner of a sediment after the escape of some of the carbonic acid in the solution and in the decrease of heat, it is afterwards kept compact by its vivacity for moisture, which it receives from the occasional rains. When broken up and dried by exposure, it becomes quite friable and moulders into loose powdery masses.

The kalk of Du Toit's Pan does not, however, appear to be very siliceous, and on this account is not so consolidated and hardened as in many other parts of the country, especially

\* For a beautiful and popular exposition of this theory, see Fowne's Actonian Essay.

along the Lower Vaal, where the siliceous amygdaloid comes to be chemically aggregated with the calcareous sediment from the same and other rocks.

On the surface, and in the calcareous tufa, diamonds are found at present by dry sifting, as in the Brazilian mines of Bahia. A family of Kafirs, under the superintendence of Mr. Leoni, carry on the work at Bultfontein, which is the property of the Messrs. Lilienfeld, Hond, & Co. The process for finding the diamonds is a laborious one, the kalk having to be dug, rubbed into powder by the hands in the sieve, and then the fragments of stone examined, when all the kalk is sifted out. During the week of my visit the workers, consisting of an old man and three children, had found twenty-seven diamonds—all, however, small. The largest diamond got since they commenced was, I believe,  $13\frac{1}{2}$  carats. As a rule, however, they are of the very finest water, and many are of beautiful shape.

The proprietors are about to purchase Abyssinian pumps for the wells, and then they intend to commence washing. I feel convinced this will be found impracticable, or all but impracticable; and that in the end they must fall back on the Brazilian method in similar mines, and work by the sense of touch in the sieve. The kalk, the deeper it is penetrated, becomes more argillaceous, and consequently, on account of its tenacity in water, laboriously workable by washing.

The fragments of stone turned out of the sieve consist of pieces of quartz, peridot, garnet, talc, slate, and greenstone porphyry—all angular, and showing little or no evidence of friction or wearing. This is the striking peculiarity in Du Toit's Pan. There is kalk in every part of the Vaal region where there is a sufficiently horizontal flat to enable the calcareous and siliceous matter in the surface drainage to settle down. Everywhere, however, in the Vaal diamondiferous country, there are waterworn pebbles in greater plenty and much greater variety—in the kalk where it has been allowed to accumulate, and in the brownish soil in which diggers at present carry on their operations.

I need hardly enlarge on this point, that the formation of this pan was antecedent to the changes which have brought about the alluvial deposits of the Vaal, and caused the river to play about that region on both sides to such an extent. It will further appear that the view I expressed in my last paper has some considerable plausibility—that the diamonds are likely to have come in the first instance from the same rock or rock series which produced the garnets and peridot.

The existence of an isolated diamond-field like that of Du Toit's Pan, which exhibits no indications of river action at any time in its history, is in support of the opinion I have expressed from the first, that the diamonds, however made, or from whatever sources they have ultimately come, are native to the region, and have not been carried down by the Vaal or any ancient river from higher regions.

Finally, in concluding, it seems to me, day by day, that the extent of the Diamond-fields enlarges. Every week nearly a new diamond farm has been found in the Free State. The whole course of the Riet River is apparently diamondiferous. This week it is reported that diamonds have been found above Hope Town, on the north bank of the Orange River. Indications do not seem to mean much, even in South African diamondiferous soils; but I am convinced that they will be all resolved in the end into a general one,—a garnetiferous soil,—and, if so, I doubt not but diamonds will be found all along the Upper Orange River to Colesberg.

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#### OFF ON CIRCUIT.

WHAT can equal the pleasant excitement of an early start, long before sunrise, on a clear summer's morn, whether the bright moon be our guide, or fainter starlight marks out for us the commencement of another day's journey? We have, perforce, spent the night dismally "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," in some close, musty resting-place, where the murkiness of the chamber atmosphere was only too much enlivened by the close proximity of unpleasant phlebotomic companions. Out, out into the fresh air, and drink in deep draughts of purification. "Inspanned, Piet?" "*Jah, Mynheer, alles klaar,*" is the immediate response of the trusty and expectant whip, who has not forgotten the repeated admonitions of the previous evening, received by him with a half incredulous leer, that "four o'clock must find us on the road." And here just a word in praise of Piet. A more steady fellow than the occupant of that duffel suit never stood in veld-schoen. His horses, I do believe, he loves more than his life, and a thorough understanding seems to exist between them. He tells me he has himself re-christened them, and given them their right names. *Nelson* is transmogrified into *Pompey*, and *Wellington* into *Cæsar*, and the triumvirate (Piet and his nags) get along most comfortably, and well satisfied with each other. Yet his attentions are not mono-



polized by his cattle. Far from it. "*Coffee, Mynheer*," is the welcome accompaniment of a steaming cup of something which may be three fourths chickory, if you like, but without which, and a flavouring rusk, what old traveller would ever dream of starting on his road? Piet, it is clear, has initiated himself into the mysteries of a Boer kitchen, such as they are, and one commendable characteristic about the fellow is that he makes a rigid point of paying for all he gets. Very unlike a rival competitor for his office who put in amongst other claims for employment this novel one, that when much pushed for forage, in the great drought, he had never been without the needful supplies all along the road, as he always knew where to steal a little provender for his horses! Great was his surprise to find that "Mynheer" couldn't see that everything was fair in love, war, and on circuit.

Off! That first vigorous canter has once more set our almost stagnant life-blood aglow. Too soon, alas! we settle down into the conventional "six mile an hour,"—the indispensable condition of success along the road. "How long does it take to the next circuit town, Mr. Judge?" was the earnest inquiry addressed to an old experienced colonial voyageur. "Seven hours if you go slowly; two or three days if you go too fast," was the apparently paradoxical reply,—the significance of which, however, a good many of our diamond friends have lately found out to their cost. So, for the first morning stage, the slower the better. With sunrise comes the indispensable pause and "roll" for the cattle, and the reviving "soopie" for the animals of a higher degree, both partaken with keen relish and enjoyment. Then on again till breakfast time. Dickens, with all his charms, is beginning to pall. *Pickwick* gives place to pangs of hunger, and the *Saturday Review* is thrown aside for an anticipated "carbonaatje." Here is the outspan, beside a pellucid stream, under a leafy cover. The sward is smooth and soft as a luxurious cushion. Just the spot for a symposium of the gods themselves, could they be so mundane as to pay our terrestrial orb a visit in search of an early meal. Wood gathered, fire kindled, "spit" (or pronged piece of wood) prepared, all in the twinkling of an eye; and behold, snugly affixed thereto, as delicate a morsel of mutton as the country can produce. "That's it, Piet; that's it, in the ashes. Keep it out of the flame. Twist it, twirl it, g-ently," till it is so flavoured that the possessor of the most dainty palate in Christendom, if he were a hungry sinner like ourselves, could not withstand its attractions. City epicure,

with your spicy soups and half dozen courses of fish, flesh, and fowl, your tempting desserts, and all the other enjoyments of a well-ordered table,—what are your daintiest dishes compared to an exquisitely cooked carbonaatje? And the pleasure of all this is doubly enhanced by turning your own *chef de cuisine* for the nonce, and patiently illustrating the poet's prescript, "Learn to labour and to wait." Yes, "With a heart for any fate,"—except the scorching of your carbonaatje,—a qualification which, I feel certain, the Muses themselves would have prompted in Longfellow's bosom had he ever had any experience of a South African *veldt* breakfast. A bottle of Bass gives zest to the whole. And a soopie brings up the rear, as it invariably does on all country excursions. Then, over on the broad of your back, man. Avaunt, ill-timed dignity! That austere monster is banished, thank goodness, from scenes where Nature reigns. Light your pipe. Pillow your head on your hands and arms stretched backwards, kick up your heels in indifference to everything above and around you, and dream away a lazy half-hour in that delightful maze, which lands you, at the expiration of the given time, pretty well where you were when you began to wander in cloudland. There's a time for everything, of course. Work when there is need to work, and work hard too. But now is the fortunate season for relaxation. Even glorious old Dan Apollo couldn't be always bending his bow; and why shouldn't weak circuit mortals like ourselves follow so godlike an example? A rustic breakfast like this fits one doubly for the duties of the day. At all events, it is infinitely preferable to partaking of a matutinal meal in some agricultural domicile in the Karoo, as has been the writer's lot, where a dish of liver and sour-fig preserve formed the gay repast. Before you could wink your eye the *knipmes* (clasp-knife) was opened, and frantically plunged into the dish by each hungry guest,—the first intimation to the stranger that knives and forks were unknown blessings in that region. The ultimate gratification, however, may be imagined when, in a few minutes, he found that the dish was cleared by others of its savoury contents, leaving him but a small supply of the preserves, which was politely declined under the circumstances.

Inspanned again, and off we rattle. Now the fun grows fast and furious. A hearty *guffaw* from Smith, who has been puffing out clouds of smoke in silence from one corner of the cart, is the signal for attention. For Smith, be it known, never even chuckles without sufficient cause him thereunto moving. "What an old duffer that last Court

interpreter was," he said; "do you remember? When, with an air of great gravity, I was solemnly addressing the brilliant jury, and telling them, for want of something better to impart to their enlightened understandings, that it was now their serious duty to take into consideration the ayes and noes of the case, who in the world was ready for his quaint interpretation, 'Heeren van de jurie, nu moeten uw de oogen en de neus van dezen zaak in andacht nemen'" (Gentlemen, you must now take the eyes and nose of this case into consideration)?\* A sally of laughter hailed the recollection. "And then," continued the incorrigible Smith, "when that elegant specimen of a Totty witness informed the Court that when he met the prisoner near the scene of the robbery, he had on a pair of *doek broek*, which all the intelligent world knows means *duck trousers*, how mysterious and perplexed the interpreter's air as he falteringly observed, with evident distrust of himself, a reference to his small pocket dictionary having proved in vain, that the prisoner aforesaid, on the occasion already mentioned, had on a pair of 'handkerchief trousers!'"

"Come, come," interjaculaed Brown, who was the grave man of the party, though a very good fellow in his way for all that, "leave my country interpreter friends alone. Some of them do make queer mistakes sometimes, and I heard both your specimens in Court myself, so I admit their truth. But I should just like to see you, Master Smith, in their positions in a hot and sweltering court-room, where 'bouquet des Hottentottes' is the prevailing aroma. No, no: I have seen as good and facile interpreters in some of our circuit as one can reasonably require."

"Granted," cut in Smith; "but don't you remember yourself that murder case at ———, where the interpreter, though a good Dutch scholar, was as deaf as a post. The mother of the deceased had sworn that she was 'de moeder van den overledene' (the mother of the deceased), when Mr. Interpreter startled the nerves of the witness and of the whole Court, by the inquiry 'Wat, zyt gy de moordenaar van den overledene?' (What, are you the murderer of the deceased?) He had only caught the first syllable of the word. And to this man was entrusted the interpretation in a case of life and death."

"An extreme case, Smith," was Brown's curt reply.

"Or take that other amusing little incident, then,"

\* A fact; as are the following anecdotes, and a good many more like them.

said Smith, unyieldingly, "where the interpreter, though also an excellent Dutch scholar in theory, translated to every prisoner the whole of the formal part of the indictment which recites: 'William Downes Griffith, Esquire, Attorney-General of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, within the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, who prosecutes for and on behalf of Her Majesty, and gives the Court to be informed,' and so on, all in the highest and most classic Dutch, to the great horror and astonishment of the prisoner, who didn't understand two words of what it was all about, but seemed to feel quite a relief in mechanically gasping out 'Not guilty.' Then with what an air of majesty he bade the jury rise while he administered the oath, altogether omitting, however, the talismanic adjuration, 'So help me God' at its close, and then sitting down, unconscious of the sensation he was producing on the auditory, or the legal effect of the omission of the potent words on the verdict of the jury, in case of a conviction, if any."

Now the interpreter controversy grew much too hot and heavy for the third auditor, who, coming to the rescue, threw oil on the troubled waters by volunteering the history of his first Circuit case. "It's a good many years ago, now," he began, "since I first came this delightful round. Then, need I say, I was fresh and innocent, to a degree, without, however, committing myself to the admission that further experience has detracted from my character in those respects. I was, of course, eagerly expectant of my first circuit case. And judge how pleased and flattered I was to find myself retained in no less exciting a cause, on such an epoch of my professional existence, than a—breach of promise! The plaintiff, my injured and innocent client, was a country damsel of considerable attractions, according to my 'instructions,' most infallible guides, as you all know for yourselves. She had, on the same high authority, been most cruelly jilted by a gay Lothario on a neighbouring farm, who, after having ridden over to see her ever so many times on the most elegant and restive steed he could boast of, bedizened with many coloured trappings 'most gorgyous for to see,' had at length broken a month's silent attentions by a certain delicate question, as delicately put, which settled the whole affair in a moment of monosyllables. But, alas! for the fickleness of male human nature, he shortly afterwards was enchanted by another 'niggie' at nachtmaal. The fair one of Pampoenrivier was neglected for the belle of Kabeljouwfontein, and now, most naturally, sought to revenge the



wrongs done to her fine feelings by a claim for ONE THOUSAND POUNDS DAMAGES AND COSTS. I won't go the length of saying that I studied *Bardell and Pickwick* day and night, or destroyed my health in consequence; but I candidly own that after several attentive reviews of that most remarkable case, I came to the conclusion that it was, at all events, a better model under the circumstances than *Burke on the Sublime*,—a noble work, however, which contains a chapter on Love fit for any emergency.

“ Arrived at the Circuit town, I could hardly rest from excitement the whole evening before the case came on. My dreams were of love and lovers wandering hand-in-hand in shady avenues,—resting in snug orange groves, pledging eternal fidelity and constancy without fear of interruption by such a horrid little wretch as that sleepy fat boy in *Pickwick*, who overheard the love-whispers of the celebrated Mr. Winkle and his elderly but rapturous Miss Rachel Wardle. I had no opportunity, unfortunately, of an interview with my client personally before going into court; besides, how delicate a matter for private conversation between a susceptible young bachelor and a blushing damsel. I found myself, as the trial grew nearer and nearer, mouthing well-rounded periods concerning monsters in human form, whose sole delight was the betrayal of a fond and trusting woman's heart. I dwelt imaginatively on the marked impression produced upon the Court by a beauteous angel, of sylph-like form and graceful mien, whose very appearance in the witness-box would command sympathy as she told in her own simple, artless, modest manner how her maiden love had been beguiled away. When the case was called, I opened it to the Court with confidence, and, as my first witness, called the fair plaintiff herself. With my head bent down over my paper, I was taking a note or two as she entered the box. Towards the conclusion of the usual oath, I recovered myself sufficiently to steal a side-long glance. I wished to watch her demeanour. Imagine my surprise and disappointment,—I shall not use a stronger term—on beholding a most rotund Boer *meisje*, of athletic structure, about as broad, indeed, as she was tall, and anything but prepossessing. My heart fell within me. The thermometer of my excitement, which had risen pretty well up to blood-heat, fell to zero. I listened to her tale with business-like attention, but with heart-strings and fancy all unmoved. It was the old story told all over again. At last the belief that she had been wrongly treated grew upon me, and caused me to forget and overlook lesser considerations I had no right to entertain.

About the middle of the interesting narrative, just when it was coming to the crisis of the sudden change in the lover's conduct, she paused and raised her handkerchief to her face. She was evidently agitated. She had restrained her feelings too long, it was clear. Now nature was reasserting its sway. How opportune for her own success, for the presiding Judge was a large-hearted man, easily touched and won by a virtuous woman's tears. It was, in fact, the very best thing that could happen. She clasped her handkerchief nervously as she raised it. I to this day remember how I remarked its embroidery, and even the engaged ring still on her finger, a symbol of her own stedfastness, though deserted. It was a perfectly natural movement; not the slightest attempt at effect or display. All eyes were on her. But the cruel gaze was unsatisfied. She but,—wiped the perspiration from her face—horror of horrors! alas, that I should be doomed to speak the words—blew her nose, and replaced the handkerchief with refrigerating coolness. Not a tear, not the faintest expression of sadness. All as prosaic and commonplace as possible. She got damages, gentlemen, and within six months after she fell in love again with a truer swain. But such breaches of promise cases, I assure you, are too spiceless and uninteresting for me."

As the story came to an end we were rolling along the main street of another circuit town, vowing our wishes, in spite of the unlooked-for termination to the case in question, that dry land and water cases were accompanied with half the sly amusement of a good case of Breach of Promise.

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### THE "BROCKEN SPECTRE" ON TABLE MOUNTAIN.

A PARTY of gentlemen who camped out for a fortnight on Table Mountain a short time since, observed some extraordinary phenomena, which one of them thus very admirably describes in a letter to a friend :

Cape Town, 1st November, 1870.

My dear N——,

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

Not the least remarkable of the phenomena, the observation of which repays one for a clamber up the mountain, are those produced by cloud, mist, &c., on the surrounding land (and sea) scape, and as the clearest weather is usually selected for the ascent, on account of the difficulty, not to say danger, of traversing even the "Table" in a mist, these effects are seldom observed. We were, however, able to watch some of them under very favourable circumstances.

The morning of Friday last was very fine, no cloud or mist being visible at sunrise, except a low bank in the east. A light breeze blew from the west, and the temperature was about 50° Fah. About an hour after sunrise, a mist began to gather out at sea, and to drift towards the west side of the mountain, rolling rapidly up the various kloofs, Stinkwater, Kasteelspoort, &c., on that side, in such density as to give one the idea of a solid body. It then spread itself over the south part of the mountain, leaving only the higher peaks visible, like islets in a "sea" of "snow white" wool, and rising nearly to our feet at the west extremity of the "Table." In a few minutes more the Lion's Hill was covered, except the peak, and then the city, the bay, and the flats,—and finally, nothing could be seen in any direction except the peaks of the highest mountains. At this time the sun was getting high, the sky was cloudless, and the surface of the mist perfectly level, and the effect of these "islets" peeping through it, visible on their sunny sides in their most minute details, and glowing with rich colour, was singularly beautiful. During the morning the mist partially dispersed and gathered again several times; it seemed to be rent in several places as if by a violent wind, though but a light breeze was blowing; and through these rents we could see little spots of the city, the gardens, Rondebosch, &c. (we had by this time crossed the Table to the east), ever changing in extent and position, as the mist was whirled about above them. Shortly after midday the mist disappeared entirely, and until three p.m., or later, there was nothing to interfere with the splendid view from the spur above the "Saddle-back," which joins the Devil's Peak to Table Mountain, and which is perhaps as fine as can be obtained from any single point. Soon after three p.m., at which time the thermometer marked 109° in the sun, a light breeze came up from the south-east, and with it a mist spreading from Muizenberg over the isthmus to Table Bay, and rising to the level of the "Table." Then it was that we were surprised by a sight that I believe to be identical with the famous Spectre of the Brocken, which is frequently seen in the Hartz Mountains in Hanover, and which was until lately held in superstitious awe by the inhabitants of the district.

I am, as you know, entirely unversed both in optics and meteorology, and you will not therefore expect me to give you a description of any scientific value, but merely the impressions of an ordinary observer. I have searched in vain up and down my book shelf for an account of the atmospheric and other conditions under which the Spectre of the Brocken is visible, but a friend to whom I spoke of it, told me that a similar "Spectre" was occasionally to be seen on Snowdon, and under conditions exactly agreeing with those we observed here. These are that you stand on a precipice with the sun at your back, and look over into a valley which must be filled, or very nearly filled, with vapour, but the latter must not rise above the level on which you stand. Your

shadow is then projected vertically on the mist, as on an upright solid body. In our case the shadows were at an apparent distance of nearly one hundred yards, and were  $7^{\circ}$  or  $8^{\circ}$  in height, very distinct as to the upper, but less so as to the lower part of the figure; round the head was a prismatic halo of  $7^{\circ}$  or  $8^{\circ}$  in diameter, and of dazzling brilliancy, the space enclosed by which was of a bright golden hue, irradiated from the head of the shadow; outside of this "rainbow" was a second, about twice its diameter, but fainter in colour, outside the latter a series of three or four concentric colourless lines, and lastly, a broad white rainbow, the diameter of which I estimated at between  $50^{\circ}$  and  $60^{\circ}$ .

The larger circles were, of course, incomplete, being interrupted on the lower side by contact with the shadow of the mountain on which we stood. The inner one also was, to the extent of about  $60^{\circ}$  of its circumference, partially obscured by dark lines radiating downwards from the head, giving the figure somewhat the appearance of being wrapped in a voluminous but semi-transparent cloak, only, unfortunately for the simile, the movements of the figure did not disturb the cloak. The distinctness with which the figure was seen, even in the lower part, may be judged from the fact that the movements of a light walking cane which I carried, could be easily followed.

Each of us saw only his own shadow, and no other. This, I suppose, is easily explained as to the halo. Each man's head being in a right line between the sun and the centre of his halo, was in the only position in which that halo could be seen, but as to the shadow of the figure, I am not so clear.\* (I dare say with your familiarity with meteorology you will laugh at my bungling mode of expressing this idea; but if you understand me, you are welcome to your laugh.)

We watched this singular appearance uninterruptedly for about ten minutes, and subsequently at intervals as we pursued our way round the edge of the mountain to the south-east. When the fog rose quite up to our level, and seemed denser than usual, the iris was brighter, and the golden light within it glowed like a furnace. The fog was two or three times blown away, and again settled, and with it the shadows reappeared as long as we were sufficiently near the precipice, until towards sunset, when we turned homewards. The light being then much fainter, only one bow was visible, and of that one the colours were less vivid than I have ever before observed in a rainbow—no primary colour could be detected, the blending was so complete, and this softened effect, while the limits of the bow remained even sharply defined, was strikingly beautiful.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

\* The probable solution of the mystery is, that what appeared a shadow was in reality a *reflection*.—ED. "C. M. M."



Whilst searching for a description of the Spectre of the Brocken, I lighted on one or two passages on kindred subjects, which, in case you may not have the books at hand to refer to, I transcribe.

The first is by Colonel Sykes, who, in his "*Meteorology of the Deccan*" (a paper published in the *Phil. Trans.*, 1835), in reference to the formation of a rainbow on cloud or fog, in the entire absence of rain, relates a remarkable instance of one seen by him on the top of a precipice from 2,000 to 3,000 feet in perpendicular height, forming the north-west scarp of the hill fort of Hurrachandarghur, among the Ghauts, overlooking the plains of the Koukhun, densely covered with fog-cloud, rising somewhat above the level of the precipice, but not covering it. Under these circumstances, having the sun at a low elevation at his back, he says, "A circular rainbow appeared, quite perfect, of the most vivid colours, one half above the level on which I stood, the other below it." "Shadows in distinct outline of myself, my horse, and people, appeared in the centre of the circle, as in a picture to which the bow formed a resplendent frame." "From our proximity to the fog, I believe the diameter of the circle at no time exceeded fifty or sixty feet. The brilliant circle was accompanied with the usual outer bow in fainter colours." In the same paper he also records his observation of a white rainbow in a fog bank near Poonah, within which he was riding. "Suddenly I found myself emerge from the fog, which terminated abruptly in a wall some one hundred feet high." "Shortly after sunrise, I turned my horse's head homewards, and was surprised to discover in the mural termination of the fog bank a perfect rainbow, defined in its outline, but destitute of prismatic colours." Niebuhr, in his *Voyage to Africa*, describes a white rainbow, and Mr. St. John, in his *Lives of Celebrated Travellers*, mentions having seen one on the 21st May, 1830, in Normandy, on "the Morning Mist" (Sir John Herschel on "*Meteorology*"—*Enc. Brit.* xiv, 680.)

The next passage is a description by Bouguer of a remarkable appearance as seen by himself and his companions on the top of Pichincha, in the Cordilleras, which passage is referred to by Dr. Young in his paper on Optics in the following terms: "When the sun was just rising behind them, so as to appear white, each saw his own shadow projected in the air, and no other. The distance was such, that all the parts of the shadow were easily distinguishable, as the arms, the legs, and the head; but what was most surprising was, that the head was adorned with a kind of glory, consisting of three or four small concentric crowns of a very lively colour, each exhibiting all the varieties of the primary rainbow, having the circle of red upon the outside. The intervals between these circles continued equal, though the diameters of them all were constantly changing. The last was very faint; and at a considerable distance was another great white circle which surrounded the whole." "As nearly as Bouguer could compute, the diameter of the first of these

circles was about  $5\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , that of the second  $11^{\circ}$ , that of the third  $17^{\circ}$ , and so on; but the diameter of the white circle was about  $76^{\circ}$ ." "This phenomenon never appeared but in a cloud consisting of frozen particles, and never in drops of rain like the rainbow." "When the sun was not in the horizon, only part of the white circle was visible, as frequently observed afterwards by Bouguer."

Dr. Young then refers to another observer in Scotland: "The observer saw a rainbow round his shadow in the mist, when he stood upon an eminence above it." "In this situation the whole country seemed, as it were, buried under a vast ocean, nothing but the tops of distant hills appearing here and there rising above the flood." "In those upper regions the air was at that time very pure and agreeable to breathe." "At another time the same individual observed a double range of colours round his shadow in these circumstances." "The colours of the outermost range were broad and very distinct, and everywhere about two feet distant from the shadow." "Then there was a darkish interval, and after that another narrower range of colours, closely surrounding the shadow, which was very much contrasted." "He was of opinion that these ranges of colours are caused by the inflection of the rays of light, the same that occasioned the ring of light which surrounds the shadows of all bodies, observed by Maraldi and others." "But the prodigious variety in which these appearances are exhibited seems to show that many of them do not result from the general laws of reflection, refraction, or inflection, belonging to the transparent substances of a large mass; but depend upon the alternate reflection and transmission of the different kinds of rays, peculiar to substances reduced to the form of thin plates, or consisting of separate, and very minute parts."

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

When you return to this end of the Colony I shall be glad to accompany you on a favourable day, in order to observe these "strange sights" together if possible. Meantime, believe me,

My dear N——, yours truly,

H.

Another member of the same fortunate party of mountaineers has favoured us with the following notes, partly relative to the spectral phenomenon discussed above and partly to other atmospheric changes of remarkable suddenness and character observed on the mountain:

"The greatest variation of temperature, as measured by a self-registering maximum and minimum thermometer, amounted to  $76^{\circ}$ , viz., from  $34^{\circ}$  to  $110^{\circ}$ . In the night of the 2nd November  $34^{\circ}$  was read from the instrument attached to the pole of the tent occupied by two persons, the wind being N.W. with heavy rain. On the 3rd, at  $6\frac{1}{2}$  a.m., it stood at  $36^{\circ}$ ; at 7 o'clock a fall of snow occurred, the wind having abated. An

hour later a considerable quantity of hail fell, the thermometer reading 37°. In the afternoon of the same day the cloud having sunk below the summit of the mountain, and the sun shining out brightly, the temperature out was 110°. It subsequently fell to 42°, the wind having meanwhile shifted to S.E. and the cloud depositing a considerable amount of moisture.

"The violence of S.E. wind on the night of the 25th October was such as was perhaps never before experienced, so that it was momentarily expected that the tent, though secured with huge stones piled round the sides and on the guy-pegs would be blown over the precipice.

"A phenomenon which, so far as is known, has not been noticed at the Cape, but which is occasionally and under exceptional circumstances seen from the Brocken, in the Hartz Mountains, and from the Righi and other high summits, was observed on the afternoon of 28th October. Whilst occupied with the theodolite at a station on the edge of the precipitous cliff overhanging Newlands,\* the view was gradually shut out by a mist which approached from the southward. A current from the opposite direction appeared to drive it back from contact with the mountain, massing it in a compact wall to the eastward, and leaving, so to speak, a great gulph of atmosphere entirely free from vapour between it and the almost perpendicular face of the mountain. Suddenly a vast shadow of a human form was seen projected on the cloud, surrounded by a prismatic halo of two concentric circles with streaks of light radiating upwards from the centre. As the mist receded and advanced the spectral shape enlarged and contracted, occasionally assuming proportions so gigantic and distinct as to be absolutely startling, and presenting a sublime and magnificent spectacle.† At times the phenomenon entirely disappeared, only to reappear with more distinctness than before, although all the conditions under which it is formed seemed to continue without interruption. So far as I am able to account for them, these conditions are, that the observer shall be between the sun and a cloud sufficiently compact to receive the shadow, and containing enough moisture for the double refraction and single reflection of the rays of the sun, which in case of rain produce the rainbow; also, that the sun shall be low enough to produce complete circles, and that the apparent wall of mist shall present, as nearly as possible, a vertical face to the spectator. For the radiating beams and occasional cessation of the phenomenon it is difficult to account."

We shall be glad to learn from correspondents whether any similar phenomena have been elsewhere observed in South Africa. It will likewise give us pleasure to insert a scientific explanation of the theory of them—if rendered in a popular form, sufficiently intelligible to the general reader.

\* This point was nearly a mile distant from where the same phenomenon was observed at the same time by H.—Ed. "C. M. M."

† So vivid and terrifying indeed was the spectacle that the attendant servants were positively frightened, and much inclined to bolt.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Graaff-Reinet, November, 1870.

*To the Editor*

DEAR SIR,—In your issue for November, I see that you have done me the honour to insert a notice of a recent work of mine on the “Laws of Magnitude.” With respect to the general tenor of the article in question, I need hardly say that I sincerely hope that my little work may present some approach to the merits therein attributed to it; nor would I have requested any further portion of your space on what cannot, after all, be a subject of any general interest, had not the writer of the article suggested a logical defect in one of my demonstrations. (See *Cape Monthly Magazine*, pages 310—311.) Of course, the greatest service that can be rendered to the author of a mathematical work is the communication of such errors, and I beg to return my sincere thanks to the author of the article for his intention in this respect, and I sincerely hope that should he or anyone else interested in such matters detect such errors they will communicate them to me. In the present instance, however, I venture to think the writer is wrong. The converse of a *definition* is included in the definition itself. If, for example, we define an equilateral triangle as a triangle, with its sides equal, we have at the same time, as I take it, stated the converse, viz., that a triangle with its sides equal is equilateral. The substantial difference between a definition and an axiom being that, in the case of a definition, the predicate is quantified, and is co-extensive with the subject, in which case the converse is logically included in the proposition itself; whereas in an axiom, the subject is only stated as included in the predicate; so that if the predicate *should* likewise be co-extensive with the subject, it requires to be separately demonstrated to be so. If, therefore, the meaning of the word *less* had been assumed as known, and had been connected with the word greater, as means of an axiom, then, indeed, the converse could not have been assumed, but must have been found; and it was precisely this train of thought which induced me to *define* the word *less*, and thus avoid an axiom in a proposition.

Yours, &amp;c.,

F. GUTHRIE.

We quite agree with Professor Guthrie in thinking that the converse of a definition may be assumed; but in the equation  $a = b$ , the subject *a* is *ex hypothesi* equal to the predicate *b*; and, as Abp. Thomson says, “This equality of subject and predicate is an important property of the judgment, for it conveys the power to substitute the one conception for the other at pleasure.”\*

A logician would, therefore, assume from the equation  $a = b$  that  $b = a$ ; and if he were to attempt to build a proof of this fact upon the assumption that the converse of a particular definition was true, he would inevitably fall into a logical error.

To put the matter shortly, Mr. Guthrie admits that all definitions may be simply converted. Now, what is an equation if it be not a definition of the quantity of one term in terms of the other? And if this be so, such a definition must be simply convertible like any other.

X.

\* Thomson's Laws of Thought, p. 110.













